TALES OF THE CLASSICS:

A NEW DELINEATION

OF THE

MOST POPULAR

FABLES, LEGENDS, AND ALLEGORIES

COMMEMORATED IN THE WORKS OF

POETS, PAINTERS, AND SCULPTORS.

SELECTED AND WRITTEN

BY A LADY,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF HER OWN DAUGHTERS.

"Our poets have naturalised ancient fables, so that mythology is become essential even to modern literature."— —"Classical poetry, without the knowledge of mythology, is unintelligible."—EDGEWORTH.

"On ne peut voyager utilement, apprécier les chefs-d'œuvres des arts, et lire avec fruit les ouvrages des poëtes et des auteurs anciens, sans avoir des notions suffisantes et générales sur la mythologie."—TRESSAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.



TALES

OF

THE CLASSICS.

BATTLE OF THE LAPITHÆ AND THE CENTAURS.

THE repast being ended, Nestor in fulfilment of his promise made the following narration:

"Cænis, daughter of Elatus, the descendant of an illustrious family of Thessaly, was one of the most lovely young women of her time. All the neighbouring princes made their court to her; and in your country, Achilles, she was so greatly admired, that even your father Peleus would doubtless have become one of her suiters, had he not been so fortunate as to obtain the beautiful Nereide your mother.

"One day as Cænis was walking on the sea-

shore she was perceived by Neptune, who became extravagantly enamoured of her beauty. He made her a declaration of his ardent attachment, and endeavoured by every attention in his power to convince her of the sincerity of his affection, and to engage her to love him in return. He even made her a promise (doubtless it was that terrible Stygian oath which the gods could not break but at the risk of their rank and immortality) that he would grant her whatever she should first request. Cænis, wearied by the pursuit of so many lovers, requested to become a man. Her request was instantly granted, and her skin at the same time became invulnerable as a rock; so that no snail in her testaceous dwelling, nor tortoise in her coat of mail, was ever so secure from injury as was Cænis in her newly-acquired epidermis of marble.

" Cænis in her new sex obtained the name of Ceneus; and was one of the numerous guests invited to celebrate the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ: a prince who has been greatly renowned on account of his inviolable friendship for the Athenian hero Theseus. This monarch had married the princess Hippodamia, daughter of Adrastus, king of Argos. The marriage-festival was extremely brilliant, and the company very

numerous. It was composed of the most celebrated princes of Greece; the most illustrious of the Lapithæ, and other Thessalians; together with many of their neighbours, the Centaurs.

"A sumptuous and splendid banquet was prepared, and we all sat down to table in great good humour. The hilarity of the feast was soon however fatally disturbed by Eurythion, one of the most superb and haughty of the Centaurs, who suddenly became enamoured of the beautiful bride, and laying hold of her, attempted to carry her off by force. His example was immediately followed by the other Centaurs, who like him were intoxicated with wine. They seized the bridemaids, and other ladies who were present; and a general confusion ensued. The palace, resounding with the clashing of arms and the cries of women, resembled a city taken by assault.

"The valiant Theseus succeeded in rescuing the princess Hippodamia; and as Eurythion pursued him, he seized an antique vase, covered with figures in relievo, and hurling it with all his force struck the Centaur dead upon the spot. The combat now became general; plates, dishes, ewers, urns, in short the whole service of the table, lay scattered on the floor. The altar of Hymen, which

had been erected before one of the doors of the palace that opened into a beautiful pleasure-ground, was not respected. The firebrand which still burned on this altar, with the sconces, the lustres, and all the sacred ornaments, became instruments of destruction in the hands of the combatants, and the palace was drenched in blood. The arm of the young Ceneus dealt death to all around him. On perceiving the valiant Heleus, one of the bravest of the Lapithæ, fall by the hand of the centaur Latreus, Ceneus defied him to single combat. Latreus threw his javelin against the face of his antagonist; and the weapon striking with a sound as if it had hit against a marble statue, fell blunted to the ground. Few of the Centaurs now remained; but those few seeing that the arms of their comrade had no power against his invulnerable assailant, ran off to the mountains, and returning laden with trees which they had torn up by the roots, attacked Ceneus with great violence. In the conflict the young hero stumbled and fell to the ground. Fatal, alas! was this fall: for in a moment he was covered with the majestic oaks of Mount Othrys, and the trees which had before shaded the Mount Pelion. The efforts of Ceneus seve-

ral times heaved this enormous mass, but he had not power to extricate himself from the load that oppressed him.

"A bird covered with yellow plumage now flew out from the pile; and Mopsus assuring the spectators that this most beautiful of the feathered race (the only one that had ever been seen of the kind) was the metamorphosed hero, stretched his hands towards heaven, exclaiming—'Hail, valiant Ceneus, hail!' The bird answered his salutations by several loud cries, and then flew away amidst the acclamations of the people.

"By the united valour of Theseus, Pirithous, Hercules, and the rest of the Lapithæ, the Centaurs were defeated; and being soon after obliged to abandon the country, they ultimately took refuge in Arcadia."

Nestor here ended his narration; and Tlepolemus, a son of Hercules, instantly reproached him for not having spoken more particularly of the prowess on this occasion displayed by his father: to which the veteran replied—"Thy father, O Tlepolemus, has no need of my praises; his glory and renown have been resounded from the rising to the setting sun: but, know that when he destroyed the walls of Messenia, and suffered his troops to attack the cities of Elis and Pylos, which

had not merited his vengeance, the palace of my father was consumed by fire, and my eleven brothers, all of them older than myself, were slain. Periclymenus, my favourite brother, who had been endowed by Neptune with the power of assuming different forms, had by the exercise of this power resisted the fury of Hercules for a considerable time. At last he took the form of an eagle; and having torn the face of his adversary with his beak and claws, flew off towards the throne of Jupiter, but was arrested in his flight by an arrow from the bow of Hercules, and fell dead at his feet. Wonder not, then, valiant commander of the Rhodian fleet, that I am not much disposed to boast the exploits of a prince whose valour has proved so fatal to my family. The respect and affection I bear to the memory of my dear brothers incline me to be silent; but my friendship for thee, Tlepolemus, is not the less sincere." He ceased; and the Grecian heroes having thanked him for his narration, and drank the grace-cup to the success of their expedition, left the table, and retired to sleep; the hand of Night having silently drawn her curtains as an invitation to repose.

Observations.—In the city of Florence there

is a fountain ornamented with an admirable group of statuary by Giovanni di Bologna, a celebrated pupil of the immortal Michael Angelo Buonarotti. It represents a combat of one of the Lapithæ with a Centaur.

Some persons have erroneously supposed it to be an exhibition of one of the feats of Hercules.

DEATH OF ACHILLES—DESCRIPTION OF HIS ARMOUR.

For nine whole years had the noise of battle, or the song of the warrior, been heard upon the Trojan shore. This war, of which we have a detailed account in the works of the immortal Homer, had during this time been prosecuted with various success. Achilles had slain the valiant Hector;[1] and having tied the corpse of his fallen adversary to his car, had dragged it three times in savage triumph round the tomb of his friend Patroclus, who had fallen by the hand of that prince, and three times round the walls of Troy.

Neptune, who had never forgiven Achilles for the loss of his son Cycnus, nor forgotten the assault that had driven him to the necessity of metamorphosing that invulnerable hero into a swan, became now more than ever indignant; and wish-

ing to preclude the ferocious victor from the glory of farther conquest, addressed himself to Apollo with a view to procure his intervention for that purpose.

"Dear Apollo," said he, "dearest of all my brothers! did we not build together these walls, which are now attacked by so many formidable enemies? Seest thou not the destruction that threatens these bastions and towers, which appear ready to fall on the unwary passenger? Hast thou no pity, no regret for the loss of thousands of heroes who have perished in defending these ramparts, which are the work of our hands? Hector, the pride and glory of the Trojan army, is no more! Have we not seen his corpse barbarously dragged round these walls? and the cruel Achilles yet lives, and triumphs! Why, O why are the gods withheld by Destiny from openly and personally taking part in this war? Rouse thee, dear Apollo, rouse and exert thy influence to put a stop to the bloody career of this cruel son of Peleus." He ceased; and the divinity of Delos, disposed to gratify the desire of his brother, especially as it happened to be in perfect unison with his own, wrapped himself in a cloud, and proceeded towards the centre of the Trojan army, where, seeing Paris engaged in combat, he drew him

aside, and making himself known, reproved him severely for wasting his time and his arrows in attacking battalions made up of individuals of little note, while more distinguished conquests promised to reward his military ardour. "If thou hast any love for thy mourning family," said he, "turn thy arms against yon savage warrior, and avenge the death of thy brothers, who have fallen by his hands." Thus saying, he pointed to Achilles. Paris drew his bow. The winged messenger of vengeance hit the chieftain in one of his heels. The wound was mortal! and this hero, who had so long been the scourge and terror of the Trojan army, was numbered with the dead.

The corpse was laid on the funeral-pile; and Vulcan now sent his fire to consume the body of the hero, for whom he had heretofore, at the request of Thetis, forged a suit of armour of inimitable workmanship.

It seems that while Achilles[1] was yet a child, his mother had been warned by an oracle, that her son would inevitably perish before the walls of Troy, if he should ever engage in any hostile attack against that city. With a view, therefore, of hindering her son from going to war, she clothed him in female attire, and sent him secretly to the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, to be edu-

cated with the daughters of that monarch. Ulysses, king of Ithaca, having, on his part, been assured by an oracle that Troy could never be taken without the aid of Achilles, sought him with unwearied assiduity; and having at length obtained intelligence of his being concealed at the court of Lycomedes, he went thither disguised in the habit of a merchant, exposing to sale a variety of female ornaments, set with jewels of great value, amongst which he had adroitly placed some arms of exquisite temper and beauty. Ulysses obtained permission to display his merchandise to the young princesses, the daughters of Lycomedes, in whose company was the disguised Achilles, who making choice of the arms, thereby discovered his sex. The false merchant immediately exclaimed—"Young hero! the fate of Troy is in thy hands! delay not to come and level her proud walls with the ground." Achilles followed his advice, and went with the Greeks to besiege that flourishing city.

Thetis, in great anxiety for the preservation of her son, now had recourse to Vulcan, imploring him to make for Achilles a suit of armour that should repel the darts of his enemies. The armour was made, and was indeed a magnificent present! The helmet was of incomparable beauty! The

lance, the javelin, the sword, all were of the finest materials, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The enormous shield, ornamented with superb engravings, represented the sun, the earth, the sky, with various constellations; as the Pleiades, the Hyades, the Bear, the superb Orion, and many others. It also exhibited a great number of cities; and, in addition to all its beauties, it possessed the invaluable quality of being proof against the darts, arrows, and other hostile weapons in use among warriors at that period. The armour offering no protection to the heels of the wearer, Achilles fell the victim of an enemy far inferior to himself in strength and prowess. Apollo directed the course of the fatal arrow, and its aim was sure.

Achilles being now no more, his splendid armour became an object of fierce contention between Ulysses king of Ithaca, and Ajax the son of Telamon; each of whom had the boldness to claim it as the due reward of his services.

Observations.—In the cabinet of the king of Prussia are some valuable engravings on stone; one of which represents Vulcan directing the Cyclops, who are making the shield of Achilles, while he presents to the hero a parazonium, that is, a

sort of short dagger worn by ancient warriors on their right side.

In the Villa Borghese is a basso-relievo which exhibits Achilles putting on his armour, in order to fight Hector and his troops.

In the Mattei Palace is a fine basso-relievo, representing Antilochus announcing to Achilles the death of his friend Patroclus.

In the gallery of the ducal palace at Piombino is a fine representation in stone of the dreadful combat of the Greeks and Trojans over the dead body of Patroclus.

A basso-relievo in the Villa Borghese exhibits a sort of procession bringing into the city of Troy, by the gate called the Scea, the mangled body of Hector; the Trojan women weeping in bitter anguish over the remains of the hero, who was their last and only hope.

At Frescati there is a basso-relievo which exhibits the funeral of Hector.

A painting found in Herculaneum exhibits Achilles in a sitting posture, having a parazonium of about six inches long fastened by two rings to his girdle, which is of a green colour.

In the cabinet of the king of Prussia is a superb engraving on stone, exhibiting Achilles in his car dragging the dead body of Hector round the walls

of Troy. The car is conducted by his charioteer Automedon.

A fine basso-relievo in an apartment of the Capitoline Museum exhibits the sad procession in which the body of Hector is carried to the funeral-pile, with Hecuba, Andromache, and other females weeping.

Note.—1 *Achilles.* Some authors say that Thetis dipped the infant Achilles in the waters of the Styx; by which dipping every part of his body was rendered invulnerable, except the heel by which she held him, and in which he afterwards received a mortal wound by the arrow of Paris.

AJAX PLEADS FOR THE ARMS OF ACHILLES.

Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the Grecian forces, would not take upon himself to decide in the dispute between Ajax and Ulysses; but convening the principal officers, commanded them to form a circle, and to place the arms of the deceased in the centre, together with the heroes contending for their possession, who should, each in his turn, be allowed to address the assembly in a discourse illustrative of his claims to the magnificent reward that was now the subject of their mutual contestation; and that, after having exposed their respective pretensions, the assembly should adjudge the arms to him whose title to them should, in the opinion of all, be best established.

Ajax was called upon to speak first; and the indignant hero casting on Ulysses a look expres-

sive of the mingled feelings of rage and disdain, stretched his hands towards heaven, and thus began :

"Ye gods! is it thus, with a thousand vessels before our eyes, that I am called upon to compare my claims with those of Ulysses; that pusillanimous prince, who dared not to approach these very vessels when Hector, bearing in his hands a flaming torch, came with his followers to set fire to the fleet. Ulysses fled; and it was this arm that saved our navy from the threatened conflagration. The king of Ithaca reserved the display of his prowess for a contest like the present. In this he acted wisely: for knowing his own weakness and inferiority as a warrior, and conscious at the same time of his superior talents as an orator, he must be well aware that a combat of words will always suit him better than a combat of arms.

"Unskilled as I am in the arts of persuasion, my pretensions will owe nothing to the subtle, but powerful influence of oratory and elocution.

"Is it necessary, O my companions in arms, is it necessary that I should recapitulate my exploits? Were they not achieved in your presence? Have you not all been eye-witnesses of my glory? Let the son of Laertes recount to you his deeds of prowess, since the night only has seen his achievements;

daylight disclaims them. The prize I am anxious to obtain is indeed precious; but its value is much diminished by the reflection, that Ulysses is my competitor in the trial for their possession. Can Ajax be vain of the acquisition of aught this prince has aspired, or hoped to obtain? Ulysses will at any rate ensure immortal glory by this contest, since, though vanquished, he will be able to boast that he was permitted to enter the lists with Ajax.

"If pretensions, founded on my personal valour, be not deemed sufficiently weighty, I may lay some claim to your suffrages from the nobility and grandeur of my descent. Am I not the son of Telamon, whose arms, united with those of his valiant friend Hercules, heretofore punished the treachery of Laomedes, by rendering themselves masters of his proud capital—of that Telamon, who accompanied the renowned Jason in his celebrated expedition to Colchis for the recovery of the golden fleece? My grandfather was Æacus, king of Ægina, now one of the immortal judges in the court of Pluto, giving laws and executing justice in the very place where Sisyphus, the progenitor of Ulysses, rolls for ever his enormous mass of stone. The sovereign of the gods acknowledged Æacus for his son: hence then I am the great-grandson of Jupiter himself.

"My design in retracing this line of illustrious ancestry, is merely to remind you that it is mine in common with Achilles. The blood that warms and animates this form, flows in direct line from the same source as that which so lately circulated in the veins of the departed hero. Achilles was my cousin-german: hence I might claim this armour by right of hereditary succession. Why should the descendant of Sisyphus be allowed any pretensions to an inheritance which belongs by the ties of birth to the Æacidæ, and not to a foreign family?

"Shall this shield be refused to me for coming too hastily to this war, and for coming of my own accord? And shall it rather be awarded to this prince, who feigned himself an idiot in order to deprive the Grecian army of his services; and who at last came by force, when the superior address of Palamedes had discovered the base deception which his cowardice had suggested? Shall the man who endeavoured to avoid taking arms at all be now rewarded with the most glorious? while Ajax, ever forward to attack or to defend where danger threatened, shall remain dishonourably deprived of his rightful succession to the son of his uncle Peleus.

"Happy had it been for us if the idiotism

affected by my inglorious rival had been real, or at least had been believed to be so; for then we should not have had to reproach ourselves for bringing to the Phrygian shore the instigator and counsellor of crime.

"Were it not for the perfidious advice of Ulysses, the unhappy son of Pæan would not now be a miserable exile in the island of Lemnos, a prey to corroding want and excruciating pain, seeking shelter in the shades of forests, or in the caverns of mountains that reverberate his groans, and charge their echoes with his sighs. The prayers of this wretched sufferer will one day be heard; and the just gods will sooner or later avenge his misery on the traitor who has caused it. Philoctetes,[1] our illustrious companion in arms, united to our cause by the most solemn of all engagements, is now compelled by want and misery to direct the unerring arrows of Hercules, fraught as they are with the fate of Priam and of Troy, against the birds of the air; their flesh supplying his food, and their feathers his clothing. Philoctetes yet lives, it is true; and perhaps he owes even that poor advantage to his being at a distance from Ulysses.

"Had Palamedes[2] been left upon a desert island, he might still have lived in peace, or have died

without ignominy. Ulysses basely revenged himself on this hero, by bringing against him an accusation of being bribed to treason; and confirming this falsely-imputed guilt by discovering a sum of gold, which, with his own wicked hands, he had previously buried within the tent of this innocent and unfortunate warrior. Ulysses has thus diminished our force by death or by exile. This is the way in which he has conducted his attacks, and in this way has rendered his name redoubtable.

"My rival is admired for his powers of oratory; but were his eloquence equal to that of the venerable Nestor,[3] it would fail, I think, to persuade you that he was not guilty of a crime in abandoning that illustrious veteran, when, enfeebled by fatigue and mounted on a wounded horse that was scarcely able to walk, he vainly implored the assistance of his dastardly colleague. Accuse me not of calumny; I call upon Diomedes to attest the truth of what I advance. Diomedes witnessed the shameful flight of his friend, while he stood calling him and loading him with reproaches. The gods are just: Ulysses was soon after in want of the assistance he had so basely refused to the venerable Nestor. Had his example been followed, he would, in that moment of distress, have been left to his fate. But no sooner did I hear him

calling for the help of his companions than I flew to his aid, repelled the attacks of his enemies, covered him with my buckler, and saved a life; the preservation of which, however, adds nothing to my glory, since none is due to him who undertakes the defence of a coward. It is nevertheless worthy of remark, that when I had placed him out of danger, by putting his assailants to flight, all that weakness and exhaustion, which had rendered him incapable of fighting in his own defence, suddenly left him, and was succeeded by extraordinary force and agility; for he rose and vanished from the spot, running with incredible speed.

"Hector, the glory of the Trojan army, at length came, conducted by the god of war. Terror went before him, Destruction and Carnage marked his way, and his enemies were appalled at his appearance. In the midst of the devastation that surrounded him, and at the very moment when victory was about to crown his valour, I knocked him down with a stone; and when after this he dared to challenge the boldest of the Greeks to single combat, I presented myself as a candidate for this trial of skill and prowess. My comrades expressed a wish that the lot might fall upon me.

It did so; and I call upon you, Grecians, to witness that I was not vanquished.

"The Trojans soon after brought fire and flame to our vessels. Where then was the eloquent Ulysses? I opposed my arm to the arms of our enemies; my body as a bulwark against their attacks. I saved our fleet, and with it the dear hope of return to our native country. Allow me, O ye assembled chiefs, allow me to claim these arms in return for the ships I have saved. The glorious achievements of Ajax will reflect as much honour on this armour as he can derive from its possession.

"Will Ulysses venture to compare with my actions his assassination of Rhesus;[4] the death with which he punished the treacherous Dolon; his rape of Helenus;[5] or even that of the Palladium?[6] The obscurity of night has been essential to his most daring actions; and even such as they were, they could never have been performed without the aid of Diomedes.[7] If deeds like these be deemed worthy of the splendid recompense, then, in justice, let it be divided, and let the best portion be awarded to the son of Tydeus.

"But why, O Grecians, why should you favour the king of Ithaca? that double-dealing, pusillani-

mous monarch, whose most brilliant actions form a continued series of artifice and deceit, in which his arms have been altogether useless. The man who never attacks his enemies but in the dark has no need of this brilliant helmet: it is too glorious for him, and would probably prove a fatal present, since its splendour might betray him in his ambuscades. His feeble hands, adroit only in the arts of theft and pilfering, are too weak to wield the lance of Achilles; and his arm would ill support that superb shield, on which the art of the engraver has curiously represented the world and the firmament by which it is surrounded.

"Weak monarch! By what fatal infatuation art thou induced to desire a reward that would prove thy inevitable ruin? Should this august assembly, by some unaccountable error of judgment, grant thee the meed to which thou hast the folly to pretend; far from exciting the terror of thy enemies, thou wouldst only stimulate their courage, by the hope of being able to despoil thee. These arms would only serve to embarrass thee in flight, to which in all cases of danger thou art naturally inclined to have recourse. Besides, thy own shield, which has been so rarely opposed in thy defence, is still as good as new; whereas mine, pierced by a thousand arrows, is become unfit for

farther use, and requires to be replaced by a new one.

"To put an end to this contest, command, O ye illustrious chiefs, command that this armour be placed in the middle of the Trojan army, and let it be awarded to him of us two who shall in open daylight wrest it from the power of the enemy."

Thus spoke the son of Telamon; and a murmur of applause was heard throughout the assembly.

Notes.—1 *Philoctetes.* He was the friend and armour-bearer of Hercules; who, as he lay on his funeral-pile, gave him his bow and arrows, charging him to bury his ashes, and never to divulge the secret of the place where they were deposited. The Greeks, however, compelled Philoctetes to discover where the ashes were laid; and as he had made an oath never to mention the place, he pointed it out by striking the spot with his foot, concluding that this would not be considered as an absolute violation of his promise. For this he was punished, by the immediate fall of a poisoned arrow; which caused such an offensive wound, that his comrades thought themselves justified in removing him from their camp. On his return to the Phrygian coast, he was cured by Æsculapius, or, according to some authors, by Machaon, or Podalirius.

He then used the arrows of Hercules with great effect against the Trojans, killing many illustrious princes and commanders; among whom was Paris, the author and cause of all this ruin and calamity.

After the Trojan war, Philoctetes went with a colony to that part of Italy which was afterwards called *Magna Grecia*, and founded a city, to which he gave the name of Petilia, now Strongoli, capital of Lucania.

2 *Palamedes*, son of Nauphius, king of Eubœa (now Negropont), was one of the most estimable of the Grecian chiefs. Ulysses is said to have borne him much ill-will for having discovered the apparent idiotism, by which he hoped to elude the war, to be feigned. Palamedes died on the Trojan shore; but the accounts given of his death are exceedingly various. Some authors assert that Ulysses, by forging and intercepting a letter, which appeared to be addressed to him by Priam, king of Troy, demanding the fulfilment of a treasonable engagement, for which he had sent the sum stipulated, and which sum was actually found in the tent of the Eubœan chief, having been concealed there by the same wicked hands that had forged the letter, this prince was stoned to death by order of an assembly of the Grecian commanders.

To Palamedes is attributed the invention of the game of chess. Polygnotus, a celebrated artist, who

flourished 422 years before Christ, and to whom the Athenians were indebted for most of the fine pieces that adorned the Pœcile, is said by Pausanias to have made a beautiful picture, in which Palamedes is represented as playing at chess with his comrades. The first chess-men, or apparatus for this elegant game, was, according to the same author, deposited, with grand ceremonies of consecration, in the temple of Fortune at Argos.

3 *Nestor.* This venerable personage, king of Messenia and Pylos, has been called Homer's favourite old man. That immortal poet has certainly represented him as the most perfect of all his heroes. He went to the siege of Troy at a very advanced age, and distinguished himself in that memorable war by his bravery and sagacity. On one occasion the poet represents Agamemnon as exclaiming, that if he had ten generals like Nestor, the reduction of Troy would be the work of a moment. After the war, Nestor retired to Greece, and enjoyed in the bosom of his family that peace and comfort which he had justly merited. He is said to have lived three generations of men: some suppose this means three hundred years, and some one hundred. The Greeks and Romans were wont to compliment their friends by wishing they might live to the years of Nestor.

4 *Rhesus.* He was a king of Thrace, who possessed certain fine horses, respecting which an oracle had declared, that if they once drank the waters of the

river Xanthus, and eat grass growing on the plains of Troy, that capital should never be taken. The Trojans expected the arrival of this prince with impatience. Ulysses and Diomedes stole into the presence of Rhesus, slew him, and carried off the yet-fasting horses. They had obtained notice of the expected arrival of the Thracian prince by the confession of Dolon, a Trojan remarkable for his swiftness in running, who had been sent as a spy into the Grecian camp, whither he entered disguised as a wolf. He was taken by Ulysses and Diomedes; to whom, in the hope of obtaining pardon, he communicated all he knew respecting the situation and plans of the enemy. He was then put to death as a traitor.

5 *Helenus,* a son of Priam, who was endowed by Apollo with the art of foretelling future events. Disgusted with the conduct of his brother Paris with regard to Helen, he retired to Mount Ida, where he was surprised by Ulysses and Diomedes, who drew from him the information that Troy could never be taken while a certain image of Minerva remained within its walls, nor till Philoctetes should appear before it with the arms of Hercules. After the ruin of his country, Helenus fell to the share of Pyrrhus; who became so attached to him for having saved his life, by timely advice and prediction respecting a tempest, that he gave him his liberty, and consented to his union with Andromache, the widow of his brother Hector,

with whom he afterwards retired to a part of Epirus, over which he reigned, giving it the name of Chaonia. He was the only one of Priam's sons that survived the overthrow of his country.

6 *Palladium*, was a small statue of Minerva, or Pallas; on the preservation of which the safety of Troy depended. Many and various are the accounts respecting the manner in which it came into that city. The Trojans held that it dropped down from heaven, and was sent as a gift from Jupiter. Minerva was displeased to behold her statue handled so roughly and so familiarly; and the Palladium itself, according to Virgil, appeared on this occasion to have received life and motion; and by the flashes of light that darted from its eyes, and its sudden springs from the earth, seemed to show the resentment of the goddess. Some have supposed it to have been a moving automaton figure. It held a pike in one hand, and a distaff and spindle in the other. The Palladium is said to have been ultimately brought to Rome, and preserved with the greatest secrecy and care in the temple of Vesta.

A short time after the first Punic war this temple took fire; when Metellus, who signalised himself by a victory over the Carthaginians, threw himself into the flames in search of the Palladium, which he succeeded in saving, though he was so much scorched that he lost an arm and an eye in the enterprise.

7 *Diomedes*, son of Tydeus, was king of Ætolia. He was one of the bravest of all the Grecian warriors. He attacked Venus herself, and wounded her severely in the arm. He engaged in fierce combat with Mars, the god of war; and sent him off complaining to Jupiter of the injuries he had received.

Some authors relate that Diomedes, in going with Ulysses to steal the Palladium, permitted him to get on his shoulders, in order to scale the wall by which the city was surrounded, expecting that on reaching the top he would assist him to ascend it; instead of which Diomedes ran to take the Palladium, and speedily returned to his companion, who, being angry at this manœuvre, walked for some time behind his colleague, and at length drew his sword with intent to kill him: the blade being highly polished, threw a ray of light as he drew it from the sheath, which betrayed his intention. Diomedes instantly turned, seized the weapon, and obliged Ulysses to walk before. From this circumstance it became proverbial to say of a person that was forced to do any thing against his will, that he observed *the law of Diomedes*.

After the war this prince went to settle in Calabria, and built a city called Argyrippa, or Argos-Ippion: its ruins now form a small town called Arpi. There was a superb temple erected in honour of Diomedes, in a sacred grove near the mouth of the Timavus, a river which falls into the Adriatic sea; and a smaller

one, in a little neighbouring island, called Diomedea. The Veneti and the Umbri gave him peculiar honours: the former occasionally offered to him the sacrifice of a white horse.

ULYSSES PLEADS FOR THE ARMS OF ACHILLES.

ULYSSES now took his turn to speak. He rose, looked pensively on the ground for some moments, then raising his head, and turning towards his judges with an air of trust and confidence, thus began:

"Had the gods been propitious to my prayers, and to those of my honoured companions in arms, our departed comrade would still have been invested with this splendid armour, and we should still have to glory in the possession of the great Achilles. But, since the Fates have cruelly deprived us of this happiness, who is there that can with more justice lay claim to the arms of that hero than the man who gave him to the Grecian army?

"If the avowed stupidity and ignorance of my rival be not allowed to give him a title to success, let not the persuasive talents with which he reproaches me prove an obstacle to mine. Let no one be jealous or offended, if on the present occasion I employ, with a view to my own personal advantage, the little eloquence I possess, and which I have so often and so successfully exercised for the common interest of Greece. Every one has an undoubted right to exert in his own favour the talents with which nature or education has endowed him.

"The advantages of birth and illustrious ancestry depend not upon ourselves, and are therefore, as forming a claim to recompense or reward, disavowed by every principle of reason. But since Ajax has thought proper to boast of his descent from the sovereign of the gods, I hope I shall be forgiven if I concisely demonstrate that mine is the same, and in the same degree. Laertes is my father. My grandfather was Arcesius, the son of Jupiter. Neither of these was ever considered as a murderer: neither of them banished from his country. My mother was the granddaughter of Mercury; but I pretend not to plead this advantage over my rival as a claim for the glorious prize for which we are now candidates,

provided however that Ajax be allowed no right in consequence of his father being the brother of Peleus; and provided also that in this cause personal merit be the only admitted ground of pretension, and not the adventitious lustre of birth or descent. If, however, any regard be paid to parentage or kindred in the decision of this assembly, then must this splendid object of heritage be transported to Phthia or Scyros, for Pyrrhus is the son of Achilles. What then becomes of the boasted hereditary right of Ajax? Teucer is the cousin of the deceased, as well as he: yet Teucer pretends not to these arms; he demands them not; and if he did, say, would he obtain them? Since then no plea will be allowed but that of personal desert and active service, I will endeavour to retrace my actions and achievements, according to the order of events.

"Thetis, the mother of Achilles, being warned of the fate that would attend her son, if he went to the siege of Troy, had disguised him in a dress that deceived the Greeks, and amongst them even Ajax himself. I gained admittance into the palace of Lycomedes; and among a variety of ornaments of female dress that I obtained leave to display to the young princesses, I placed certain arms, the view of which could not fail to attract the atten-

tion of a hero, under whatever disguise he might be concealed. No sooner had I exposed my merchandise than the pretended princess laid hold of the javelin; and I exclaimed in triumph, 'Young warrior! the destiny of Troy is in thy hands; hesitate not a moment, but come and lay her proud ramparts level with the ground.' It was thus that I engaged the young prince in an enterprise worthy of his valour; and I shall doubtless be forgiven if from that time I claim a share in the glory of his actions.

"I wounded Telephus in a combat of the lance; and I granted him his life after he was vanquished. I took the islands of Lesbos, Tenedos, and Scyros, and the cities of Chryse and Cylla; and above all, I brought you the hero who slew the valiant Hector. I claim the arms of Achilles in return for those by which I discovered his disguise.

"When the outrage offered to Menelaus had inspired all Greece with a feeling of resentment; when a thousand vessels waited in the port of Aulis for winds that blew not, or blew in a contrary direction; when the unpitying oracle commanded Agamemnon to sacrifice his innocent daughter; when this great prince, struggling and hesitating between the feelings of nature and the

duties of a monarch, at last refused the required sacrifice, and irritated the gods; it was I who inclined his paternal tenderness to yield to the public good. I undertook in this instance a cause of the utmost difficulty, before a judge already gained by the opposite party, that of paternal affection. I represented to him the glory of his people; of his brother; of the sceptre which had been confided to his care. I succeeded in my design; and disposed him to pay the advantages of royalty with the blood of his innocent child. This child, this victim, I was then commissioned to fetch from the arms of her mother. I knew this to be an undertaking that would defeat all the powers of persuasion; and aware that it would be folly to exhort, I was compelled to deceive. Had Ajax been sent on this expedition, our fleet might have been to this day in the port of Aulis.

"Being afterwards sent on an embassy to Troy, I appeared at the court of Priam; a court at that time filled with illustrious warriors. I executed my commission with intrepidity. I pleaded for the interests of Greece. I accused Paris of the rape of Helen, and demanded her restoration. Priam and Antenor were subdued by my arguments, and consented to send her back; but Paris, with his brothers, and all who had been in any way

concerned in the elopement, could scarcely command their fury or restrain their violence. That day, O Menelaus, convinced me of your danger and of mine.

"It would be too tedious to mention all that I have done for our common interests since the commencement of this famous siege. Many of my achievements I shall therefore pass over in silence, reverting only to some of the most essential. Allow me to recall to your recollection, that after the first combats the Trojans shut themselves up within their walls, and sedulously avoided all occasion of appearing in a field of battle. It is only since the beginning of the tenth year that our combats have recommenced. What was Ajax doing all this time? that redoubtable hero, who only knows how to fight. Of what use has he been for so many years to the Greeks assembled under the walls of Troy? If I am asked to give an account of my conduct during that long space of time, I can say that I have watched round the city with unabating vigilance; I have laboured to secure the fleet from the attacks of the enemy; I have exhorted my companions to bear with fortitude and patience the fatigues of a siege protracted to such a discouraging length; I have taken care of the provisions and ammunition, and

I have been diligently employed on all occasions where my intervention could be of any use.

"'When Agamemnon, deceived by a dream, sent to him by Jupiter, wished to raise the siege, he was justifiable, because he considered that vision of the night as an order from the gods; but did Ajax then offer the least argument, or present the least obstacle that might prevent the departure of the troops? Did not these eyes behold him join them in their flight? I blush at the recollection of this instance of his pusillanimity. 'Companions in arms,' cried I, 'wherefore do you flee? Is it not folly to raise the siege, when the city you have so long surrounded, now pressed on every side, is on the point of surrendering? Will you, after a siege of nine years, return to Greece without a single trophy of victory, and with the disgrace of having failed in your undertaking?' By these and other expostulations, suggested by the circumstances and feelings of the moment, I succeeded in hindering the departure of the fleet. Agamemnon, however, being still terrified by his dream, assembled the chiefs of his army to deliberate on the subject. Ajax then had not a word to say. Thersites, with his usual insolence, said too much: he laughed at the assembly, and the motive for which it was convened; and this arm

punished his temerity. I then pleaded the cause of Greece; excited the ardour of my compatriots; and caused their courage and their hopes to revive, so that they are still on the Trojan shore, still disposed to prosecute the war with vigour. From that moment all the heroic actions of Ajax ought to be imputed to me, since it was my intervention alone that retained him in our army. Ajax has no colleague; no associate in arms; and he seems to be incapable of appreciating the advantage I enjoy in the attachment of Diomedes.

"When I penetrated by night into the Trojan camp, it was not in consequence of being ordered so to do. It was not a duty imposed on me. This perilous attempt was voluntary on my part. I braved all hazards; all difficulties. I slew Dolon, whom the Trojans had sent as a spy into our army; and obtained from him before his death the most minute and detailed communications respecting the situation and plans of the enemy. It was I who entered into the quarters of Rhesus; and when I had slain him and his companions, I ascended his car, and drove it in triumph into the midst of our camp, drawn by the very horses that were to have been the reward of Dolon if he had succeeded in his design.

"Shall I speak of the ravages I made among

the troops of Sarpedon; of the illustrious warriors who fell before the power of this arm; as, Alastor, Alcander, and a thousand less celebrated names? I bear on my body honourable marks of wounds received in these battles. I require you not to believe this on my word only. Behold these scars! (here Ulysses opened his tunic, and exposed his breast to the view of the army.) See how this heart, devoted to your interest, has presented itself to the attacks of the enemy. Ajax has not shed his blood for you. He has never received a wound. What, though he defended our fleet against the Trojans, and even against Jupiter himself, as he boasts of having done? I allow all the merit that can be imputed to him for this action: far be it from me to wish to tarnish the glory he may have acquired; but let him not arrogate to himself an honour which was common to you all, since you all assisted him on that occasion. Did not Patroclus, invested with the armour of his friend Achilles, join in dispersing the Trojans when they came to burn the fleet? Ajax, speaking of Hector, has attempted to persuade you that it was he alone who dared to brave that prince in single combat: he seems to have forgotten all the other chiefs who offered to engage on this occasion; as, Agamemnon, Menelaus, myself, and

others. We were nine who pretended to this honour. Our pretensions were decided by lot, and the lot fell upon Ajax. What was the result of this combat? Hector received not a single wound.

"I come now with the most poignant grief to speak of the awful moment in which we lost Achilles, the bulwark and glory of Greece. Overcome, as I then was, by affliction, neither my sorrow nor the presence of the enemy were able to hinder me from seizing and carrying off the body. Yes, I can boast that these shoulders have borne the corpse of that hero, together with the arms which I this day aspire to obtain. You see, then, O my judges, that I have strength enough to support their weight; and if you adjudge them to me, you shall find my gratitude equal to my strength.

"Shall it ever be said that these arms, the work of Vulcan himself, fabricated at the request of Thetis, have been awarded to an ill-bred, ignorant soldier? Will Ajax appreciate, or even understand, the inimitable engravings that adorn that shield, representing the earth, the moon, the heavens, and the planets? This is above his knowledge; his instruction; his comprehension. He has the folly to aspire to the possession of a suit

of armour whose very ornaments will ever prove an enigma, the sense of which he has not the capacity to penetrate.

"Ajax accuses me of having come to the siege of Troy after him, without considering that this accusation might apply equally to Achilles himself. If it was a crime to endeavour to elude the war by artifice, that hero was then as culpable as I. He was retained by an affectionate mother, and I by an amiable and virtuous wife. The first moments have been given to the objects of our tenderest affections; the rest have been consecrated to the cause of Menelaus and of Greece. If I cannot clear myself entirely from this reproach of Ajax, it is no matter, as it attaches to me in common with the greatest of men. Recollect that it was Ulysses who sought out and discovered Achilles; but it was not Ajax that discovered Ulysses.

"Some of the accusations he has brought against me may be considered as so many reproaches brought against this assembly. If I ought to blush at having accused Palamedes, say, is it honourable in you to have condemned him? The treason of that officer was sufficiently proved, and you judged and acted accordingly.

"It is not for me to attempt to justify myself for having left Philoctetes in the island of Lemnos.

It is rather for you, O ye chiefs, to do this, who consented to leave him there. I cannot deny that I persuaded him to remain on that island, to rest himself after the fatigues of the war and of the voyage. He followed my advice, and he yet lives. My counsel was sincere. The event has been fortunate; and I have neither betrayed Greece nor Philoctetes.

"Now that the oracle has declared that Troy can never be destroyed without the presence of that illustrious warrior, what will you do? Will you send me to fetch him? Oh! no. Give this commission to Ajax. He no doubt will find some means of calming this unfortunate sufferer, irritated as he now is by anger and severe pain. Ajax will adopt some happy expedient to unite Philoctetes to our troops, and to the cause for which we are armed. But, irony apart, sooner will you see the waters of the Simois returning towards their course; the trees of Mount Ida without a leaf; and the Greeks giving assistance to the Trojans, than you will derive any benefit from the persuasive powers of Ajax, if I refuse to employ mine.

"Irritated as is the wretched Philoctetes against this army, against its commander-in-chief, against its leaders in general, and against me in parti-

cular; whatever hatred he may have conceived against me; with whatever execrations he may have loaded me; with whatever thirst of revenge he may receive me; I will venture to see him; I will remonstrate, expostulate, persuade; in short, I will obtain his pardon, his approbation, and his consent to rejoin our forces. Yes, Grecians! Philoctetes, armed with the arrows of the great Alcides, shall voluntarily use them for the glory of Greece, and for that of Ulysses, with whose blood he is at this moment wishing to glut his vengeance.

"Why should Ajax reproach me for having, in many of my actions, sought the favour of the night? Is it a crime to have dared the darkness alone; and, concealed by its gloom, to have penetrated into the sacred temple of Minerva; and, passing through ranks of slumbering enemies, to have brought the statue of that goddess in safety to our camp? The Palladium is ours; and Troy is no longer invincible. I may be said to have taken the Pergamus[1] with my single arm, since by me alone that citadel has been reduced to the possibility of being taken at all.

"Cease, Ajax; cease by gestures and murmurs to remind me of the aid of Diomedes. His portion of glory in these actions will not be refused

him. Recollect that you were not alone when with your shield you ran to protect the fleet. A crowd of warriors joined you in that enterprise. I had only one with me. If the valiant Diomedes were not well aware that mere valour is a dangerous quality, when unaccompanied by address and prudence, he might justly demand these arms; and you, Ajax, cannot deny that his claims in point of mere bravery would be found equal to your own. Eurypele, Thoas, Idomeneus, Ajax Oileus, Merion, Menelaus, and in general all the chiefs in this army, were your equals in the field of battle; but they all, by refraining from any pretensions to these arms, tacitly consent that to Ulysses they shall be awarded, as the prize of united prudence and valour. Let me again repeat, that courage without discretion is a dangerous quality. Agamemnon has listened to my counsels; and regulated by me, O my comrades, your well-directed prowess has already covered you with glory, and will ultimately lead to victory. Compare this army to a human body; you are the arms, I the head. To a vessel; you are the rowers, I the pilot. Bodily force alone will effect little in the career of glory. The mind must be employed, and that constantly.

"Award, then, just and generous warriors,

award these arms to him whose mind has been unceasingly occupied with your affairs; who has in body and soul been devoted to your service. We are now nearly at the end of our toils. The spell is broken. The charm is dissolved. Troy is ours; for Ulysses has removed the obstacles that rendered her invincible.

"Let me conjure you then by the hopes of victory, that now animate and console us; by these walls that will shortly be demolished; by the protecting divinities that I have borne away from the temples of your enemies;—let me conjure you to grant me the immortal recompense to which my desires and my hopes aspire. In what may yet remain to be done, command my services. My zeal and attachment to your interests will ever remain unshaken.

"To sum up all. If what I have advanced be insufficient to obtain your suffrages in my favour, then let this statue (here Ulysses pointed to the Palladium), let this statue be invested with the armour that neither Ajax nor I have deserved."

Ulysses ceased; and the troops rent the air with loud acclamations.

Note.—1 *Pergamus.* The citadel of the city of

Troy. It was situated in the most elevated part of the town, on the shores of the river Scamander. The name was often used to signify Troy itself. Xerxes is said to have been on the top of this tower when he viewed his troops in his march to invade Greece.

DEATH OF AJAX.

The convened chiefs of the Grecian army having expressed a due sense of what they owed to the bravery of Ajax, and to the united valour and prudence of Ulysses, Agamemnon, in the name of the assembly, pronounced it as their decision, that the armour of Achilles should be given to the latter. Thus the arms of the most valiant of men became the reward of the most eloquent.

Ajax, who had so often and so heroically braved the dangers of war in every variety of form, fire, sword, and the attacks of the most powerful enemies both in the field and in single combat, now sunk under his feelings of disappointment. His grief was at first calm and sullen, but soon burst forth in all the frenzy, rage, and madness of despair. At midnight he left

his tent, and ran furiously among the flocks belonging to the Grecian camp, where, dealing blows and death on every side, he satiated his vengeance in the idea that he was destroying Ulysses and the Grecian troops, together with the chiefs who had adjudged the disputed armour to his rival.

Having exhausted his fury and his strength on the harmless sheep, he suddenly made a stop, looked wild and thoughtful by turns. At last he fixed his eyes on his sword, and exclaimed, "This weapon, at least, belongs not to Ulysses. It is my own! It has been stained with Phrygian blood: the person into whose hands it next falls will find it imbued with the vital stream, that now circulates in the veins of the injured Ajax! O ye furies, avenge my death on the Atrides. I die by my own hand. Let them perish by the hands of those they hold most dear. Haste, ye avenging powers! Haste, ye Eumenides, to bring destruction on the Grecian army! Suffer not one of the Greeks to escape! And thou, O Jupiter, grant that my body may be found by Teucer! He will protect it from insult, and give to the corpse of his friend the solemn rites of sepulture, that my spirit may be at peace in the Tartarean regions into which I am about to descend." Thus said, Ajax threw himself on the point of his sword,

which he had previously stuck firmly into the ground with the blade pointing towards heaven. It penetrated to his heart. The blood flowed copiously from the wound ; and in the place where it fell there sprung up a purple flower [1] on a slender green stalk. Some authors say it was a hyacinth ; others that it was a violet ; others that it was a larkspur : all however agree, that on its leaves may be traced the letters A, I ; signifying in this instance, as by initials, the name of Ajax : though in the metamorphosis of Hyacinthus these letters were said to be expressive of the lamentations and complaints of Apollo.

Calchas, the high-priest, forbade the troops to prepare a funeral-pile for Ajax ; declaring that he had lived and died without reverence for the gods, and therefore was not entitled to any funeral honours. This decision was in some measure overruled by Agamemnon, who caused the corpse to be placed in a neat sarcophagus,[2] and inhumed with every mark of respect. A magnificent monument was afterwards erected to the memory of this warrior on Mount Rhetus, a promontory of Troas near the Hellespont. This tomb was long an object of admiration, and was in after-ages visited by Alexander, king of Macedon, commonly called Alexander the Great.

Assius. The name of Sarcophagus was in the course of time given to the case or coffin itself, whether made of marble or other substances, without distinction.

THE FALL OF TROY.

An oracle had declared that Troy could not be finally taken without the arrows of Hercules, and the presence of the warrior to whom they had been given by that hero when about to lay himself on the funeral-pile which he had raised with his own hands. Ulysses was accordingly commissioned to fetch Philoctetes from the island of Lemnos, where he had been left in exile on account of a wound in his foot, the smell of which was found insupportably offensive to the whole Grecian camp.

Authors are divided respecting the cause of this wound: some affirm that it was occasioned by the bite of a serpent sent by Juno to torment him for his attachment to Hercules; while others assert that the Theban hero, having in his last

moments given to his friend his bow and arrows, which were poisoned by being dipped in the blood of the hydra of Lerna, obtained from him a promise to bury his ashes, and never to tell any person in what place they were deposited; and that Philoctetes, false to his engagements, had in a prevaricating way discovered the secret to the Grecian princes by striking the spot with his foot, which was instantly wounded by one of the poisoned arrows, which at that instant fell from his quiver: a punishment for his breach of promise, and a very severe one; for this wound not only gave him the most excruciating pain, but caused his removal from the army, and a lonely and miserable exile of several years in the island of Lemnos. The king of Ithaca arriving in that island, now succeeded in appeasing and consoling the unhappy sufferer, and soon after returned with him to the Grecian camp.

The last blow was now struck against the liberty of the Trojans and the existence of their capital. The city was taken; and one and the same day witnessed the death of Priam and the fall of Troy. While the flames were rising from that part of the city which lay nearest to the Hellespont, the temple of Jupiter was stained by the blood of the Trojan monarch, who was slain at

the foot of the altar by Pyrrhus-Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

The princess Cassandra, who was priestess of Apollo, was pursued to the temple by Ajax-Oileus, who treated her with brutal indignity. Indeed, the cruelty of the Grecians after their victory renders the remembrance of this war odious to posterity. They seized the Trojan ladies, tearing them without pity from the statues of the gods of their country, which they embraced and implored in all the agonies of suffering and despair. Many of these delicate and feeble victims were snatched from the burning temples, to which they had fled in the hope of mingling their ashes with those of the sacred edifices. The young prince Astyanax, son of Hector and Andromache, was precipitated from the top of a high tower; on which, as it commanded a view of the Grecian camp, his mother had often stood with him, showing him his heroic father in fierce combat for the defence of his country.

A fair wind now invited the victors to hasten their departure. The Trojan dames, about to be carried away captives, filled the air with their cries and lamentations; and kissing the ground, bade a sad and eternal adieu to their lately-cherished homes, now alas! a prey to devouring

flames. Last of all these miserable women, Hecuba was torn from the tombs of her children by Ulysses; who designed to present her as a slave to his wife Penelope. This wretched queen seeing herself constrained to embark, is said to have swallowed a large portion of the ashes of her son Hector, and tearing away handfuls of her hair, threw it on his tomb; a last maternal offering to the manes of that departed hero. This miserable widow, the mother of seventeen children, of whom the greater number had perished before her eyes, was compelled to depart; and after undergoing a series of unparalleled afflictions (some of which will be hereafter mentioned), she ultimately lost her reason, and being transformed into a dog, raved, and barked, and died, upon a foreign shore.

The only consolation that was left to this unhappy princess on quitting Troy, was that of being accompanied by her daughter Polyxena.

TREACHERY OF POLYMNESTOR—DEATH OF HECUBA.

On the borders of the sea, nearly opposite to the city of Troy, is a country which was called by the ancients the Thracian Chersonesus. On this shore some pious hands had erected a rude monument with a cenotaph to the memory of Achilles. The Grecian fleet returning from the siege of Troy, came to anchor in an adjacent port, belonging to Polymnestor, king of the country; a prince renowned for his great riches, the magnificence of his court, and the splendour of his household. He had married Ilione, the eldest daughter of the unfortunate Priam, who during the siege laid by the Greeks against his capital, had found means of sending off large sums of gold, and treasures of various kinds, which were by his order given in trust to his son-in-law Polymnestor, together with

his youngest son Polydorus: hoping that this dear child would by this removal be benefited in his education, which at home would probably have been much interrupted by the troubles inevitable to a city in a state of siege.

The arrival of the Grecian fleet now confirmed the news that Polymnestor had heard respecting the death of Priam and his sons, and the overthrow of his kingdom: whereupon, allured by the hope of appropriating to his own use the treasures he had received in trust for his nephew Polydorus, he treacherously murdered this young prince, and threw his body into the sea.

The Grecian fleet being about to depart from this port, Agamemnon and his brother officers determined, previously to their embarkation, to go and pay their devotions at the tomb erected to the memory of Achilles on the shore. Suddenly the ghost of that hero appeared standing in a menacing attitude on the cenotaph. It had a fierce and frowning aspect; and in a hollow murmuring voice it uttered these words—"Tremble at the thoughts of departing from this coast without first making a sacrifice to the manes of Achilles. He demands the blood of Polyxena."

The young and beautiful princess, the last consolation of her afflicted mother, was now torn

from the bosom of the distracted Hecuba, and led away to be sacrificed. The high-priest, Calchas, commanded that this cruel rite should be performed by the hand of Pyrrhus-Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The magnanimity and fortitude of the illustrious victim proved equal to her grace and beauty. She expressed her willingness to die, begged that she might not be bound, and implored Pyrrhus to console her with the promise that her body should be delivered without ransom to her mother. Having received this assurance, she submitted calmly and without a murmur to the stroke of death. The spectators wept bitterly; and even Calchas, accustomed as he was to such bloody ceremonies, could scarcely refrain from tears.

The wretched Hecuba was permitted to perform the last duties on the corpse of her darling Polyxena. As she walked mournfully on the strand, supported by some Trojan ladies, the companions of her captivity, she expressed her sorrows by the most affecting lamentations. "Wretched mother!" she exclaimed, "I have then been prolific only for Achilles and for death! Of all my numerous family only Polydorus now remains; and that dear child owes his safety to the kindness of the good Polymnestor." Having pronounced these

words, the unhappy princess approached the sea with a vase to take some water to wash the blood from the wounded body of her daughter; when on a sudden she beheld another corpse, which the waves had recently thrown on the beach. It was that of Polydorus! At this sight all the Trojan ladies uttered the most piercing cries; Hecuba alone was dumb and motionless. After some time her reason seemed at once to return. She wept not; but assuming an air of firmness and courage, appeared to meditate some daring enterprise. She then turned towards her attendants, and in a few words communicated to them her design, and instructed them as to the part she expected them to take in the plan of vengeance she had contemplated. She then went to the palace of Polymnestor, and thanked him with apparent affection for his kindness to her son (for whose absence this wicked man gave some plausible reasons); and then, under the pretext of showing him the spot where she had deposited some jewels of great value, drew him into a solitary place, where her attendants, rushing from behind some trees, seized and bound him, and then assisted Hecuba in putting out his eyes with pins.

This deed was soon discovered; and the people being irritated at the view of the sufferings of

their monarch, pursued the Trojan dames with arrows and stones. Hecuba suddenly turned towards her pursuers, seizing and biting the stones which they threw at her, and then growling like a dog, the form of which she soon after assumed, terrified them with her barkings.

The place where this happened was famous throughout all Sithonia: near it stands the tomb[1] of this princess, whose ghost was said nightly to fill the air of the surrounding country with the most dismal howlings.

The gods, and even the Greeks, were moved to pity at a recollection of the sufferings of the miserable Hecuba; and even Juno, who had been the implacable enemy of her family, at length acknowledged that this unfortunate princess had not merited a fate so cruel.

Observations.—The sacrifice of Polyxena by the hand of Pyrrhus seems to have been a favourite subject with ancient artists. The celebrated Polygnotus made a picture of this subject, which, among a great number of his paintings that adorned one of the public porticoes of Athens, was esteemed the best. Each of these paintings represented some striking event of the Trojan war.

The cities of Delphi and Pergamus were

adorned with the paintings of this artist; and in each of them was a picture exhibiting the dreadful sacrifice of this unhappy Trojan princess.

In an apartment of the Capitoline Museum, denominated *Il Salone*, is some fine statuary, exhibiting Hecuba in despair for the loss of Polydorus and Polyxena.

Note.—1 *Tomb.* The tomb of Hecuba, placed on the Chersonesus, was long an object of observation and curiosity to strangers visiting that country. It bore the name of *Cynossema*, the tomb of the dog.

MEMNON.

Of all the goddesses, Aurora was the only one who took no pitying interest in the sorrows and the fate of the wretched Hecuba. Absorbed in the contemplation of affliction of a more personal nature, her grief for the loss of her son Memnon, who had perished at the Trojan war, had not yet sufficiently subsided to allow her to sympathise with the unhappy queen of Ilium.

Memnon, king of Ethiopia, had come to assist his uncle Priam in the war, bringing with him ten thousand of his own subjects, and an equal number of Persians. He was distinguished for his military prudence and intrepidity, and many were the Grecian heroes that fell by his hand; among that unfortunate number was the valiant Antilochus, son of the venerable Nestor.

The afflicted father challenged Memnon to single combat, which he refused, from respect for the age of the challenger, and a consideration of the sufferings which his victory over Antilochus had caused to a veteran for whom he felt the most sincere respect and veneration. As a substitute for this aged prince, Memnon accepted the challenge of Achilles, and was killed by his hand.

The Trojans, who were greatly mortified and grieved at the loss of this heroic prince, made preparations for celebrating his obsequies with more than ordinary magnificence. The funeral-pile was prepared in the evening; and when, at early morn, they assembled for the purpose of burning the body of the deceased, they found the wood all wet with the tears of his mother. Aurora came. But the eastern sky rejoiced not as usual at her presence. All nature seemed to participate in her sorrow. The radiance that preceded her steps was obscured by thick clouds that lowered on the scene beneath.

Oppressed with grief, Aurora went to seek consolation from Jupiter. "O my father!" said she, "I complain not that I am the least honoured of all the goddesses. I come not to demand the homage of mortals. I ask neither incense, nor

offerings, nor altars, nor temples, nor festivals, nor sacrifices. Content with being admired, I seek not to be adored. But I come as a mourning and affectionate mother, to implore a token of celestial approbation in favour of my son Memnon. Vouchsafe, O Jupiter, to honour his funeral by some prodigy that may console his departed spirit, and soften the grief and anguish of his weeping mother!"

The prayer of Aurora was heard, and her petition granted. To the flames that ascended towards heaven succeeded volumes of thick black smoke. The burning wood fell with a great crash; and a numerous flight of birds, differing from every species of the feathered race then known, soared from the pile. These extraordinary birds flew three times round the body, uttering loud and piercing cries; then separating into two distinct parties, they fought with such fury that above half of them fell down into the fire, and were consumed as victims to appease the manes of the deceased monarch. These birds obtained the name of Memnonides; and it was observed that they never failed to return annually to the tomb of Memnon in Troas, and to repeat the same fierce engagement: thus spilling their blood

as a libation in honour of the hero from whom they obtained their name.

The Egyptians set up a colossal statue[1] of black marble in honour of Memnon: it was in a sitting posture, with its hands raised towards heaven, and the mouth half open, as if in the act of speaking. This statue had the wonderful property of uttering melodious sounds every day at the rising of the sun, or rather at the appearance of Aurora: to whom, without doubt, this music was intended as a morning salutation. At sunset, other sounds of a mournful tone were heard to proceed from it. Some authors say that it also rendered an oracle at the end of every seven years. This colossal and vocal figure was long the glory of the city of Thebes in Upper Egypt; and travellers from all parts of the world came to visit it.

Observations.—There are two beautiful fresco paintings of Aurora in the city of Rome, which are supposed to be the finest in the world: one of them is by Guercino, and the other by Guido Reni. The former adorns a cassino in the gardens of the beautiful Villa Ludovisi. Dr. Smith, in his very entertaining work, entitled "A Sketch of a Tour on the Continent," mentions it thus:

"His glow (meaning Guercino's colouring) is the clear brightness of nature. The freshness of his morning, as expressed in this picture, the effect of the dawning light, the tints of his sky and fleecy clouds are so inimitably just, they influence the spirits like a real morning, that feast of nature so rarely enjoyed in artificial life. Nor is the composition of the piece unworthy of its execution. The chariot of the goddess is drawn by bright-dun horses, and she scatters flowers as she advances. Nothing can be more finely expressed than the retiring night and her train. But the whole has been engraved; and its composition needs no description, though a common print can but ill convey its effect."

The latter, the work of the celebrated Guido, is displayed on a vaulted roof of a saloon in the Palazzo Respigliosi. This superb piece would of itself have immortalised the name of the artist who produced it. To be justly appreciated it must be seen.

Note.—1 *Statue.* There can be no doubt that the sounds emitted from the statue of Memnon were produced by sacerdotal fraud.

Sabina, the wife of the emperor Adrian, visited

this statue: her name, with those of the literati who attended her in her voyage, is inscribed thereon. This princess, at her return to Rome, declared that she had heard it send forth sounds, which could not have been produced by any known physical cause.

When Cambyses, king of Persia, conquered this country, this celebrated statue was dismantled by his order. Its ruins still astonish modern travellers by their grandeur and beauty.

ÆNEAS AT THE ISLAND OF DELOS.

The inexorable decrees of Destiny, which had appointed the destruction of the superb Ilion, would not permit that all its warriors and all its hopes should be entirely exterminated.

Among the most renowned of the Trojan heroes who survived the ruin of his country was Æneas, the son of Anchises and Venus. This prince, being compelled by the devouring flames to escape from the devoted city, followed the suggestions of filial piety and affection, and taking his aged father on his shoulders with his penates or household-gods, and leading his young son Ascanius by the hand, he bade a sad adieu to his long-cherished home, and bent his way to the city of Antandros (now St. Dimitri), where, by the promptitude, zeal, and

industry of his followers, he succeeded in fitting out a fleet of twenty vessels, on board of which he embarked with his family, and such troops as were willing to follow his fortune, and obey his orders. They sailed with a favourable wind, and soon left the port of Antandros far behind. In their course they scrupulously avoided touching at the land governed by the cruel Polymnestor, and stained with the blood of the young and innocent Polydorus.

Favoured by propitious gales, they soon reached the island of Delos, and were hospitably received by the king Anius.

This complaisant monarch, after entertaining the Trojans in his palace, and showing them every thing therein that was worthy of a stranger's observation, accompanied them to see the city, which bore the name of the deity to whose temple and service he was devoted: for he was king and priest at the same time. He then showed them the temple, the sacred place of the oracle, and the olive and palm trees, under the friendly shade of which Latona became the mother of Apollo and Diana. Æneas and his companions having paid their religious homage by burning incense, making costly offerings, and pouring libations on the altar of the presiding deity, returned with

Anius to his palace, where they partook of an elegant and hospitable repast.

While they were at table, Anchises inquired what was become of the son and three daughters of Anius, whom he remembered to have seen there on a former visit to the island. The friendly monarch replied, that his son, whom Apollo had endowed with the power of predicting future events, now reigned at Andros, an island in the Ægean sea, to which he had given his own name; and that his daughters having received from Bacchus the power of changing any object they pleased into corn, wine, or oil, by merely touching it, their fame had reached the ears of Agamemnon, who, in his expedition to Troy, had endeavoured to get these princesses into his power, in the hope of acquiring, by their means, a regular and abundant supply of provisions for his troops; and that notwithstanding all their efforts to elude the rapacity and vigilance of this monarch, they were at length taken by surprise. In their distress, and at the moment in which the soldiers were going, by the orders of their chief, to bind them with chains, Bacchus delivered them, by transforming them all into doves of a beautiful species. The good Anius, while he recounted this story, shed tears at the recollection of the metamorphosis by which

his daughters were lost to him for ever. Supper being ended, all the company retired to rest, mutually pleased with each other.

Æneas and his companions arose the next morning at break of day, and went to consult the oracle respecting their voyage, and the course they ought to take, in order to act conformably to the will of the gods; and they received the following command: "Go in search of your original country, the shores inhabited by your earliest ancestors."

On the departure of the Trojan princes, Anius accompanied them to the sea-side, having first presented Anchises with a sceptre of exquisite workmanship. To his grandson, Ascanius, he gave a tunic and a quiver; and to Æneas a magnificent golden cup, on the edge of which was a border of leaves of acanthus beautifully carved; and on the body of the cup was engraven a fine representation of the interesting example of self-devotedness exhibited by the daughters of Orion, who, at a time when the city of Thebes was desolated by a pestilence which, according to the declaration of an oracle, could only be removed by the sacrifice of two virgins of the blood-royal, offered themselves as voluntary victims for the salvation of the people. The gods willing to distinguish this sacrifice by a signal token of their approbation, and at

the same time to perpetuate the race of these heroic and virtuous princesses, caused two fine young men to spring from their ashes, who immediately assisted in performing the funeral obsequies of their mothers.

The Trojan princes presented Anius with a superb vase for burning perfumes or incense, and a crown or diadem of gold enriched with diamonds.

These precious objects being given and received by each party as tokens of esteem and remembrance, they separated with sincere regret, and with mutual assurances of everlasting esteem and affection.

Observations.—The departure of Æneas from Troy, bearing his aged father on his shoulders, leading his young son Ascanius by the hand, with his wife Creusa (who was afterwards lost in the confusion attending the conflagration) following closely behind, has been the subject of innumerable paintings and of some beautiful statuary, of which last there exists a fine group in the gardens of the Tuileries.

In the Villa Borghese there is an admirable piece of sculpture, exhibiting Æneas and Anchises.

Note.—1 *Land.* Virgil expressly says that Æneas and his followers did visit this land; and that the quince-trees and myrtle-trees growing round the tomb of Polydorus bled when the hero touched them.—*See the* ÆNEID.

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS TO SICILY.

THE Trojans recollecting that Phrygia, or at least that part of Phrygia which was afterwards called Troas, had been originally peopled by a colony conducted thither by Teucer, a native of Crete, now determined to steer away for that island, concluding that it must certainly be the country signified by the ambiguous directions of the oracle.

Crete, the largest of all the islands of the Archipelago, was then famous for its extensive commerce, and for its hundred cities: the most noted of which were Gnossus, near Mount Ida, the seat of Minos; Gortyna, where was the celebrated labyrinth; and Cydonia, in the north-west, by some authors called the metropolis. Mount Dicte, from which the inhabitants of this country had

obtained the name of Dictei or Dicteans, stands in the eastern part of the island; and is celebrated for a cave, said to be the birth-place of Jupiter, who was worshipped throughout the country with peculiar honours.

From this island, however, Æneas and his companions were soon obliged to remove, on account of a pestilence which rendered the air itself a vehicle of contagion. They accordingly bore away, in hopes of reaching some part of the extensive country of Ausonia (now Italy); but the wind proving unfavourable and tempestuous, their vessels became damaged, and they were constrained to anchor near the coast of the Strophades, two small islands of the Ionian sea, lying near the Peloponnesus. It was to these islands that Zethus and Calais drove the harpies that infected the table of their uncle Phineus. Terrified by these monsters, Æneas and his companions hastened their departure; and the wind becoming more favourable, they soon left behind them, Ithaca, Samos, Dulichium, and some other small islands which composed the kingdom of Ulysses, and sailing along the coast of Epirus, they saw the promontory of Actium, and the adjacent city of Ambrasia. In this city they were shown the famous stone which had once been a human being, who having had the

misfortune to be chosen umpire in a dispute between Apollo, Diana, and Hercules, had, in consequence of his decision, displeased two of the parties, and thereby drawn upon himself that vengeance to which all the gods of Greece seem to have been shamefully addicted, and which, in this instance, had caused his transformation into a stone.

The Trojan princes next visited Dodona, a city of Epirus, famous for having in its vicinity a sacred forest, whose venerable oaks rendered oracles. They then went to the island of Phæacia or Corcyra, celebrated for the great abundance and superior quality of its fruit, and for the magnificent gardens of Alcinous, the sovereign of the island, by whom they were received and entertained with marked hospitality and kindness. Opposite to the eastern coast of this beautiful island (which now bears the name of Corfu) is the maritime city of Buthrate (now Butrinto), where they landed, and went to visit Helenus, the only surviving son of Priam, who reigned over the country of Chionia. He expressed great joy at seeing Æneas and his family and followers, all of whom he received with great cordiality and friendship. Helenus, like his sister Cassandra, was endowed with a knowledge of futurity; and he consoled Æneas, by assuring him that he was des-

tined to be the founder of a powerful and glorious empire: then giving his guests some prudent warnings, and much important advice respecting their future conduct, he bade them farewell, and they departed.

The predictions of Helenus now animated them with hope and courage; they followed his directions, and soon came in sight of Sicily, a large island near the southern extremity of Ausonia, remarkable for its three promontories or capes, which protrude far into the sea. In the south, Pachynus, the retreat of the cloudy Auster; in the west, Lilybæum, the dwelling of the Zephyrs; and in the north, Pelorus, which looks towards the freezing climates of Boreas and the constellation of the Great Bear, that descends not into the waters of the ocean. In a short time the voyagers came to anchor in the port of Zancle, a city which is now called Messena, and gives its name to the strait that divides it from Italy. Near this place Æneas was accosted by an unfortunate Greek, named Achæmenides: he had been left by the fleet of Ulysses on the shore near Mount Ætna. This poor man was in the utmost distress, and Æneas humanely received him on board his vessel, where he was treated with great commiseration and kindness.

POLYPHEMUS.

The strait that divides the island of Sicily from Italy was considered by ancient navigators as a very dangerous passage, on account of the rapid eddies and currents of water, and the consequent difficulty of steering their vessels safely between a tremendous cluster of rocks called Scylla, and an opposite vortex, or whirlpool, called Charybdis. The poets and mythologists inform us that both the rocks and the vortex wére once women. Scylla, say they, was the beautiful daughter of a hero named Phorcas or Phorcias, who was killed in a naval combat with a certain Ausonian prince who bore the name of Atlas. The lovely Scylla used frequently to wander alone on the sea-side, indulging her pensive reveries, and her taste for solitude and retirement. In some of these lonely rambles

she had formed an acquaintance with Galatea (or Galathea), one of the most beautiful of the Nereides, who was sorrowing for the loss of her lover, a young shepherd named Acis. The sympathy and friendship of Scylla came like balm to her wounded spirit, and proved a timely and welcome solace to her affliction. They passed much of their time together in a certain grotto in which the nereide was accustomed to repose. One day, as Scylla sat carelessly braiding her friend's fine shining hair, Galatea, in melancholy mood, thus addressed her:

"You told me, my dear Scylla, that you have refused several proposals of marriage, and some of them from very worthy, good men. I was just thinking how happy you are, in being able to decline with impunity the overtures of a lover whose affection you cannot return. Alas! I, who am the daughter of Nereus and Doris, both divinities of the ocean, and who am myself a goddess, I have not enjoyed the same privilege!

"You must know, my dear friend, that I had the misfortune to please the horrible cyclop, Polyphemus, and the wretch had the vanity to imagine that he could please me. He followed me whenever I came to seek solitude or repose on these shores; and I could scarcely ever emerge from

the sea without being obliged to hear his gross declarations of love. To avoid him, I would gladly have remained for ever in my father's palace; but I had a powerful attraction on the shore. Yes, dearest Scylla, I loved, and was beloved by Acis, the son of Faunus and the nymph Simæthis. Acis was an amiable youth of seventeen; and no less remarkable for his attachment and devotedness to his parents, than for his ardent and tender affection for me. My lover being by the laws of nature incapable of visiting me in the watery realms of my father, I could never enjoy his company without coming to visit him. At the hour in which I was accustomed to seek repose on the shore, I was sure to meet my young friend waiting my arrival with anxious expectation.

"One evening, as Acis and I were sitting together in the refreshing shade of a huge projecting rock, I perceived Polyphemus, who, leaning on the trunk of a tall cypress-tree which served this gigantic monster for a walking-stick, was roaming about in search of me. The eye[1] in the middle of his forehead, large and round as the disk of the moon, glared wildly from under his thick bushy eyebrow. In the hope of rendering himself irresistibly captivating, he had trimmed and ornamented his horrid person with more than usual

care. His hair combed with a rake, and his beard cut with a scythe, were in their finest order. He admired himself for a moment in the crystal stream; and being pleased with his own appearance, sat down, and began to sing. The burden of his song was as follows:—'Come, lovely Galatea, raise thy beauteous head, and come out of thy watery dwelling. Thou art whiter than lilies, and more rosy than apples. Thy skin is polished, like shells long washed by the billows of the ocean. Thou art majestic as an elm, and soft as the whitest curds of milk. But, alas! when thou beholdest me with disdain, thou art more terrible than a raging bull, harder than the knotted oak, inconstant as the waves: more pitiless than the hydra trodden by the foot of the incautious passenger; and what is worse than all the rest, thou art swifter than a stag pursued by the hunters, and lighter than the spirits of the air. Fly me not, lovely nereide. Thou shunnest me only because thou dost not know me. Thou hast vanquished me by the charms of thy sweet little person: O be not insensible to the awful grandeur of mine! Behold my majestic form! not Jupiter himself has a more commanding presence. Observe the luxuriant growth of my hair, which resembles a thick forest: examine my noble fea-

tures. It is true that I have but one eye; but it is sufficient for my purpose, being advantageously placed in the middle of my forehead, while in point of size and brilliancy it resembles a burnished shield: the glorious sun that sees every thing, has, like me, one only eye! Oh, dearest Galatea, consent to become my wife, and all my vast possessions, my extensive grounds, producing every variety of delicious fruit, shall be at thy command. I am rich in flocks and herds. All, all shall be thine. I have already prepared some presents for thee: not birds'-nests, and doves, and fawns, and lambs, the ordinary gifts of vulgar rural lovers. No, dearest, no. I have caught two fine twin bears; and on catching them I exclaimed, These will I preserve for my charming Galatea. O lovely nereide, have pity on my sufferings: put an end to my torments! I rave and am distracted at the bare idea of not obtaining thee. I, who despise Jupiter and his thunderbolts, and hold all the gods in derision, I, even I, tremble before the daughter of Nereus. Is it true, O Galatea! is it true that thou lovest another? Is it possible that thou canst prefer the love of Acis to mine? Put my affection to the test, dear Galatea: there is nothing that I will not do to convince thee of my love. Let me only catch thy

favourite Acis, and thou shalt see me tear out his bowels while yet alive. Thou shalt see me pull him into a thousand pieces, and scatter his bleeding palpitating limbs on the rocks and mountains. Oh, let me only catch him!'

"This odious song being ended, Polyphemus arose, and looking over the precipice, perceived me sitting with my lover in the valley beneath. Then uttering a piercing cry, that reverberated from every point of Mount Ætna, he advanced towards us. I immediately plunged into the ocean, and my young lover fled. Upon which the cyclop seized a huge piece of rock, and hurling it with all his force, it reached the unfortunate Acis, and crushed him to death. His blood, as it flowed, became paler and paler continually, and at last appeared like the clearest water. This water now flowed copiously, the impetuosity of the stream rapidly increased, and my unfortunate lover was at length changed entirely into a fountain, which still bears the name of Acis."

Galatea having here finished her relation, bade adieu to her friend, and plunged into her native element.

Observations.—In the cabinet of the king of England is an admirable painting of Galatea by

Carlo Maratti. The nereide is seated in a shell, which forms a sort of car: it is drawn by two dolphins, which she guides by means of silken reins. The car is preceded by a triton sounding his shell; and two attendant sea-nymphs are holding over her head a scarf of silk, the folds of which, inflated by the wind, form a sort of pavilion. Cupid accompanies the car mounted on a dolphin, which he conducts by means of an azure-coloured ribbon; and Polyphemus is seen leaning against a rock, having in his hand a syrinx or flute of seven pipes.

There exists a piece of this kind by that celebrated painter of grace and beauty, the elegant Albano. His Galatea may indeed be called divine; for the inimitable elegance of her form, the beauty of her features, and the attractive smile of joy that beams in her youthful countenance. She sits in a car formed of a shell; the interior of which is all mother-of-pearl. The wheels are composed of white silvery rays that divide the waters without the aid of dolphins (the ordinary conductors of marine deities); to indicate that the winds and waves, obedient to her command, readily unite to impel the car of the most lovely of all the nymphs of the ocean. Her tresses are loose and floating to the evening breeze; as is also her veil, which

she gracefully raises with one hand, while she turns smiling to look at a rainbow formed by the refraction of the solar beams on the light misty clouds that advance behind her. Her train is composed of amorini (little Loves or Cupids), sea-nymphs, &c.

In the Casino Farnese, commonly called the Farnesina, is Raphael's celebrated painting of Galatea traversing the ocean in a shelly chariot, drawn by dolphins, and attended by tritons and sea-nymphs, all (says Sir J. E. Smith) worthy of herself.

A basso-relievo in the Villa Albani exhibits Polyphemus sleeping, with his head reclined on a goat-skin that serves him for a pillow.

In the gallery of the Palazzo Farnese is a fresco painting by Anibale Caracci, which represents Polyphemus playing on his sylvan flute, and looking tenderly at Galatea; and another, in which he is hurling a huge mass of stone at the unfortunate Acis.

A picture taken from Herculaneum exhibits Polyphemus sitting on a rock on the sea-shore. His mantle is thrown on his knees. In his hand he holds an enormous lyre, formed of the trunk of a tree that divides itself into two branches. His hand is extended to receive a letter from Galatea,

brought to him by a little Cupid seated on a dolphin. In this picture the huge cyclop has three eyes, but is not at all deformed. At his side lies a tree torn up by the roots, which seems to have served him for a walking-staff.

Note.—1 *Eye.* In many ancient paintings Polyphemus is represented with three eyes, one of which is in the middle of his forehead. Most artists give him but one.

SCYLLA AND GLAUCUS.

SCYLLA, regretting that Destiny had refused her the power of accompanying the beautiful nereide, continued to walk on the shore, and consoled herself with the hope that Galatea would soon visit her again. Having wandered on the beach for some time, she was on the point of retiring, when her attention was suddenly attracted by an unusual splashing of the water; and turning to see what might be the cause of this noise, she perceived a being of extraordinary form advancing towards the shore. The upper part of the body resembled that of a man, and the face bore the appearance of youth, in spite of an extremely long beard that descended to the waist; the head was covered with a great quantity of thick waving hair that fell over the shoulders; the body was of

a greenish hue; and from the waist downwards it had the form, scales, and changeable colours of a fish, not unlike that of a dolphin, but of a much larger size.

Scylla, being terrified at the near approach of this extraordinary being, ran to the top of a neighbouring rock, and leaned over a point to observe with more particular attention this object of her terror and curiosity. While she was considering whether this might be one of the divinities of the ocean, a triton, or only a curious fish, the being reached the shore, and reclining against a huge stone, he looked up with an air of respect and tenderness, and thus addressed her:

"Fly not, dearest Scylla, from a being that adores you. I am not a fish; I am one of the divinities of the ocean, recently received into the court of Neptune: my name is Glaucus. It is not long since I was a mere ordinary mortal; a native, and inhabitant of the city of Anthedon in Bœotia. At that time my principal amusement was fishing: I became a skilful angler, and used to indulge myself in my favourite diversion, without considering that it was a cruel sport. Mortals are often unjust and cruel for want of reflection.

"Taking my rod and line, my fishing-hooks, and the worms that were to be impaled thereon, I

wandered one morning towards the sea; and entering a meadow enamelled with a thousand flowers, where no flocks had ever fed, or scythe of the mower passed over the tender grass, I bent my way towards that part of this delightful spot which immediately bordered the sea. I caught an unusual number of fishes, and threw them one by one upon the beach. After some time, being satisfied with my success, I prepared to return home; and taking up the fishes, the greater number of which were to all appearance quite dead, I laid them for a moment on the grass, when to my great surprise they all suddenly revived, and after flouncing about on the verdant turf for some time, leaped into the sea.

"Surprised at this prodigy, which I supposed had been effected by some peculiar property of the grass, I gathered a small quantity and chewed it, swallowing the juice. In a few minutes, I began to jump, and spring, and gambol; and being seized with an irresistible desire of plunging into the water, I took a desperate leap, and soon found myself at the bottom of the ocean. The attendants of Neptune presented me to their sovereign, by whom I was graciously received. He commanded that I should be purified from my mortal frailties, and admitted among the divinities of his

empire. I was accordingly cleansed by having the waters of a hundred rivers passed over my body, by uttering some unintelligible words, and by a variety of other mystic ceremonies peculiar to that court: all which being duly performed, I was allowed to take my rank with Proteus, Triton, and Palemon.

"I saw you many times, dear and amiable Scylla, when I was only a mortal man, and in an inferior class of society. I dared not then to aspire to your hand; but now, that I am become one of the presiding divinities in the vast immeasurable realms of Neptune, I hope you will be favourable, and crown my ardent love with a return of affection."

Scylla, still leaning over the rock, replied, "No, Glaucus, no. A divinity that dwells in a vast immeasurable realm, where I must never enter, is no lover for me." Thus said, she fled, and was out of sight in a moment.

Glaucus being exceedingly mortified and disappointed, now repaired to the palace of the celebrated sorceress Circe, and besought her to use some powerful enchantment that might constrain Scylla to return his affection. But Circe becoming enamoured of Glaucus herself, proffered her love instead of that of the disdainful Scylla. This

Glaucus refused; and the sorceress having no power over him, wreaked her vengeance on the innocent object of his passion, by communicating a deforming power to the water in which her lovely and unoffending rival was accustomed to bathe. Scylla no sooner entered the bath, than she was transformed into a hideous monster. Dogs sprouted out from her waist, and looking up towards her face, growled and barked in a furious manner. She found herself standing upon twelve enormous legs: she had several heads; and altogether she became an object of deformity more frightful than can be described or imagined. The wretched sufferer in despair threw herself into the sea, where by a second transformation she became a cluster of rocks, which to this day bears the name of Scylla.

Charybdis is said to have been an avaricious, dishonest woman, who stole some oxen from Hercules: for which theft, Jupiter with his thunderbolts hurled her into the sea. Her fall produced a vortex, or whirlpool, which continued for ages, and was much dreaded by mariners: as the ships that once got within its circle were irresistibly drawn towards the centre, and there swallowed up with a sudden and tremendous convulsion.

Una vorago,
D' un gran baratro è questa, che tre volte
I vasti flutti rigirando assorbe,
E tre volte avicenda li ributta
Con immenso bollor, fino alle stelle.
ÆNEID.

Since the dreadful earthquake of 1693, which destroyed Catania and other cities of Sicily, this vortex is scarcely perceptible. Indeed it may be said to have disappeared altogether.

Note.—1 *Glaucus.* This marine divinity is described as having a long white dropping beard, thick greenish hair flowing over his shoulders, eyes approaching very near to each other, and shaded by one single tuft of hair or eyebrow. His arms have some resemblance to fins: his breast is covered with sea-weed; and from his waist downwards he has the form of a huge fish. Some artists, besides his long tail, give him legs, armed with terrible claws: on his head he wears a crown of reeds.

Munatius Plancus, a Roman of considerable learning and talent, who was governor of a province in Gaul, where he built the city of Lugdunum (now Lyons), degraded himself, and disgraced his talents by becoming the servile flatterer of Cleopatra and Antony, and afterwards of Augustus, to gain whose favour he submitted to the greatest meannesses. On one

occasion, he danced the character of Glaucus on the public stage: for this purpose he was stripped quite naked, his skin was painted of a sea-green colour; on his head he wore a garland of reeds; and having fastened to his waist the tail of an enormous fish, he danced the Glaucus on his knees.

This fish-dance bore a mean and low resemblance to the pantomime-dance or *ballet* now common in France and Italy, where a character, or even a whole story, is represented in a dance.

Virgil, in his fifth eclogue, mentions the satyr-dance; and Horace, in one of his satires, relates that two men having a quarrel, one of them in a tone of bitter irony bade the other, who was of an awkward clumsy form, to go and dance the Cyclop.

The ruins of a monument erected to the memory of Plancus may still be seen on a hill near Gaeta.

ÆNEAS AND THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

The arrival of Æneas in Sicily was an event that gave great pleasure to Acestes, a prince who reigned over a considerable part of that island. He had been a faithful ally of the Trojans, and had greatly assisted them during the war. The seat of this prince was Drapana (now Trapani), near the port where Æneas had landed. Here the venerable Anchises died, and was buried near the temple of Venus on Mount Eryx. The mournful ceremony of his funeral being performed, the afflicted Æneas and his followers set sail for the opposite shore. The fleet, by the care and address of skilful rowers, passed in safety the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis: when suddenly a dreadful tempest arose, which dis-

persed the ships, driving them out into the main, where they were tossed about for some time, at the mercy of the winds and waves; and were at length compelled to cast anchor in a port of Africa. Dido, queen of Carthage, received Æneas with marked cordiality and kindness; and having prevailed on him to remain some time in her capital, she at length conceived such a tender affection for him, that after his departure from the country she fell into a state of despair, and put an end to her own existence.

On leaving Africa, Æneas returned with a favourable wind to Sicily. His object in going thither was to solemnise the anniversary of his father's death, by offering sacrifices and libations on his tomb: in the performance of which sad duty he was assisted by his friend Acestes, who on this occasion instituted funeral-games, which were afterwards celebrated annually in honour of the deceased.

The Trojan women began now to be heartily tired of their long and perilous voyages, and expressed an ardent wish to remain in the delightful country where they were landed. Whereupon Juno, the implacable enemy of their race, sent Iris, in the disguise of an old woman, who availing herself of their disinclination to encounter

again the dangers of the sea, persuaded them to set fire to the ships; they followed her pernicious counsels, and several of the vessels were accordingly destroyed.

Æneas, with such of his followers as were able to bear arms, embarked on the remaining part of his fleet; and sailing with a fair wind, they passed the islands subject to Æolus, the territories of Vulcan, sending forth sulphureous smoke and flames, and the rocks inhabited by the Sirens; and having lost their pilot Palinurus, who fell overboard in his sleep and was drowned, they coasted the islands of Inarime, Prachyte, and Pithecusa (the two former now bear the names of Ischia and Preida). The gods, irritated at the falsehood and dishonesty of the Cercopes, the ancient inhabitants of Pithecusa, had transformed them into monkeys. The fleet proceeded onwards; and leaving to the right the noble city of Parthenope (now Naples), and to the left the promontory of Miseno, where Æneas erected a monument to the memory of his trumpeter Misenus, who having challenged Triton to a trial of skill, was drowned by his competitor, they landed at length on the marshy shores of Cuma. The Trojan hero now proceeded to the dwelling of the celebrated sibyl,[1] and approaching her with an air of profound respect and venera-

tion, besought her to conduct him to the regions of Pluto, and obtain permission for him to see and speak to the shade of his father, whom he wished to consult respecting his future destinies. "Yes, valiant Trojan," replied the sibyl, "I will conduct thee to the Elysian fields, according to thy desire. Fame has here announced the achievements performed by thy prowess, and the labours of thy filial piety manifested amid the flames which consumed the proud city of Ilium. Yes, Æneas, thy request shall be granted." Thus said, she directed him to fetch a golden branch that grew on a particular tree in a forest consecrated to Proserpine, and which was situated near the lake of Averna. "Go thither, Æneas," said she,

"E nella selva opaca
Tra valle oscure e dense ombre riposto,
E nell' arbore stesso, un lento ramo
Con foglie d' oro, il cui tronco è sacrato
A Giunon-Inferna, e chi seco divelto
Questo non porta, ne' secreti regni
Penetrar di Plutone, unqua non puote.
Ciò la bella Proserpina comanda,
Che per suo dono il chiede, e svelto l' uno
Tosto l' altro risorge, e parimente
Ha la sua verga, e le sue chiome d' oro.—
Entra nel bosco, e con le luci in alto
Lo cerca, il trova, e di sua man lo sterpo
Ch' agevolmente sterperassi quando

Lo ti consenta il Fato, in altra guisa
Nè con man, nè con ferro, nè con altra
Umana forza, mai sia che si schianti
O che si tronchi."

ANIBALE CARO.

Thus spake the sibyl; and Æneas, directed by the flight of two doves that preceded him in his way to the wood, found, and plucked without the smallest difficulty, the precious branch of gold which he was to carry as a present to the queen of the infernal court, and without which he could not have gained admittance.

The sibyl performed her promise. Æneas saw the riches of the court of Pluto, his ancestors, and above all, the shade of his beloved father; from whom he received much useful instruction respecting the situation and laws of the country where he should fix his residence, the wars in which he would have to engage, and the dangers he had to encounter.

Pursuing his way back to the earth, Æneas told the sibyl that he would erect a temple and an altar to her honour. This, however, she peremptorily forbade. "Do it not," said she; "I am a mere human being like yourself. I have attained to the age of several centuries by the favour of

Apollo, who fell in love with me when I was young; and as a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, he promised to grant me the first request I should make: upon which I gathered up a handful of sand, and asked to live as many years as there were grains contained within my bended fingers. My request was granted; but as I had forgotten to ask a continuance of youth and vigour, I have only entailed upon myself the infirmities and pains of a long old age. My stature is now considerably smaller than it was in my youth; and I am condemned to wither away by slow degrees, till at last nothing will remain of me but my voice."

Conversing in this way, our enterprising travellers beguiled the time of their fatiguing progress back to the city of Cuma, where they arrived in safety; and Æneas having, according to the custom of the times, made sacrifices and offerings in the temple of the presiding deity, bade adieu to the kind sibyl, rejoined his fleet, and departed. On the voyage his nurse Caieta died; and the Trojan prince performed her funeral obsequies, raising a monument to her memory on a promontory, which with the adjacent town still bears her name, rendered by corruption

Gaeta. The monument bore the following inscription :

Within this tomb
are deposited
the ashes of Caieta, the nurse of Æneas,
who from attachment and respect to her memory,
raised in this place the funeral-pile,
whose flames consumed the dead body
of a worthy, respectable woman,
whom, when living, he had saved from the conflagration
which destroyed his native city,
the ill-fated Troy.

Observations.—The splendid picture of the Cumæan sibyl by Domenichino, is one of the greatest attractions which the magnificent gallery of the Palazzo Borghese offers to the view of the curious and observing traveller. It is a piece that has deservedly immortalised the name of the artist. Domenichino was a native of Bologna, and flourished about the end of the sixteenth century.

Innumerable paintings represent the first interview of Æneas with Dido, together with the ill-fated love and untimely death of that unfortunate princess. In the Vatican Gallery there is a sarcophagus, the basso-relievo embellishments of which represent Cupid in the disguise of Ascanius, the young son of Æneas: a resemblance assumed by

the wily god of love, in obedience to the commands of his mother, who directs him under this appearance to introduce himself into the presence of the queen of Carthage, and to wound her heart in favour of Æneas. Dido is sitting on a throne; at the foot of which is a pretty large fish, of which the feigned Ascanius has probably made her a present. On the other side of the sarcophagus the true Ascanius appears sleeping on a flowery bank before a temple of Idalia, whither he has been transported by the goddess Venus.

Note.—1 *Sibyl.* The Sibylæ were certain women supposed to be inspired by the gods. Their number is not certainly known. Plato speaks of one, others of two, Pliny of three, Ælian of four, and Varro of ten. Some have even mentioned fifty. Of all these, the sibyl of Cuma, the beautiful Deiphobe, was the most celebrated. She was said to be inspired by Apollo; and in addition to her predictions inscribed on certain leaves (of which see an account in the "Sequel"), she sometimes rendered an oracle from the bottom of a cavern in the temple of the divinity to whose service she was consecrated. This cavern is said to have had a hundred small entrances or openings; from all which occasionally issued a terrifying sound of voices, which in confused murmurs pronounced the answer of the

prophetess. Deiphobe was also a priestess of Hecate, who had consigned to her care the sacred groves of Averna; and it was supposed to be on this account that Æneas addressed himself to her for directions respecting his much-desired visit to his father in Elysium.

HOGS IN THE PALACE OF CIRCE.

In the port to which Ulysses had given the name of his nurse Caieta the Trojans were accosted by one of the followers of Ulysses, who had recently fixed his residence there: his name was Macareus. This good man recognised his ancient comrade Achæmenides, and eagerly inquired by what accident he had been placed on board a Trojan vessel. On which, Achæmenides related the manner in which he had been left by Ulysses on the shore at the foot of Mount Ætna; the cruel sufferings he had undergone in endeavouring to save himself from the blood-dripping mouth and horrible jaws of the cyclop Polyphemus; and the humanity, hospitality, and kindness with which he had been treated by the deceased prince Anchises,

and by his son Æneas, to whose fortunes he now declared himself inviolably attached.

At the request of his friend, seconded by that of Æneas and his companions, Macareus in his turn related some particulars respecting his voyages with Ulysses previous to his establishment at Caieta.

"Not to occupy your attention too long," said he, "I shall only mention some of the most remarkable of our adventures in the perilous course that brought me and my companions to this port. Our fleet, after having experienced strange vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, arrived safely off those islands of the Tyrrhenian sea, of which Lipari, the largest, is the seat of Æolus, king of the country, a prince to whom Jupiter has committed the care of the winds. Ulysses was here received in a very friendly manner; and at his departure Æolus presented him with a great number of different winds tied up in leathern bags, and these were to be used as occasion might require. We left the Æolian islands with the advantage of a favourable gale; and after nine days pleasant sailing, we came in sight of our native shores; when some of the sailors suspecting that treasures of great value were contained in these bags, opened them all at once; and the strife of these contending winds, thus suddenly set at liberty, produced

a tempest, which drove the fleet back to the Ausonian coast: from whence we sailed to the country of the Læstrygones, a kingdom which had been founded by Lamus, and was then governed by the cruel Antiphates. Ulysses determining to send a deputation to this prince, chose three of his officers for that purpose, of which number I was one. But we no sooner saw this horrible monster than we fled away with the greatest precipitation. Only two of us escaped; the third, our unfortunate comrade, was seized and devoured by this voracious cannibal, who, by howling and shouting in a frightful manner, gave the signal to his subjects to pursue us. Scarcely had we embarked, when great numbers of them appeared on the shore, armed with huge masses of rock and trunks of trees, which they hurled furiously at the ships; and succeeded in sinking all, except that of our valiant leader, on board of which I had the good fortune to be safely embarked.

"Departing precipitately from this fatal place, we proceeded to the island which you may perceive yonder at a great distance. May it ever be at a distance from you, Æneas; and from all who, like you, merit the esteem of their fellow-men! Avoid, I conjure you, avoid the dangerous island of Circe!'

"Here it was again expedient to send a deputa-

tion; and as, after what had recently happened, we were none of us disposed to offer our voluntary services, we were compelled to draw lots; and the lots fell on Polites, Elpenor, Eurylochus, and myself.

"As soon as we reached the gate of Circe's palace we found ourselves surrounded by bears, wolves, and lions, which came fawning and licking our hands, none of them betraying the least inclination to hurt or annoy us. We were received by female attendants. Indeed, we saw no others. These conducted us through several superb marble galleries to the apartment of their sovereign. She was dressed in a flowing white robe; over which was a scarf of gold tissue, negligently and gracefully arranged as a drapery covering her shoulders and bosom, and falling nearly to her feet. She was seated on a raised sofa, a kind of throne, surrounded by several ladies, who were busy in sorting a variety of herbs and flowers, placing them in porcelain vases.

"Circe received us very graciously; and ordering her attendants to bring her her own cup, she filled it with a sparkling inviting liquor, and presenting it with a bewitching smile, invited us to drink *à la ronde*.

"Happily for us, Eurylochus refused the cup: of

which we had scarcely tasted, when—oh, heavens! what a humiliating recollection!—we were all transformed into hogs; and Eurylochus seeing us driven into a stye, fled away, and conveyed the dreadful tidings to our prince and protector, the wise Ulysses."

Here Macareus seemed much affected, and was for a time unable to proceed.

Observations.—In the Florentine Gallery are two paintings by Castiglioni; one of which represents Circe with a magic wand in her hand, and various animals at her feet; the other is Circe, at the moment in which the companions of Ulysses are transformed into hogs.

Note.—1 *Island of Circe.* The Circeum, or island of Circe, was a name given to a promontory on the coast of Italy, a little to the south of the Pontine marshes. As it was surrounded on one part by the sea, and on the other by these marshes, it was denominated an island. It is now called Monte Circello.

ULYSSES—CIRCE—PICUS—CANENTE.

THE company being anxious to know how Macareus had recovered his natural form, he thus resumed his narration:

" Ulysses being informed of the outrage committed by Circe against the persons of his ambassadors, proceeded boldly to the palace, fully determined to revenge the insult.

" Mercury had on a former occasion presented this prince with a profusion of moli,[1] a plant of sovereign efficacy against enchantments. The poets describe it as bearing a beautiful white flower, and having black roots, that adhere so firmly to the ground, as to require an extraordinary effort of strength to draw them out. This plant was the emblem of prudence. Ulysses being provided with a pretty large quantity of this

invaluable herb, presented himself before the sorceress, who received him with all the honours due to his rank. After a short conversation on indifferent subjects, for the prince thought proper to dissemble his resentment, Circe presented to him the fatal cup with smiles, inviting him to drink; and raising her magic wand, with which she prepared to accelerate and strengthen the effects of the intended spell by gently touching his hair. The hero refused the draught; and drawing his sword, repulsed her with fury, threatening her with instant death if she did not immediately restore the deputies he had previously sent. This she consented to do; induced to compliance, perhaps, as much by love as by fear; for in the sequel we find that she became greatly enamoured of this prince, notwithstanding the indignant and contemptuous manner in which he conducted himself towards her.

"Commanding her attendants to bring us forth from the filthy stye in which we were confined, she sprinkled us with certain vegetable juices, and muttered over us some magic words; during which process we gradually resumed our primitive forms. Ulysses being delighted at seeing us once more restored to ourselves and to him, now became placid; and with all that ease and gracefulness of

manner for which he was remarkable, he stayed, and conversed freely with Circe on a variety of subjects: in the course of these conversations, she expressed an ardent desire that he would remain some time with her on her island; and at length prevailed on him to accept her invitation. We accordingly remained there a whole year; during which time I had various opportunities of observing the prodigies performed by her skill in the knowledge of the virtues of plants, and the physical qualities of various other productions of nature.

"One of Circe's female attendants, with whom I had the good fortune to be much in favour, conducted me one day into a very magnificent room, that no stranger had ever been permitted to enter. In it stood a marble statue of a very handsome young man, with the figure of a woodpecker perched on his head. 'Look, Macareus,' said the attendant, 'look attentively at this figure: it is a faithful resemblance of Picus, a young prince who reigned over a part of the extensive country of Ausonia. He was one of the most perfect of human beings. The noble qualities of his mind equalled the grace and beauty of his person. Picus had scarcely attained his twentieth year when he married the lovely Ca-

nente, or Canens, a princess descended from Janus:[2] her mother's name was Venilia. Canente, to the extraordinary beauty of her person, united the charm of the most melodious voice that ever was heard. In the absence of her husband, who delighted much in horse-exercise and in hunting beasts of prey, she used to beguile the time by singing a variety of sweetly-plaintive airs, to which every thing around her seemed to listen with delight.

"'Circe had one day left her own island, and was busy in collecting plants in a part of Latium, the country over which Picus reigned: the prince passed her on horseback in full chase of a wild-boar. Never before had Circe seen so handsome a human being. She followed him with her eyes, as long as it was possible to see him, and then resolved that he should become her husband. She accordingly set about her enchantments; and soon contrived to mislead him by the shadow or appearance of a wild-boar, which seemed to run for shelter towards a wood that was near the place where she was standing when Picus passed her. The prince supposing this figure to be a real animal, turned to pursue it, and soon approached the wood into which the beast seemed to enter. The thick foliage and luxuriant branches of the trees

obliged him to dismount; and he advanced on foot, bearing a javelin and other weapons adapted to his purpose. Circe now drew near and impeded his passage, requesting that he would do her the favour to listen to what she had to say. His habitual politeness, and sense of attention due to the request of a female, overcame his ardour for the chase, and he stopped. Circe then told him she was the daughter of the Sun; mentioned her island, her palace, her riches, her extraordinary powers, and above all, the impression he had made upon her heart; describing in glowing colours the advantages he would derive from the happiness of becoming her husband. Picus informed her that he was already married; and assured her that no power on earth should induce him to violate the fidelity he had promised to his beloved Canente. Circe repeated her solicitations; but finding that all was to no purpose, she furiously exclaimed—'Wretch, thou shalt never more enjoy the society of the object of thy boasted fidelity!' Thus said, she touched him with her wand, and transformed him into a woodpecker:[3] a bird which, in the brilliancy and beauty of its feathers, preserves the splendour of the purple robe and the rich embroidery which adorned the vesture of the unfortunate young prince. The followers of Picus

coming in search of their master were all transformed into beasts.

"'Canente, after wandering about for several days and nights, without nourishment and without sleep, dissolved into a fine vapour; and nothing remained of this lovely princess but a voice. The place which was the scene of this sad event has ever since borne the name of Canente.'

"Here," said Macareus, "my conductress ceased her recital, which was to me very wonderful and surprising. Many other extraordinary things did I see and hear during our stay in the island. A whole year having elapsed, we once more spread our sails to the wind, in spite of the menacing predictions of Circe, who assured us that our navigation would be long and difficult, and that Oceanus was preparing for us innumerable dangers. We soon arrived in this port, where, as I was heartily tired of ploughing the main, and alarmed at the predictions of the powerful sorceress, who had once transformed me into a brute, I resolved to fix my dwelling for the rest of my life. Here I pass my days in peace, and your arrival has afforded me real pleasure." Here Macareus ceased.

For the information of such as may wish to know something of the descendants of Picus and

Canente, we shall add, that they had a son named Faunus, who succeeded to the throne of his father; and being after his death numbered among the gods, was held in as much veneration by the Latins as was Pan by the Greeks. The wife of this prince was named Fauna; and they had a very numerous offspring, who bore the general names of Fauni and Sylvani. They were ranked among the semi-gods or divinities of the woods, and were generally represented with feet like those of a horse or bullock, and sometimes with the beard and ears of a goat, having a garland of cypress on their heads. This tree, together with the wild olive, was consecrated to them. They were not considered as immortal, but were supposed to live a long time. They presided over groves and forests; as did also another class of sylvan divinities, whom they very much resembled. These were the satyrs, sometimes called Pans and Sileni: these are represented as half man and half goat. The upper part of the body from the waist, human, except that they had horns; the lower part, brutal, and covered with shaggy hair like a goat. The poets usually confound the Satyrs, Sylvans, Sileni, Fauns, and Pans.

Observations.—The satyrs are represented with

their rude curly stiff hair, somewhat resembling that of a goat. This is observable in tho fine statues of satyrs in the Palazzo Ruspoli, the Museo-Capitolino, and in the Villa Albani: these have all the legs, horns, and lineament of a goat. The most beautiful figure of an infant that antiquity has transmitted to us is that of a young satyr, exhibited in basso-relievo in the Villa Albani: the work is so raised, that the figure appears almost detached. The child seems about a year old, and is of a natural size; he is crowned with ivy, and is drinking with such avidity and apparent pleasure, that the pupils of his eyes are raised so as to be scarcely perceptible. In the same Villa Albani is a beautiful little dancing satyr in black marble. This figure was found among the ruins of Antium.

Among various bronze statues of a natural size that have been found in the city of Herculaneum, are two that are considered as very superior. One is a young satyr asleep in a sitting posture, with his right arm over his head, and his left falling down. The other is an old satyr, who appears inebriated; he is lying on a lion's skin, with his head resting on one of those pouches or bags that resemble a bladder, which the ancients used for containing wine and other liquors. His right arm is raised

towards heaven in sign of joy, and with his left he appears to be snapping his fingers.

There is a figure of a full-grown satyr in the Museo Pio-Clementino, thought to be one of the finest pieces of sculpture of this kind in Rome. On his head he bears a basket filled with grapes; of which fruit he also holds a large bunch in his left hand. This is supposed to be one of the three satyrs so much celebrated by Pliny; and many architects think this figure was intended to support some portico or cornice in the manner of the Caryatides: of which see an account in the "Sequel," article *Caryatides.*

In the south corridor of the Medici Gallery at Florence is a faun, said to be a very fine statue: he wears on his head a garland of vine-tendrils and ivy. He has a bunch of grapes in his hand, which he is looking at, the hand being raised above his head.

Notes.—1 *Moli.* Fortitude, prudence, caution, are here figured under the name of moli. Strength, courage, and perseverance were necessary to its acquirement. The root, unpleasant and of difficult attainment: the flower, fragrant and pleasing: the fruit, agreeable and nutritious. The *ruta-salvatica* and the *scilla-maritima* have been vulgarly called moli.

2 *Janus.* He is commonly described as a prince, who reigned over that part of Italy anciently called Latium, when Saturn fled from the wrath of his son Jupiter (which see in the "Sequel," article *Saturn*). Janus is said to have received him with great kindness, associating him in his government: in gratitude for which, Saturn endowed him with extraordinary knowledge and prudence, which are expressed by his having two, and sometimes even four faces. The reign of Janus and Saturn was a period of peace and prosperity, and obtained among the poets the name of the Golden, or more properly the Silver Age.

Numa (the second king of Rome) called Janus the god of peace; and under this title erected a famous temple to his honour, in which his statue appeared with two faces: holding in one hand a key, and in the other a rod; attributes that were said to denote his being the guardian or inventor of gates and highways. Modern erudites seem, however, to be unanimously of opinion that Janus is altogether an astronomical personage, who never had any existence but in the heavens, where, united with Saturn, Chronos, or Time, he opens and regulates the march of the seasons.

Ovid, in the first book of his "Fasti," represents Janus relating his own story thus:—"The ancients called me Chaos, when the elements were separated from the confusion in which all the principles of nature were involved, and each for the first time occupied his destined place in the system of the universe: then,

from a rude and shapeless mass, I assumed the figure and appearance of a god; not, however, without retaining some signals or signs of my ancient confusion, which is observable in my having two faces. My power is great, and my offices many. I exercise my dominion over all that is visible in the heavens, the air, the earth, and the sea; and all opens and shuts by my permission. I guard the gates of heaven, and direct the hours in their march. The glorious light of day, and Jupiter who formed it, walk forth, and return by my intervention; and it is for this reason that I am called Janus. My two faces are symbolical of my perfect qualification for my office of porter or door-keeper. Every gate or door has two sides; one turned towards the public, the other towards the interior of the house; and as he who guards the entrance sees those who go out and those who enter, so I, as keeper of the celestial gate, observe at the same time the east and the west, and can fulfil every duty of my office without turning my head. Why is it that in all your religious ceremonies, oblations, and sacrifices to other deities, you always begin your act of worship by invoking me? Is it not that I may open the gate, and give your prayers a favourable access to the divinity to whom they are addressed?"

Many were the temples dedicated to Janus: some with two fronts, consecrated to *Janus Bifrons;* some with four, sacred to *Janus Quadrifrons.* An antique

specimen of this sort is still to be seen at Rome, and is called the *Arco-di-Giano Quadrifronte.* This monument was for a long period of time, hidden under ground, and has been recently discovered and laid open to the view of the public.

The four sides of these temples, and the four doors, or giani, indicated the four seasons, the twelve windows, the twelve months, and the statue of Janus erected therein, which was often represented holding the number three hundred in one hand, and sixty-five in the other, the days of the year.

Having examined the functions of Janus in the universal administration of the world, it may be well to determine precisely the place he occupies among the constellations that form the splendid retinue of the god of day, who advances in his glorious career, escorted by genii that preside over the twelve grand divisions of the zodiac. The functions attributed to Janus are such as require him to open the march of the year, or space of time that circulates in the zodiac. To ascertain that he really does this, we have only to rectify the sphere, as it presented itself to the eyes of Numa when he regulated the year; and we shall see that Janus is the very first star that appears above the horizon at the beginning of the new period, which, as established in the calendar of Numa, opens at midnight, a few days after the winter solstice.

3 *Woodpecker*. The woodpecker* was deemed sacred by the Latins, and held in the highest veneration by the ministers of their religion, who were called augurs: a name said to have been derived from *avis*, a bird, and *garritus*, chattering: on which account it has been supposed that the original office of the augurs was to observe and take indications from the noise, calling, singing, chirping, and chattering of birds. Dionysius of Halicarnassus expressly affirms that the oracle of the Sabines was a woodpecker, placed on a column of wood. The signification of this symbol was lost in the lapse of time; and as the people began to imagine that all the national divinities (Dii indigeti) had been at some remote période sovereigns of the country, the name of Picus, like those of Saturn and Janus, was introduced into their genealogy. Subsequent authors have recourse to a metamorphosis; and according to their accounts, Picus was the son of Saturn, and married Canens or Canente, the daughter of Janus; and by this marriage became the father of Faun or Faunus.

Faunus rendered oracles to men; his wife Fauna to women. Some authors mention two divinities of this name; one the son of Picus, the other much more ancient. He was believed to be the first who erected temples to the gods; and these sacred edifices were from him called Fanes. He presided over fields and forests, and was favourable to bird-catchers. Some say he was an infernal divinity, and attribute to him

the pestilence, as also visions and extraordinary voices. He had a round temple on Mount Cœlius at Rome, surrounded by columns. The cypress and wild-olive were sacred to him. His festivals were called Faunalia. He is supposed to have been the same as the Pan of the Greeks.

TURNUS SENDS AN EMBASSY TO DIOMEDES.

MACAREUS was congratulated by all the company on his escape from the power of the terrible Circe; and Æneas thanking him for his friendly warning, promised to avoid her island. He then went to pay a last visit to the tomb and monument which he had erected in honour of his nurse; and having rendered this testimony and respect to the memory of one whose cares he had repaid by kind attention and sincere attachment, he departed from the port of Caieta, and proceeded on his voyage.

Steering his course towards the country which is fertilised by the waters of the Tiber, Æneas arrived at the court of Latinus, king of Latium, who received and entertained him with great

friendship and kindness, and after some time gave him his daughter Lavinia in marriage; but it was a union preceded by war and combats. Turnus, the king of a neighbouring nation, called the Rutuli, pretended to the hand of Lavinia, and pleaded that she had been promised to him by her mother. The people on the coast of Tyrrhenia (now Tuscany) took part in the quarrel, and bore arms against the Latins. Both parties called in foreign aid. Æneas applied for assistance to Evander, a prince, who having been obliged to abdicate the throne of Arcadia, where he had accidentally killed his father, now reigned in that part of Ausonia, or Italy, where Rome was afterwards built. This prince readily sent troops to join the forces of Æneas.

Turnus, on his part, despatched Venulus, one of his officers, to demand succour from Diomedes, who had built a city and established his throne at Japygia, in Calabria. Diomedes excused himself on account of the small number of his own troops, and his unwillingness to expose the lives of those of his father-in-law, Daunus. "Think not, Venulus," said he, "that these are mere idle excuses. Be attentive, and I will recount to you the story of my misfortunes.

"After the capture and destruction of the proud

city of Troy, when we had all embarked on board our vessels in order to return to Greece, the vengeance of Minerva pursued Ajax, the son of Oileus, for the sacrilege he had committed by insulting the unfortunate princess Cassandra in the temple. This vengeance was felt by all the fleet, and all were more or less involved in the punishment which he alone had merited. Our ships were dispersed by a tempest during the night. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder rolled; the forked lightnings flashed, and gave us at intervals a momentary view of the horrors by which we were surrounded. While we were thus assailed, at once by the wrath of Heaven and the fury of the waves, Nauplius, king of Eubœa, being incensed at the loss of his son Palamedes, who had been unjustly sacrificed to the resentment and artifices of Ulysses, witnessed our distress with malignant pleasure; and in order to render our ruin more complete, he caused fires to be lighted in places surrounded by the most dangerous rocks, with a view to mislead the pilots of the ships that were near the coast; and they were by this artifice wrecked at the foot of the promontory of Caphareus. By the protection of Minerva, who had favoured me in a signal manner during the whole course of the Trojan war, I was among

the very few persons who were saved from this scene of destruction. But Venus, in revenge for the slight wound I gave her when she interfered in my combat with her son Æneas, still pursued me with unrelenting hatred, and punished me, by causing my wife Ægiale to bestow her affections on another. My safe return, after a war of ten years, gave Ægiale no pleasure; on the contrary, it gave her pain. Aided by her wicked lover, she at length entered into a plot against my life; and such have been my subsequent afflictions, that I have often envied the fate of those who, in the night of the dreadful shipwreck, were swallowed up by the merciless ocean.

"Driven by despair from my native country, which was now become the scene of so much domestic disgrace and suffering, I fled to these shores to seek a refuge from the cruelty of a wife who had violated her most sacred engagements.

"My companions and followers, irritated by a long course of disappointments and disasters, to which they had opposed so much unavailing toil and patience, now began in a clamorous manner to demand a home and repose. The high-spirited and indignant Agmon observed to them, that after the merciless manner in which they had been persecuted by the implacable Venus, they

must be well aware that nothing was now to be hoped for from her favour. 'It becomes us, therefore, my friends,' said he, 'to exert the desperate courage of despair; to trample fear and submission under our feet; and to show the vindictive goddess that we are ready to brave her fury on every occasion that may offer.'

"Terrified at the thought of the awful consequences of this sacrilegious discourse, I reproved him, and commanded him to be silent; but scarcely had I uttered this command, when Agmon was no longer a human being. He was suddenly transformed into an aquatic bird of a very large size, having feathers as white as those of a swan. Many of his companions underwent the same metamorphosis, and hovered round our vessels, which we feared would soon be without sufficient hands for our navigation. After many more difficulties, of which the relation is now unnecessary, I landed in this country with a very small number of followers. My marriage with the daughter of Daunus has given me no right to dispose of his subjects; and you must perceive that my own are not sufficiently numerous to enable me to send your master the assistance which in his name you are come to demand."

APULUS AND NYMPHS—DEATH OF ÆNEAS.

VENULUS, with his suite, now returned to the country of the Rutuli. As he proceeded through the different states of Calabria, he was frequently struck with admiration at the beauty of some sylvan scenery. In the plains of Messapia he observed many pleasant grottoes; some situated near the borders of smiling lakes, others in the sombre shade of antique and extensive forests.

This part of Ausonia was the frequent resort of the god Pan, and a favourite retreat of the wood-nymphs, though they had been repeatedly annoyed and driven from their haunts by the insolence of a rude, ill-mannered shepherd, named Apulus, who often frightened them by stealing suddenly into their presence, and pursuing them

when they ran away. One evening, as they were amusing themselves by joining hands, and dancing on the green sward, Apulus came; and placing himself near the airy group, imitated their steps by antic and ludicrous gestures: whereupon they threw at him a large quantity of leaves, and he was suddenly transformed into a wild olive-tree, the fruit of which is bitter and disagreeable to the taste. Many parts of that country are now covered with wild olive-trees.

The embassy, under the conduct of Venulus, being returned to the court of Turnus, communicated to him the answer of Diomedes. The king of the Rutuli was much mortified at being refused the aid he had solicited; but this did not deter him from prosecuting a war which was the cause of much bloodshed and destruction to both parties.

The troops commanded by Turnus, by order of their chief, set fire to the fleet of Æneas; and the ships which had happily escaped the fury of the waves, were by him condemned to become a prey to devouring flames. Already the pitch and other bituminous and combustible matter which had been found necessary to their preservation from the injuries of the weather, sent forth volumes of smoke; and the red lurid blaze ascended

to the masts and sails, when the goddess Cybele, recollecting that these vessels were constructed with the timber of pine-trees that had grown upon Mount Ida, instantly prepared to counteract the impious design of the Rutulian monarch. On a sudden the neighbouring rocks and hills reverberated with the sound of clarions, and cymbals, and trumpets; and the goddess appeared, seated in a splendid car drawn by yoked lions. She advanced majestically towards the astonished Turnus, who stood motionless while she uttered these words: "Vain, wretched man! vain is thy triumph! the flames thou hast dared to kindle I will extinguish. These vessels, built with the pine-trees of Mount Ida, are sacred to a goddess who will preserve them from thy sacrilegious attempts and machinations for their destruction." Scarcely had Cybele uttered these words, when the air was rent with loud and tremendous thunderings. The lightnings played round the car of the offended goddess. Torrents of rain and hail fell upon the ships. The violence of the wind broke their cables. They sunk; and were all instantly metamorphosed into nymphs of the ocean; and in their new form were seen gambolling and playing amongst the waves. These mountain-born Nereides, forgetting neither their

origin nor the dangers to which they have been exposed, take pleasure in affording assistance to every tempest-beaten vessel, on board of which there are no Greeks, holding that nation still in abhorrence on account of the destruction of Troy.

The rash king of the Rutuli, unawed and unimproved by this prodigy, still carried on the war, and innumerable lives were lost on both sides. At length Æneas and Turnus engaged in single combat; and in this strife Turnus was slain: after which Æneas received the hand of the beautiful Lavinia. Ardea, the city in which Turnus had established his seat of government, was burnt by order of Æneas; and from its ashes sprang a bird, which, in the language of the Latins, still bears the name of Ardea. This bird, in English, is called a heron.

In the course of time Æneas succeeded to the honours of his father-in-law Latinus; saw himself peaceably and happily established on the throne of Latium; and by his uniform piety and submission, conciliated the favour of all the gods and goddesses, not excepting the heretofore offended Juno. He founded a new city; which in honour of his wife was called Lavinium, and which became the cradle of the greatest empire the world ever saw. Æneas, having secured the

succession to his son Ascanius, who was afterwards called Iulus, and obtained the approbation and favour of all the celestial court, now drew near to the term of his mortal career. Venus besought her father to grant that Æneas might be admitted among the gods; and having obtained her request, she ascended her pearly car, and proceeded towards this lower world. She descended at Laurentium, near the place where the god of the river, Numicus, [1] pours from his urn the fertilising stream, which after a short course mingles with the waves of the mighty ocean. The goddess commanded him to receive Æneas into his waters, and to purify him from all his mortal frailties. Numicus obeyed; and the body of the prince being duly prepared, Venus gently rubbed his face with a celestial essence, composed principally of ambrosia and nectar, and then placing him in her car, ascended with him into the empyrean, where he took his seat among the heroes who, like himself, had merited the honours of an apotheosis. [2]

A costly monument to the memory of Æneas was erected on the banks of the Numicus. Temples and altars were raised to his honour, and he was worshipped under the name of Jupiter-Indigetes.

Notes.—1 *Numicus.* A small river of Italy, in which Æneas was drowned in the fifth year of his reign, aged only thirty-eight years. The poets, considering this as too inglorious a death for this hero, have embellished the account as here described.

2 *Apotheosis.* This was a grand ceremony in the pagan religion, by which kings and heroes were raised to the rank of divinities. For an account of this ceremony, see the "Sequel," article *Apotheosis.*

POMONA AND VERTUMNUS.

After the apotheosis of Æneas, his son, Ascanius Iulus, ascended the throne of Latium. He built a new city, to which he gave the name of Alba, and transferred to it his seat of empire. His descendants are said to have reigned there above four hundred and twenty years, succeeding to the crown in the following order: Sylvius Posthumus, Æneas Sylvius, Latinus, Alba, Atys Capetus, Tiberius, Agrippa, Remulus, Aventinus, Procas, and after him his two sons, Numitor and Amulius, who were appointed by their father to reign alternately, each for a limited time.

In the reign of Procas, two Etruscan divinities were admitted among the gods of the Latins. These were the sylvan deities Pomona and Vertumnus.' Pomona was adored as a goddess pre-

siding over gardens and orchards. Iconographers generally represent her as a beautiful nymph, reclining upon a basket of flowers, having her head adorned with a garland of vine-leaves and grapes. In her right hand she holds a pruning-hook, and in her left a branch of an apple-tree.

Pomona was believed to be the first who invented the art of engrafting, and other essential improvements in the cultivation of fruit-trees; a species of rural occupation in which she exceedingly delighted. Sometimes she was seen tracing lines in the turf, for the purpose of conducting the water in refreshing rills to the roots of her plantations. At other times she was observed to be busy in pruning and cutting away the exuberant branches of her trees. And so entirely were her thoughts and her time engrossed and occupied in the care of her garden and orchards, that she turned a deaf ear to the frequent proposals of marriage made her by the sylvan divinities and swains who presided over, or inhabited the adjacent country; and the better to secure herself from their importunities, she reared a fence round her grounds, and ordered that none of the male sex should be admitted within the enclosure.

The most ardent and persevering of all Pomona's lovers was Vertumnus, who, like the object

of his affections, presided over fruits and vegetables, but more particularly over the variation of the seasons. He is generally pourtrayed as a handsome young man, wearing on his head a garland composed of a great variety of leguminous plants, with the upper part of his body from the waist uncovered; holding in his right hand fruits, and in his left a cornucopia or horn of plenty.

Like Proteus, Vertumnus had the power of changing his form; and seems under the several appearances of a ploughman, a mower, a vinedresser, and an aged woman, to have represented the four seasons of the year, of which he was undoubtedly an allegorical symbol.

Many a new disguise did Vertumnus assume in order to gain admittance into the presence of Pomona. Once he presented himself as a soldier; another time as a fisherman; but all was in vain; till at last he had recourse to his wintry appearance of an aged female. This contrivance succeeded. Pomona received the venerable stranger with much complaisance and kindness; and after conducting her with great civility through her plantations, sat down with her under the spreading branches of a tree, and entered into conversation: in the course of which, the aged visiter took occasion to hint that it was a pity Pomona could not

decide on taking a husband who might assist her in her labours; and at length venturing to mention the name of Vertumnus, praised him for his constancy, prudence, diligence, and a variety of other good qualities. She then assured Pomona that her coyness and disdain had rendered Vertumnus quite inconsolable; and added, that if she did not soon take pity on him, and give him some hopes of a return of affection, there might be reason to fear that the offended gods would send the terrible Nemesis to punish her for her cruelty. "Be persuaded, my dear Pomona," said she, "and provoke not the wrath of Venus, by thus braving her power. Hear me patiently, while I relate to you a dreadful instance of her vengeance in a tragical story, the truth of which is but too well known throughout the whole island of Cyprus, where the sad event is said to have happened.

"Anaxarete was a beautiful girl, a native of the town of Salamis Altera, or Salamina. She was beloved by Iphis, a youth whose virtues and good qualities rendered him every way worthy of her affections, but she thought proper to treat him with coldness and disdain. Iphis, however, was not easy to be repulsed. He went to all Anaxarete's friends and acquaintances, imploring them to exert their influence in order to render her favourable to

his suit. He sought to please her by the most delicate and unwearied attentions. Every morning her door was adorned with garlands and crowns of flowers, bathed with the tears of her lover. He would often pass whole nights reclined on the steps which were at the entrance of her house. Long continued grief at length wasted his fine form, and the faculties of his mind gradually lost their force and energy; but Anaxarete, inexorable as the swelling billows that proudly rise to receive the setting Capella, and obdurate as the hardest iron that is wrought in the forges of Noricus, mocked at his sufferings, and laughed at what she termed his folly. Iphis, driven to despair, at last hanged himself at the door of this unfeeling maiden.

"The corpse of this unhappy youth was consigned to his widowed mother, who weeping followed the funeral convoy which conducted the mortal remains of her son to the pile on which they were to be consumed. Anaxarete was an unmoved spectator of this scene of death and mourning; and Venus, shocked at her cruelty, caused her to harden into a statue."

Pomona was duly affected by this tragical story, and consented to let Vertumnus come and speak to her. His disguise was instantly thrown off: he obtained her pardon for this stratagem, and her

approbation of his affection. Their speedy union was the result of this happy meeting.

Vertumnus, notwithstanding the frequent changes of his form and appearance, is represented as inviolably steady in his attachment to his beloved Pomona; time and age producing no diminution of her charms or of his love, as by his extraordinary powers he constantly restored her youth and his own. Pomona and Vertumnus were honoured by the Etruscans, and afterwards by the Latins and Romans, for setting before their worshippers a perfect example of conjugal affection and fidelity.

To these rural divinities sacrifices were offered for the preservation of the fruits of the earth in general, and for the productions of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, in particular. Temples were erected to their honour in the city of Alba, and at a subsequent period in Rome. Vertumnus being considered as a divinity who presided over the seasons of the year and their respective productions, the open place or square where vegetables were sold was chosen as an appropriate situation for his temple; and in ancient Rome one of these sacred edifices stood in a market that was held in the Via Tusca, a street leading to the Great Circus.

Observations.—In the gardens of the royal palace of Sceaux, in France, is a very pleasing statue of Vertumnus, wearing a garland of ears of corn: his shoulders are covered with a deer-skin, which falling over his left arm, helps to support the great quantity of herbs and fruit with which he seems to be overcharged. In his right hand he has a pruning-knife, and his feet are shod with *galoches*, a sort of wooden shoes worn by the French peasantry.

Note.—1 *Vertumnus.* Vertumnus is generally believed to have been an ancient king of Etrusca, placed by his subjects among their gods, in gratitude for the encouragement he had given to the art of cultivating leguminous plants and fruits.

ROMULUS AND ROME.

PROCAS, king of Alba, in whose reign the Etruscan divinities Pomona and Vertumnus were introduced into Latium, had, as we have already mentioned, two sons, Numitor and Amulius, to whom at his death he left the joint possession of his throne, commanding that they should either reign together or alternately, each for a limited time. This arrangement displeased Amulius, who was too ambitious to bear a colleague on the throne. He soon contrived to expel his brother; and as a means of securing the crown to himself and his descendants, he caused Lausus, the son of Numitor, to be put to death, and consecrated his daughter Ilia or Rhea to the service of the goddess Vesta, whose priestesses were required to live in a state of celibacy, on pain of being buried alive.

Vain, however, were these precautions; Rhea became the mother of twins, whom she named Romulus and Remus, declaring them to be the sons of the god Mars. These, when they were grown up, made war against Amulius, and succeeded in restoring their grandfather Numitor to the throne.

Romulus built a new city, to which he gave the name of Rome. The foundations of this city were laid during the festivals of the Palicia, which were observed in honour of the goddess Pales, who presided over sheep folds and pastures.

The Sabines, a neighbouring nation, under the command of their king Tatius, made war against Romulus. Tarpeia, an avaricious young woman, who was the daughter of the governor of the citadel of Rome, offered to let the Sabine army into the fortress, on condition of receiving what the soldiers wore on their left arms, meaning their bracelets. The condition was accepted; and the troops on entering threw not only their bracelets but also their bucklers upon her, and crushed her to death. This they did, to show their abhorrence and detestation of her perfidy. She was buried on the same hill, which was from that time called the Tarpeian rock; a name which it preserves to this day. It was made the place of execution for

criminals, who were put to death by being thrown down headlong from the precipice.

Some time after the death of Tarpeia the inhabitants of Cures made an attempt to fall upon the Romans by surprise. For this purpose they sought the favour of the night, surrounded the city unobserved, and silently approached its gates while the inhabitants were asleep. By the command of Juno, one of these gates opened of itself, without making the least noise in turning on its massy hinges. Venus, who observed this with regret and displeasure, would have shut it again, but for the law of Olympus, which forbade one divinity ever to undo or destroy the work of another. Anxious, however, to preserve the city from this silent attack, Venus applied for assistance to the Naiades or presiding spirits of a beautiful fountain which rose near the temple of Janus: the waters were immediately let loose, and bursting forth from their sources with unrestrained impetuosity, soon formed an immense lake. This, however, did not prove a sufficient impediment to the resolute advances of the enemy. Whereupon the Naiades threw boiling bitumen and sulphur into the sources and subterranean cavities; and the inflammable air arising from the combustion diffused itself through the waters, so that the lake,

which was before cold as the melted snows descending from the Alps, now boiled impetuously, and opposed to the march of the enemy an obstacle that could not be surmounted. Thus were the gates of the city opened in vain, and the march of the enemy impeded till the Romans were again under arms: the waters then retired. A bloody battle ensued, after which the Sabines, leaving their original possessions, came to settle in Rome, where Tatius their king shared the sovereign power with Romulus. About six years after this union Tatius was killed, and Romulus remained sole possessor of the throne.

Romulus having reigned thirty-seven years, the god Mars being anxious to have his son admitted into the celestial court, presented himself before Jupiter, and laying aside his helmet in token of respect and humility, thus preferred his petition: "My father; since the empire of Rome is now established on a solid foundation, and the reins of government are once more in the hands of a single prince, permit me to claim the fulfilment of a promise which, in the presence of this celestial assembly, you once condescended to make me; namely, that when this should be the case, you would remove my son from the earth, and place him among the gods." Jupiter nodded his head

in token of assent. The sky was immediately obscured by dark clouds which spread darkness over the city: the thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, and the warring elements seemed to threaten destruction to this lower world. Mars ascended his car, and leaning on his lance, animated his proud coursers in their rapid progress through the regions of the air. The car descended on Mount Palatine, where Romulus sat dispensing justice to the people. The god of war cast a look of complacency on his son; then raising him aloft, placed him by his side, and bore him away in triumph.

The mortal nature of Romulus became subtilised and refined as he rose into the ethereal regions, like unto a ball of lead, which being launched from the sling, melts and liquefies in the space through which it is impelled. The form and appearance of the Roman monarch became more dignified, more august; and gradually assumed that air of celestial majesty, of which the art of the sculptor gave a faint representation in the superb statue erected to his honour within the precincts of the temple where he was worshipped under the appellation of the god Quirinus.'

Observations.—In the Villa Medici at Rome

are two sitting statues, personifications of the city, and known by the name of the goddess Roma; and there is another in the Villa Albani.

In the Villa Borghese is a noble head of this goddess. Her finest statue, however, is in the Capitol, where she is sitting surrounded by trophies, and with a conquered province at her feet. There is a very old painting of Roma in the Palazzo Barberini.

Note.—1 *Quirinus.* It appears that some arbitrary and despotic measures of Romulus had given umbrage to the senators, who determined to liberate themselves from tyranny by destroying the tyrant; and it is generally supposed that for this purpose they availed themselves of a great confusion among the people, occasioned by a tremendous hurricane. Having killed him, they cut his body in pieces, one of which each conspirator carried home to his house under his cloak, in order to bury it where he pleased. The people suspecting that their chiefs had practised some unfair means to rid them of their sovereign, began to be alarmingly clamorous; when Proculus Julius, an intimate friend of Romulus, hit upon an expedient for quieting them, by declaring that in his way from Alba to Rome he had seen Romulus in the flaming car of the god Mars; that his appearance was beyond all imagination splendid and beautiful; that he had or-

dered him to salute the Roman people in his name, and enjoin them to establish his worship under the name of the god Quirinus, which was a surname of Mars.

Not only Romulus and many of the succeeding sovereigns of Rome were honoured as divinities, but even the city herself, in the time of her splendour, was adored under a personification somewhat resembling that of the goddess Minerva. A form of worship was established to her as a deity; and she had temples not only in the city, but in the provinces. A very splendid edifice of this sort was built and consecrated by the emperor Adrian. In the year of Rome 559, the inhabitants of Smyrna raised a temple in honour of the goddess Roma.

ORA.

HERSILIA, the wife of Romulus, being ignorant of the fate of her husband, became inconsolable for his loss: she wept day and night, incessantly praying and imploring the gods to make known to her in what manner he had so suddenly disappeared, and in what place he might yet be found. Juno took pity on her distress, and commissioned her handmaid Iris to visit and console her.

Obedient to this heavenly mandate, Iris descended towards the palace of Hersilia. A rainbow[1] described the track of this beautiful goddess in her passage through fields of ether towards this lower world; and its radiant colours on this occasion glowed with unusual brilliancy and beauty. Fresh as the new-blown rose, and blooming with

celestial charms, Iris presented herself before the afflicted Hersilia, and thus addressed her:

"Queen of the Romans and Latins! Thy virtues have long rendered thee the ornament and glory of this united people. Thou hast fulfilled thy duties as the wife of Romulus, and thou art now called to participate in the divine honours offered to him under his new form and appellation as the god Quirinus. Come with me, I will conduct thee to the venerable wood that adorns the Mount Quirinal with unfading verdure, and which is destined to extend its sacred shadow over the temple of the god of Rome."

Hersilia, penetrated with a feeling of the deepest reverence, timidly raised her eyes, and with an air of grace and modesty thus replied: "Goddess! for such undoubtedly thou art, I commit myself to thy guidance with confidence, hope, and gratitude. Show me, O show me the departed object of my affections! more precious to me will be that interview than the sight of the throne of Jupiter, and all the glories of the celestial court!"

Iris and Hersilia now proceeded towards the mountain. Scarcely had they begun to ascend its acclivity when a star of uncommon brightness, throwing off myriads of sparks, and forming a luminous track in the heavens, descended on the

path before them: it gradually rose again, beaming with celestial splendour, and attaching itself to Hersilia's beautiful hair, which flowed over her shoulders loose and dishevelled, in token of sorrow and mourning, ascended with her into the empyrean. The founder of "the immortal city" received her in his arms: she became a pure spirit like himself, and was thus again united to the object of her tenderest affections. Under the name of Ora, Hersilia received divine honours. She was considered as a goddess that presided over the virtues of youth. She was invoked by parents, as having power to incline the minds of their children to the pursuit of wisdom and goodness. Her temple was always open; and she was adored under the several names of Ora, Hora, Stimula, and Horta.

Observations.—In a department of the Medici Gallery at Florence, called the "Flemish School," is a fine painting of a rainbow by Christopher Agricola.

Note.—1 *Rainbow.* The rainbow was not merely an object of admiration, but also of religious veneration to many pagan nations.

"The ancients," says Mr. Moore, "esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest over which the rainbow

had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated.

The floweret sweet, and sweet the sod,
O'er which the spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god."

CROTONA FOUNDED BY MYSCELLUS.

After the loss of Romulus the Roman people cast their eyes upon Numa Pompilius, a Sabine prince, who had married the daughter of Tatius. His virtues were thought sufficient to render him every way worthy of the throne; which, however, he is said to have accepted with reluctance, as his love of study, and his admiration of the beauties of nature, led him to prefer the retirement and tranquillity of rural life. From his earliest youth he had manifested an ardent thirst of knowledge; and not content with the information he had acquired respecting the history, laws, discipline, and religious institutions of his own country, he had applied himself to the study of natural philosophy; and with a view to obtain more ample instruction in this favourite pursuit, had made a journey to Cro-

tona, a city of Italy, which to this day bears the same name. It is seated on the bay of Tarentum, near the promontory of Lacinia (now called Cape Colonna). This city was then, according to the testimony of Ovid, the residence of Pythagoras, who, being a native of the island of Samos, was commonly known by the name of the Samian sage. In Crotona he had established a celebrated school of philosophy;[1] and the motive of Numa's journey was to visit this school, and to form a personal acquaintance with this celebrated philosopher.

On entering the city Numa met with a venerable old man, who gave him some interesting information respecting the Grecian colony established in that part of Italy; and related to him the remarkable and surprising event which induced Myscellus, a native of Greece, to abandon his own country, in order to become the founder of a city on this foreign shore.

"You are, doubtless," said he, "well acquainted with the history of the great Alcides; and you are not ignorant of those mighty achievements, which are commonly called the *twelve labours of Hercules*. Of these astonishing exploits, the tenth was that of vanquishing the monstrous Geryon, a king whose dominions comprehended a

certain part of the vast country of Hispania. Geryon is said to have had three distinct bodies from the waist upwards, and three heads. This prince usually resided at Gades, a small island of the Atlantic sea, where the horses of the sun were believed to be every evening unharnessed, after their course through the heavens. (It is now called Cadiz, and is situated about twenty-five miles from the Columns of Hercules.) In this island Geryon kept great numbers of flocks and herds, which were guarded by Orthos and Eurythion—a dog with two heads, and a serpent with seven. Hercules went to Gades, killed Geryon, Orthos, and Eurythion, and carried off the cattle, which he conveyed to Tirynthus. In the course of his voyage towards Greece he landed near the promontory of Lacinia, in order that the sheep and oxen might be regaled with fresh pasture. Croton, a worthy inhabitant of this fertile country, invited Hercules to lodge in his house. The hero accepted the invitation; and while his flocks and herds were grazing in the adjacent meadows he partook of an abundant repast provided for him by his hospitable host. Hercules, who was gratefully affected by this kindness of Croton, assured him that his isolated dwelling should one day mark the centre of a city which should be called by his name, and be inhabited by

his descendants. This promise was faithfully fulfilled.

"Time in his ceaseless course had marked the tear of the mourner shed over the tomb of Croton, and the joy of the Thebans at the apotheosis of Hercules, when a certain inhabitant of Argos, named Myscellus, was favoured with a dream or vision, in which this immortal hero seemed to approach his bed, commanding him to go without delay and lay the foundations of a city on the banks of the river Eser. This order was followed by menaces of severe punishment in case of disobedience. Myscellus awoke in great consternation and terror. By the command of a hero, now numbered with the gods, he was enjoined to leave his country; and by the laws of Argos, this emigration was forbidden on pain of death. While this good man hesitated, not knowing how to act, the dream or vision was repeated, with threats more dreadful than before, in case of farther delay or retard in complying with the celestial mandate. Myscellus accordingly began to make the necessary preparations for his departure. This was soon discovered by the inferior officers of the police; and he was accused before the supreme court of justice, as a criminal destitute of all attachment for his native country; a contemner of

its laws, and a rebel. The crime of having prepared to depart the country was proved against him, and he was called upon to say something in his defence, when he pleaded the vision, and the command of Hercules. This was considered as a mere invention, a stratagem to save his life, and was therefore pronounced to be of no validity.

"It was the custom at Argos to exempt the chief magistrate from the painful task of pronouncing sentence of death, by making it an act of the whole assembly. For this purpose the judges, principal men, and elders, were each furnished with two small pebbles; one black, the other white. One of these was to be dropped into an urn, carried round, and presented to every individual of the company for that purpose. The contents of this urn were afterwards examined; and if the largest number of pebbles were black, the criminal was put to death; if white, he was acquitted.

"On the present occasion, the crime of the accused having been clearly proved, every pebble dropped into the vase was black. Myscellus, in the mean time, lifting his eyes towards heaven, thus preferred his prayer: 'O great Alcides! who art now enjoying the reward of thy virtue, and of thy twelve prodigious labours, by being placed

among the gods, deliver me, I beseech thee, from the death with which I am now threatened; since thou alone art the cause of my crime!' The fatal urn was now emptied of its contents, when, to the astonishment of all present, the pebbles were become white as the driven snow. Myscellus was set at liberty, and permitted to act according to the dictates of his own judgment or inclination. He embarked amidst the acclamations of his compatriots; and traversing the Ionian sea with the advantage of a propitious gale, he advanced towards the shores of Italy, where, steering along by the coast, he passed the maritime cities of Tarentum and Sybaris, the mouth of the river Necthus which washes the smiling plains of Salentina, the gulf of Thuri, Temesa, and the verdant fields of Japygia. Arriving at length at the mouth of the river Eser, he landed and devoutly rendered thanks to the gods for having brought him safely to the place of his destination. At a small distance from the shore Myscellus discovered a tomb in which reposed the mortal remains of the worthy Croton. Here he built a city, which, bearing the name of Crotona, perpetuates the memory of that good man; and is a noble and lasting memorial of his hospitality to the valiant and grateful Hercules."

Note.—1 *School of philosophy.* Ovid had, perhaps, some poetical reasons for bringing Numa and Pythagoras together; for he could scarcely have been ignorant of the anachronism in this pretended *rencontre.* It appears that the school of the Samian philosopher at Crotona was not established till one hundred and fifty years after the time of Numa.

"How then," historians cry and stare,
"Could Numa see the Samian there?"
No matter how. The poet's muse is,
To make him see whoe'er she chooses.

Altered from Cowper's Fable of
The Sensitive Plant and the Oyster.

PYTHAGORAS TEACHES THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

NUMA having listened with attention to the surprising account of the foundation of the city of Crotona, now proceeded towards the school of Pythagoras,[1] who was at that time haranguing his disciples in his usual energetic style on his favourite doctrine of the metempsychosis.[2] On entering the hall of assembly, which contained a numerous auditory, Numa was struck with admiration at the fine harmonious voice, the impressive manner, the overpowering eloquence, and the graceful delivery of this celebrated philosopher, who was not only one of the most learned, but also one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of the age in which he lived.

Pythagoras had already proceeded in his dis-

course, and was now declaiming against the folly, impropriety, and bad consequences of eating the flesh of animals.

"Cease mortals," said he, "cease to pollute yourselves with this abominable food. The country presents you with rich and abundant harvests, the trees with delicious fruits, the vines with grapes, the gardens and fields with succulent vegetables and roots; some of which eaten raw, and others cooked in divers ways, furnish a variety of dishes, which are at once wholesome, agreeable, and nutritious. The use of milk and honey is not forbidden. The earth offers you a copious supply of rich productions; so that you are under no necessity of having recourse to murder and carnage for the means of subsistence. Henceforth let devouring tigers, lions, bears, wolves, hyenas, and all kinds of savage animals, feed if they will upon dead bodies; but you, my disciples, commit not, I pray you, the horrible crime of suffering your entrails to become the repository of those of other animals: fatten not your bodies with their flesh and blood. Alas! cannot the life of one creature be preserved, but by destroying that of another?

"What! amidst the infinitely various sources of nourishment which our bounteous mother

Cybele has provided for us, is there nothing that can please our depraved appetites? Can we be satisfied only with mangled limbs? or do we wish to imitate the barbarous Cyclops? It was not thus with those good and happy men who lived in the delightful period of the Golden Age. Satisfied with milk, honey, and the vegetable productions of the earth, they stained not their hands, they polluted not their mouths with the blood of animals. Birds and beasts were in security; snares and traps were unknown; and men and brutes lived in peace with each other. The man who, discontented with the innocent frugality of that happy period, first dared to devour the flesh of animals, that man opened the flood-gates of vice, and traced the broad road to every species of crime.

"Self-preservation being the first law of our nature, we are doubtless justified in seeking to destroy those savage beasts of prey that would otherwise destroy us; but shall we pollute ourselves by indulging in the filthy pleasure of feeding on their carcases? Is it not a crime to lift the instrument of slaughter against the harmless and innocent sheep, that furnish us with wool for our clothing, and milk for our nourishment?—and against the patient and docile ox, to whose labours we owe the

golden harvests that adorn our fields, and fill our granaries with plenty? Unworthy of the precious gifts of Ceres was the man who first imbued his murderous hands in the blood of the bullock that had conducted his plough. He stopped not there. The practice of ingratitude and cruelty gradually darkened his understanding, till he became extravagant enough to imagine that the gods themselves could take pleasure in seeing their temples stained with the blood of bulls.

"The most perfect, the most beautiful animal of his kind, is chosen as the victim of sacrifice. Crowned with garlands, and adorned with gold, he is conducted to the altar; prayers are recited over him: a cake made of the corn produced by his labour is placed between his horns; and the knife, which the poor beast has seen without apprehension in the water prepared for the ceremony, is plunged into his heaving breast. The priest, with murderous hands, tears away the yet living palpitating entrails, to read amongst the writhing fibres the destinies of his country, the secrets of the gods! Oh, my beloved disciples and auditors, let me conjure you to refrain from the flesh of beasts. Listen to the voice that warns you; and should you ever be again tempted to the foul repast, recollect, while you press between your teeth

a part of the carcase of a bullock, that you are masticating and devouring the flesh of one of your labourers."

Here Pythagoras paused, refreshed himself with a draught composed of honey and water, and then, with some variation of the subject, thus resumed his discourse:

"Ye timid mortals, who tremble at the idea of death, the Styx, the regions of darkness, and other gloomy imaginations of the poets, be assured that the mortal body, whether reduced to ashes on the funeral-pile, or laid to decay in the earth, is incapable of feeling pain when no longer animated by the vital spark which we call the soul. This last is an immortal principle, which neither sleeps nor dies, but passes continually from one body to another, and thus lives in a state of transmigration. For my part, strange as it may seem, I have a perfect recollection that I was heretofore Euphorbus, and that my body was killed by Menelaus at the siege of Troy. In my late travels into Greece I recognised my shield, which is yet suspended in the temple of Juno at Argos.

"Every thing around us is in a state of continual change, but nothing is annihilated or destroyed. The soul or spirit wanders, and inhabits by turns the bodies of men and brutes. Its nature never

changes; but it is nevertheless subject to different forms, impressions, or modifications, according to the organization of the various bodies it is destined to inhabit. Beware then that no guilty appetite induce you to chase from its corporeal dwelling a soul, a spirit like your own.

"Time rolls its resistless course, like a torrent precipitating its waters into the vast ocean of eternal ages! The generations of men succeed each other, and pass like the waves of the sea, which swell and sparkle for a moment, and are then lost in oblivion! Day succeeds to night, and night to day. The appearance of the sun at noon is different from what it was in the morning, and in the evening as different from what it was at noon. The aspect of the moon changes continually; and all sublunary objects are by their nature mutable and evanescent.

"The four seasons of the year succeed each other like the ages of man, of which they are an apt and striking emblem. The spring, like childhood, is gay and blooming. The mature state of vegetation, and the superior heat of summer, resemble man in the full vigour and maturity of his mental and corporeal powers. The autumn, rich in fruits, and of a more calm and regular temperature, is a striking figure of the third period; when man,

having gathered the fruits of knowledge and prudence from the experience of the past, is become more moderate in his passions, and more temperate in his desires. The declining state of vegetation, with the frosts and snows of winter, present a sad but faithful picture of man advanced to old age. Bent is his heretofore beautiful form: his hair is whitened by the lapse of time, and he walks with feeble and trembling steps. The aged Milo wept on observing the weakness of his arms, which in muscular force might once have coped with those of the immortal Hercules. Helen sighed on beholding the wrinkles which time had produced in her once beautiful face; and asked if she really was that Helen who had been twice carried off by princes enraptured with her beauty: first by Theseus, the son of Ægeas; and afterwards by Paris, son of Priam.

"Swift was the passage from the Golden to the Iron Age, and rapid the progress of those revolutions that have taken place on the globe which we inhabit. Mountains have become valleys, and valleys have risen into mountains. Water has given place to land, and land to water. Immense beds of shells have been discovered far from the sea, and nautical remains have been found on the tops of very high mountains. Rivers that have

run for ages have been suddenly dried up by the convulsions of an earthquake, and new ones have been produced by the same cause. The Lycus, which disappears near the city of Colossa, is again seen at a considerable distance. The Erasinus sinks into the earth in Arcadia, and after a long subterraneous passage appears again to embellish the plains of Argos. The Mysus, leaving its original course, pursues its way through other lands under the name of the Caicus. The waters of the Anigras, heretofore proverbially wholesome and potable; since the Centaurs washed therein the wounds they received from Hercules are so no longer. The Hypanis, descending from the mountains of Scythia, is sweet aud palatable at its source, but salt and bitter at a short distance therefrom. Antissa, Pharos, and Tyre, were formerly islands: now they make a part of the continent. Leucadia, on the contrary, heretofore joined to *terra-firma*, is now an island. Zancle (Sicily), once united to Italy, is now by a strait of difficult navigation separated from its parent shore. Helice and Buris, ancient cities of Achaia, are now beneath the surface of the waters; and the skilful pilot, as he passes the place where they were overwhelmed, still points out their ruins, yet visible through the limpid element, to the obser-

vation of the curious and inquiring stranger. Near Trœzene, once the kingdom of Pittheus, stands a hill, which suddenly rose in the middle of an extensive plain like a bladder blown by subterraneous winds, and is become solid, compact, and covered with trees and verdure. The waters that we drink often change their quality, as well as their course. Near the temple of Jupiter-Ammon is a fountain, the water of which is hot at the rising of the sun, but quite cold at noon. We are told that wood will take fire if thrown into the fountain Athamas when the moon is in the wane. In the country of the Ciconians, a people of Thrace, is a river that petrifies every thing that is put into it, and even the stomachs of such as drink frequently of its stream. The Crathis and Sybaris, which have their courses in this country, possess the singular quality of changing hair to a yellow or amber colour. The waters of the Lake Clitoria create a disgust for every species of wine, while those of the Lyncaste and others are said to have an intoxicating quality.

"Volcanoes burn, and are extinguished. There was a time when Mount Ætna, which in this our day vomits torrents of fire, was not a volcano; and the time will come in which the sulphur, bitumen, and other combustible substances, which now

serve as aliments to that immense furnace, shall be exhausted, and Ætna shall burn no longer.

"The bodies of animals in a state of putrefaction produce other animals of a different nature. Some creatures pass into a new state of existence without being subject to any loathsome process; as caterpillars which change into butterflies, and silkworms that at stated periods become winged insects, resembling large moths or butterflies of inferior beauty. The splendid bird of Juno, and the beautiful doves of Venus, like the feathered tribe in general, are produced from the germ of an egg. The phœnix, of which only one exists in the world at a time, has a different origin: it rises sublimely from the ashes of its fire-consumed parent, and is nourished with precious gums and juices that distil from the spicy trees and fragrant shrubs of Arabia.

"Ages pass on: matter changes its form. Kingdoms and empires rise and fall. The superb city of Troy, once populous and rich, rivalling in splendour the proudest capitals of the world, is now but a heap of ruins. The celebrated Sparta, Mycenæ, Thebes, and Athens, which flourished for so many ages, what are they now? Sparta is become vile and contemptible. Mycenæ retains no traces of her ancient splendour. Thebes and her glory are

passed away, and her story seems but as a fable; while of the polished city of Athens little more remains than a vain and empty name.

"Fame is now sounding her trumpet, to announce the rising glories of a city lately built by a Trojan race upon the banks of the Tiber. It is at present a place of little note, but it will change its appearance. Its grandeur and power will augment till it become the capital of the whole earth. Augurs and our sacred oracles have announced and described the extensive empire of which Rome is destined to become the metropolis. Helenus predicted to Æneas the future existence and glorious destiny of this famous city, and foretold that her greatness and splendour should be increased by many renowned princes, but most of all by a descendant of Iulus (Ascanius), who will one day render her the mistress of the world. But let me now return to the immediate subject of this discourse.

"Spirit and matter, as we have before observed, are eternal. They are continually changing their forms, impressions, and modifications, but can never be consumed or annihilated. Our souls, composed of a celestial spark that can never be extinguished, pass from our bodies into those of brutes of different species, and in the course of

ages animate human bodies again. Let us then beware of destroying any animal lest we should thereby dislodge the soul of a relation or friend.

"From what I have now said, you will naturally perceive that a belief in the metempsychosis will tend to render you kind-hearted and benevolent. You will consider every inferior creature as your brother of the dust. A groan, a cry of distress, by whatever being it may be uttered, will always obtain the pity that it claims. You will not slaughter the bullock that has ploughed your fields, nor devour the birds and fowls that your own hands have fed and nourished. Be persuaded; throw away your arrows, traps, and nets, or use them only for the destruction of beasts of prey; but let not the carcases of even these ferocious adversaries of mankind be served upon your tables. Henceforth refrain from the abominable repast of blood, and accept with gratitude and thankfulness the innocent and wholesome food which nature has bounteously provided for you."

Observations.—In the Palazzo Buonaparte in Rome is a fragment of a head of Pythagoras in basso-relievo, said to be the most beautiful piece of sculpture in the world. It was found in the Tusculo.

Notes.—1 *Pythagoras*, was a native of Samos, and became one of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity. His talents and acquirements distinguished him above all his contemporaries. His private studies were poetry, music, eloquence, and astronomy, and in public gymnastic exercises he often bore the palm for strength and dexterity. In Greece he obtained several prizes at the Olympic games. In Egypt and Chaldea he gained the confidence of the priests, and learned from them the awful policy and symbolical writings by which they governed the princes as well as the people. This great man was a strenuous advocate for liberty and independence. Being disgusted with the tyranny of Polycrates, who governed his native island, he withdrew to Magna Grecia, in Italy, and fixed his habitation at Crotona in the fortieth year of his age. Here he established his celebrated school of philosophy. Pythagoras was admired for his venerable aspect, his harmonious voice, his persuasive eloquence, and the reputation he had acquired by his distant travels, and by being crowned at the Olympic games.

Pythagoras was very regular in his devotions, and very abstemious in his mode of living. His notions respecting the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, seem to have been imbibed from the priests of Egypt, or in the solitary retreats of the Brachmans. In addition to this curious doctrine, he taught a

system of very pure morality. He considered that the thoughts of the past are always present to us; and held, that no enjoyment could be had where the mind was disturbed by consciousness of guilt, or fears about futurity. On this account he recommended great attention to the education of youth. His disciples were strictly enjoined to call to mind and carefully to review the actions, not only of the present, but that of preceding days. In their acts of devotion they always repaired at an early hour to the most solitary places of the mountains; and after having examined their private and public conduct, they joined in the company of their friends, and refreshed themselves with light and frugal food. Their conversation was always of the most innocent nature; and all subjects of controversy were discussed with candour and good temper, and without the least warmth or ill-will.

Pythagoras, though a good man, seems, like Numa and many other legislators and priests, to have thought there was no harm in having recourse to a pious fraud in order to induce his followers to believe that he received his doctrines immediately from Heaven. The people believed him to be greatly skilled in the arts of magic; said that he could instantaneously tame a raging bear, or stop the flight of an eagle. They also attributed to him the power of writing on the disk of the full moon by means

of a reflecting mirror. This last idea has induced the following pretty verses from the pen of Erin's sweetest poet:

"Sweet moon! If like Crotona's sage
By any spell my hand could dare,
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there—

How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet;
The reveries of fond regret;
The promise never to forget;
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd distant friend."

Six Golden Rules of Pythagoras:

Rules.	*Meanings.*
Never stir the fire with a sword.	Do not say any thing irritating to one already in a passion.
In a tempest, adore the echo.	In the time of political troubles, retire to the solitude of the country.
Do not accustom yourselves to cut wood in your way.	Do not render life painful, by charging yourself with too many cares.

Rules.	*Meanings.*
Never kill a cock.	Cease not to be vigilant.
Do not wear on your finger a ring that pinches you.	Do not bind yourselves by oaths and vows.
Go not barefooted into the temples of the gods.	In places of religious worship let your dress and deportment be decent and serious.

2 *Metempsychosis.* "It appears that the Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, was regarded by all the ancient philosophers who acknowledged this dogma as a sort of purgatorial chastisement, inflicted on the soul as the consequence of previous delinquency. The Pythagoreans taught that there were various orders of beings superior to men whose souls had emanated from the Deity. The souls of the superior orders were condemned to enter into human bodies, and undergo on earth purgatorial afflictions. Human life itself was regarded as a state of penal degradation; but the humiliation of the soul did not end here; from man it descended into the meanest brutes, and according to some into plants, until having gone through a career of punishment proportioned to its guilt, it again began to ascend and return towards the higher orders of living nature. This kind of chastisement is always spoken of as temporary or finite; and hence it would appear

that the transmigration of souls must have had its limitation. Pindar intimates that the soul was doomed to make this circuit at least thrice before it escaped from the lower world, and became worthy to obtain entrance into the regions of blessed spirits."

DR. PRITCHARD.

NUMA, EGERIA, VIRBIUS.

NUMA regretted not the fatigues he had endured in his journey to Crotona. From the Samian philosopher he learned many lessons of wisdom; but it does not appear that he became a proselyte to his favourite doctrine of the metempsychosis. The prince returned, however, to his native country highly satisfied with his visit to Pythagoras, and was soon after elected king of Rome—an honour which he is said to have accepted with much apparent reluctance. Neither the glories of the diadem to which he so unexpectedly succeeded, nor the splendour of the royal purple with which he was now invested, were able to corrupt or diminish his taste for the simple pleasures of rural life. His love of study and his habits of meditation often led him to seek the solitude of a neigh-

bouring wood, where he frequently indulged in profound reflections on the means by which he might be enabled to fulfil the important duties imposed upon him by the office and dignity he had accepted.

The wood that Numa thus frequented was consecrated to Diana, and his visits to this silent retreat being often repeated, a report began to prevail among the people that their sovereign was captivated by the charms of the nymph Egeria,[1] one of the favourite attendants of the presiding goddess. Numa adroitly availed himself of this popular persuasion to enforce the laws and regulations that he promulgated for the civil and religious government of his people, publicly declaring that they were dictated or sanctioned by this nymph, who, according to some authors, was Diana herself.

Numa had married Tatia, the daughter of the ill-fated Tatius, and he was probably at this time in a state of widowhood; for Ovid mentions the nymph Egeria as having become the wife of the new king of Rome, and informs us that it was partly to her wise counsels, and partly to the inspiration of the muses, that he was indebted for the consummate prudence and wisdom which gave him an almost unbounded ascendancy over the minds

of a turbulent and barbarous people. He taught the arts of peace, and the observance of the duties and ceremonies of religion to a nation inured to war and rapine.

Numa died, after a peaceable reign of forty-three years, during which time he had given all possible encouragement to the useful arts. His death was considered as a general calamity, and his loss sincerely lamented both by the senate and the people.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, Egeria retired to the forest of Aricia, where her groans and lamentations often disturbed the solemnities observed in the worship of Diana, which had been instituted by Orestes, when he brought thither the statue of that goddess from Taurica. The sylvan deities and nymphs of the forest vainly endeavoured to comfort the disconsolate widow. The priest of the temple reproved her for her inordinate affliction. "Be consoled, Egeria," said he, "and submit with patience and resignation to the will of the gods. Listen to the sad story of my troubles, and learn submission.

"You have doubtless heard of the misfortunes of Hippolytus, who fell a victim to the vindictive cruelty of his step-mother, and the blind credulity of his father. In me, unhappy Egeria, in me be-

hold that Hippolytus. The contemptuous manner in which I shunned the advances of the wicked Phædra, and my obstinate refusal of every token of her proffered love, drew upon me the whole weight of her vengeance. She wickedly accused me to my father of a crime which she alone had meditated. Deaf to all I could say in my defence, my enraged father banished me from Athens, uttering the bitterest imprecations, and imploring Neptune, at the very time when that god had promised to grant the three first requests he should make, to punish me as the worst of criminals.

"'Doomed thus to be the innocent victim of a parent's malediction, I ascended my car, and directed my course towards Trœzene, the scene of my infancy, which happy period of my life I had passed in the court of my grandfather Pittheus. As I drove along the shore on the Isthmus of Corinth, I observed the sea heaving and in violent agitation. A billow, swelling to the size of a mountain, rolled portentously towards me. It broke upon the beach, and a huge monster rushing from this accumulated mass of waters, and raising his enormous head, armed with horns and covered with scales and bristles, threw forth from his hor-

rid mouth and nostrils a flood which overwhelmed my car. My horses taking fright, ran furiously over the rocks and precipices. The vehicle that bore me was destroyed, and my feet being entangled in the traces, I was dragged and dashed from point to point till my body was torn in pieces. My spirit descended to the infernal regions, where I washed my lacerated limbs in the waters of the Phlegethon; and, contrary to the wishes of the indignant Pluto, who expressed his anger at the thought of losing me from among the number of his subjects, I was, by the care and skill of Æsculapius, restored to life and vigour. Diana enveloped me in a thick cloud, and giving me an air of advanced age that I might not be known to any of my former acquaintances, honoured me at the same time with a certain rank among the inferior divinities, and commanded me to assume the name of Virbius, a Greek word which signifies twice a man. She also appointed me to the office of priest in the adjacent temple, where the tranquillity necessary to the due performance of my religious functions has been so often disturbed by your unceasing lamentations.

"Be consoled, Egeria, and be thankful that your beloved Numa was permitted to descend into the

realms of Pluto without having his soul forced from his body by tortures such as I endured. Henceforth be silent, and learn submission."

Observations.—On a sarcophagus in the Medici Gallery at Florence is a fine basso-relievo representation of the catastrophe of Hippolytus.

Note.—1 *Egeria.* Ovid is said to be the only mythological writer who mentions Egeria as the wife of Numa. The prince himself, according to historians, persuaded the people that she was a divinity or celestial messenger, sent to reveal to him the will of the gods. Some authors have considered Egeria as a fountain-nymph, and imagine that this pretended inspiration was merely a symbolical indication of Numa's great skill in hydromancy, or the art of divination by water.

METAMORPHOSIS OF EGERIA—CIPPUS.

THE son of Theseus had the misfortune to perceive that the sad recital of his extraordinary sufferings had no tendency to soothe the sorrows of the disconsolate Egeria. A prey to the deepest affliction, she sat reclined at the foot of a hill, and wept immoderately. The priest of Diana gazed on the weeping nymph with unavailing pity; and while he stood pondering on the means of withdrawing her from this melancholy and woful situation, the beautiful form of Egeria insensibly vanished from his sight, and a fountain of water appeared in the place she occupied. On witnessing this metamorphosis, which was effected by the power of the goddess to whose worship he was devoted, Virbius stood aghast with surprise and

astonishment! His feelings might be compared to those of the Tyrrhenian agricultor, who, while occupied in ploughing his field, perceived a clod of earth moving of itself, and gradually assuming the form of a human being. This clod-formed man received the name of Tages, and he was the first who taught the Etrurians the frivolous arts of augury and divination; arts that were productive of great cruelty to animals, and much criminal curiosity, anxiety, and misery, to such of the human race whose credulity led them to have recourse to those ambiguous and fallacious methods of information and instruction. Thus motionless, also, with surprise stood Romulus, when he beheld the javelin that he had stuck into the ground on the Palatine hill suddenly become a large spreading tree, on the flourishing state of which the grandeur and prosperity of the city he had founded were supposed to depend. And thus in after ages stood the astonished Cippus,[1] when, by reflection in the waters of the Tiber, he first perceived the horns that had sprouted on his forehead.

Cippus was an illustrious Roman citizen, who, on returning victorious from a battle he had fought against the enemies of his country, was prevented from entering the city of Rome by the discovery of certain horny excrescences that suddenly ap-

peared on his head. The good veteran considered this prodigy as a warning from the gods, to which he was in duty bound to pay the most reverential attention. He therefore determined to offer without delay a sacrifice of two sheep, and sent off messengers to fetch an aruspice[2] who might examine the entrails of those poor animals, with a view to discover what this sudden and miraculous growth of horns might signify. Cippus caused an altar of earth to be raised for the sacrifice; he then kindled the sacred fire, burnt incense, made a libation of wine, and earnestly besought the gods to transfer to his beloved country whatever advantage this prodigy might presage, and, on the contrary, to inflict on him alone any calamity that it might unhappily portend. The victims were then slain, and the aruspice having according to his office gravely and minutely examined the yet palpitating stomachs and livers of the slaughtered sheep, writhing in the last convulsive struggles of departing life, he turned suddenly round, and fixing his eyes on Cippus, exclaimed with an air of wild enthusiasm, "Hail, king of Rome! hail, illustrious sovereign! To thy wise laws a happy and grateful people shall render a willing obedience. Advance without delay; enter the portals that are thrown open to receive thee. On thy first ap-

pearance within the walls of the city thou shalt be crowned king, and being thus crowned, thy dynasty shall be established, and the sceptre secured to thy descendants." On hearing these words Cippus recoiled with an air of mingled surprise and affliction. "Adieu, Rome!" said he: "adieu, beloved city! Never more shall the sound of these feet be heard upon thy pavement! Exiled from my native home, rather let me pass my days in poverty and innocence than live to see the liberties of the Roman people sacrificed, and subjected to the will of any one weak, erring, fallible mortal, whom in the moment of triumph and exultation they may have the weakness to invest with sovereign power." Cippus then convoked the senators and the elders of the people; inviting them for some particular reasons, which he would afterwards explain, to meet him without the walls of the city. In the mean while he concealed his horns with a triple wreath of laurel, and seating himself on a bank of turf which the soldiers had prepared for him, he calmly waited their approach. On seeing them he arose, and having offered a prayer to the gods for their prosperity and happiness, he thus addressed them:

"Senators and citizens of Rome! I feel it my duty to inform you, that in this assembly stands a man who, if he be suffered to return into the city, will certainly become your king. It is your interest and your duty to banish him from amongst you. Had I not opposed his entrance he would already have been within your walls. I am sincerely attached to this man; but your liberties are dearer to me than any considerations of private interest or affection. Rouse, Cavalieri Romani! defend your liberties, and punish this man as he deserves. You will easily discover him: he cannot elude your search when I inform you that you will know him by certain horns that grow on his forehead!" A murmur of curiosity and indignation was now heard in the assembly; each inquired, "Where is the man? where is this proud pretender to royalty?" Cippus, standing with an air of dignity and conscious approbation on the elevation which had served him for a seat, took from his brow the wreath of laurel, and displaying his horns, exclaimed, "Behold in me the man whom you seek; the man who must no more ascend the steps of the Capitol, no more receive your applauses within the walls of a city whose glory is destined to increase while her government re-

mains democratical, but which will ultimately fade and perish under the oppression of monarchial tyranny."

Great was the commotion that now prevailed in the assembly. Every one strove to approach nearer to Cippus. The senators replaced on his head the verdant foliage which served as the glorious insignia of his well-earned victory; and finding this disinterested Roman inflexible in his determination never more to enter within the gates of the capital, they granted him a portion of land in its vicinity, the limits of which were described by the furrow of a ploughshare drawn by a pair of bullocks from the time of the rising of the sun to the moment when, terminating his diurnal career, he sunk gloriously into the waters of the ocean.

The grateful Romans caused a portrait of Cippus, having his head furnished with horns and crowned with laurel, to be engraven on a brass plate, which was afterwards affixed to the gate by which he passed when he went out to the conquest of the enemies of the republic. This plate with the gates it adorned has disappeared for ever. But the fountain into which Egeria was believed to be metamorphosed is still shown as an object of curiosity to modern travellers. It is an inconsiderable spring: and the lofty trees of the

forest by which it might heretofore have been shaded have long since withered under the deadly touch of "Time's[3] decaying fingers," or have fallen beneath the stroke of the despoiling and exterminating axe.

Observations.—From the gate St. Sebastian at Rome a road leads to the grotto of Egeria, in which lies an old recumbent statue, exceedingly defaced, which is said to be hers. There is now in it a stone table which was prepared for the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who took a fancy to dine in the spot where Numa had received his inspirations.

Notes.—1 *Cippus.* It appears from historical accounts that this was a noble Roman who lived about 237 years before the Christian era. Returning from some brilliant conquests, he dreamt, on the night preceding his intended entry into Rome, that horns had suddenly sprung up on his forehead. He wished to have an interpretation of this dream before he proceeded on his way: he accordingly sent for an augur, or an aruspex, who told him that this dream indicated that as soon as he should enter within the gates of the city the people would invest him with the regal

purple, and hail him as their sovereign. Cippus being pursuaded that kingly power would prove detrimental to the interest of the nation, immediately determined to remain without the city, and accordingly fixed his residence on a small farm presented to him by his countrymen.

The ancients considered the head and horns of a bullock as symbols of royalty.

2 *Aruspices.* " These were an order of priests among the ancient Romans who were said to foretell things to come, which they pretended to do chiefly by inspecting the entrails of beasts that were killed in sacrifice. The doctrine or discipline of the aruspices was formed into a precise art, called aruspicina. Cato, who was himself an augur, used to say that he wondered how one aruspex or aruspice could look at another without laughing in his face."

CHAMBERS.

3 *Time.* The act of *touching*, here attributed to this awful and inappreciable mensuration of our existence, implies a personification; and there is, perhaps, no symbolical or ideal configuration of this kind that has ever been represented in a manner more aptly and strikingly emblematical. Iconographers commonly represent Time under the figure of a man, who, in front or coming towards us, appears old, feeble, decrepid, and advancing at a very slow pace; while at his back or shoulders are attached enormous wings,

that are never seen till he is passed. In one hand he sometimes holds an hour-glass, and in the other a scythe; and thus represented, he is commonly called Chronos, and sometimes he bears the name of Saturn.

ÆSCULAPIUS CONDUCTED TO ROME.

About 380 years after the death of Numa the city of Rome, which, according to the prediction of Pythagoras, had greatly increased in riches, splendour, and population, was visited by a dreadful malady, called the plague. The ravages of this horrible disease rapidly extended on every side, till the air throughout all Italy seemed to be infected with its poisonous and mortal contagion. Thousands of the wretched inhabitants became the victims of this pestilence, and the ears of the pale, emaciated passenger, who had yet strength to walk, were every where assailed by the groans of the living, or his eyes shocked with the sight of the carcases of the dead.

The mortality increasing, and no means being found to stop the contagion, a deputation, com-

posed of a certain number of the most illustrious citizens, was despatched to Greece for the purpose of consulting the oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

Being arrived at the temple, they presented a profusion of costly offerings; and in the most solemn manner implored the divinity of the place to be propitious to their embassy, to grant them a favourable answer, and instruct them in the use of means that might prove efficacious for the total extermination of a malady which desolated their beloved country.

Scarcely had they preferred their prayer when the temple shook to its foundation. The statue of Apollo was seen to move. His quiver was agitated, and a voice, the sound of which issued from the sanctuary that contained the sacred tripod, was heard to utter these words:—"Romans! you want not the succour of Apollo. Your calamity requires the aid and skill of his son. Seek him, and convey him to your country under favourable and happy auspices."

The ambassadors now proceeded to Epidaurus, and presented themselves before the chiefs and elders of the city, who were assembled in council to receive them. They most respectfully made known their commission; communicated the answer they had received from the Delphian oracle,

and implored permission to convey to their country the divinity whose presence was necessary to terminate the miseries by which the Roman people were afflicted.

On the subject of this extraordinary request the sentiments of the Epidaurians were much divided, and a great contention took place in the assembly. Some objected to the departure of Æsculapius, whose presence seemed a sort of guarantee for their own health, and a source of wealth to their country. Others insisted that it was their duty to let him visit the afflicted Romans, asserting that the hard-heartedness and cruelty which might induce them to refuse such a reasonable request, might draw upon their city the vengeance of the gods, who might punish them by a visitation disastrous as that which had been productive of so much misery to the afflicted inhabitants of Italy.

Night came on, and nothing was decided. The assembly broke up, and all retired to rest. The chief of the Roman embassy, in a dream, beheld Æsculapius, who seemed to approach his bed-side. His appearance was like that of the statue erected in his temple: with one hand he leaned on a rough knotted stick, round which coiled a serpent; and with the other he seemed to smooth his long flowing beard. Casting on the ambassador a look of

complacency,[c] he encouraged him to banish his fears:—"Be comforted," said the apparition; "I will certainly go with you. Look at the serpent that entwines this knotted stick. Observe him well; for his form I shall assume in order to accompany you. The only difference between him and me will be, that I shall appear considerably larger." Having uttered these words, the figure vanished, and the Roman deputy slept in peace.

The next morning the Epidaurians, not knowing how they ought to determine, repaired to the temple, imploring Æsculapius to make known to them his will, and to grant them a token which should cause them to agree in their opinions. They had scarcely uttered their prayer when Æsculapius, under the form of a serpent[a] covered with scales of a yellowish colour, gave notice of his approach by loud and continual hissings. The temple, the doors, the altar, and the statue, were shaken. A huge serpent appeared, and raising the forepart of his body in an erect posture, looked on the assembled multitude with eyes that resembled balls of fire. The priest now made a sign to the people, encouraging them to cherish hope and confidence. "Behold, people of Epidaurus," cried he, "behold the divinity to

whose worship you are devoted! Bôw down your heads, and offer your vows in silence." Then turning towards the serpent, he exclaimed, in a tone of voice that indicated awe and reverence, "August divinity! be favourable to the people who worship at thy altars." The audience repeated the words uttered by the priest, and the Romans ardently called upon Æsculapius to grant them aid and protection. The serpent, in sign of approbation, shook his scales, moved his barbed tongue, and hissed in sign of favour. Then descending, and gliding along the marble pavement, he left the temple, and stopping on the steps of the sacred edifice, turned his head, as if to take a farewell look of the sanctuary, in which he had been so long adored; after which he made his way among the herbs and flowers which the people had lavishly scattered in the streets, and proceeded towards the sea-shore. He then turned again, as if to take leave of the Epidaurians; and having looked his thanks, ascended the side of one of the Roman vessels, into which he was received with loud acclamations of joy and gratitude.

The Romans, to express their thankfulness for the success of their mission, raised an altar on the coast, and offered a bullock in sacrifice. They then set sail, and being wafted by a favourable

breeze, soon reached the coast of Scylacæum in Italy, passed the promontory of Lacinia, the country of Japygia, the shoals of Amphissa, sailed along by Colonna and Narycia, and leaving Cape Pelorus on the left, had a distant view of the dominions of Æolus; passed by Temesa, Leucosia, and the gardens of Præste, stretching downwards in pensile beauty towards the sea: saw the island of Caprea, the promontory of Minerva, and the vine-covered hills of Sorrentum: then coasting along by the cities of Heraclea, Stabiæ, and Parthenope, they touched near the shore on which stood the temple of the sibyl of Cumæ; sailed along by Baia, Lintern, the mouth of the river Vulturnus, the towns of Sinuesse, Minturnæ, Caieta, Forminum, Terracina, and the promontory of Circe. The wind now became boisterous, and the sea being rough and turbulent, they entered the port of Antium. On the shore was a temple dedicated to Apollo. The serpent of Epidaurus, who during the voyage had constantly kept his station on the poop of the vessel, now gave signs of his intention to visit this sacred edifice. The chiefs of the Roman deputation accompanied him, and assisted in this act of filial piety. On their return to the ship, the weather became calm; and a favourable wind soon brought them to Castrum

Novum, a town seated at the mouth of the Tiber. Here the vestals, followed by multitudes of the inhabitants of the city, fathers, mothers, and children, in long procession, came to present their homage to the divinity, from whose healing powers they hoped to see health, comfort, and joy, succeed to disease, anguish, and despair.

The galleys, decked with streamers of various colours, and ornamented with garlands of flowers, now moved towards the capital. They were welcomed in their passage up the stream by the joyful acclamations of the people. The air breathed perfume. Odoriferous gums and frankincense smoked and burned on a thousand altars, which were arranged at equal distances on both sides of the river; and many and various were the victims that were offered in sacrifice.

The vessels having gained that part of the Tiber which passes through the city of Rome, the serpent ascended to the top of the mast, and looking round as if to choose his dwelling, suddenly darted on a small beautiful island seated in the middle of the river, and bearing the name of Tiberina. Here Æsculapius laid aside his borrowed form; and assuming an air of celestial dignity, visited the Roman people, healed their diseases, and delivered them from a state of calamity that threatened their

total extinction from among the nations of the earth.

Observations.—In the Medici Gallery at Florence are two fine antique statues of Æsculapius, and one of Hygeia, the goddess of health (sometimes called Minerva Medica), his companion.

In the Palazzo Massimi at Rome is a fine statue of Æsculapius: he is dressed in the habit of the old physicians; his face resembles that of the Mild-Jupiter. His right arm is bare: in his left he holds a stick, with a serpent twisted about it.

Note.—1 *Æsculapius.* Æsculapius was brought from Epidaurus to Rome about the year 462 U. C. (year of Rome, or year from the building of the city.) The deputation sent in quest of him was composed of ten of the principal citizens. The chief of this singular embassy was named Quintus Ogulnius. Æsculapius was generally represented as a venerable man, with a large beard hanging over his breast; holding in one hand a staff, with a serpent coiled round it, and in the other a small ewer, or resting it on the head of a serpent. These animals were sacred to this healing god, not only because the ancient physicians used them in their prescriptions, but because they were the symbols of

prudence and foresight, so necessary in the medical profession. Goats, bulls, pigs, lambs, and cocks, were sacrificed to Æsculapius. Of the last-mentioned animal, Socrates made a sacrifice to this divinity immediately before his death.

2 *Serpent*. "The worship of the serpent was not confined to Epidaurus. A serpent was adored in Egypt as an emblem of the divine nature; and in Cashmere there were no less than seven hundred places where carved figures of snakes were worshipped."

Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE inhabitants of Rome being now delivered from the plague, strove to manifest their gratitude to Æsculapius by every mark of devotion. They built a magnificent temple[1] to his honour in the little island of the Tiber, and raised a sort of parapet, or casing of white marble, round the earthy shore, giving it altogether the form of a large ship. Thus was the worship of Æsculapius introduced and established among the Romans; an event which happened during the consulship of Quintus Fabius Gurges and D. Junius Brutus Scæva.

To the deities received from other nations the Romans occasionally added some of their own creation; and when the decease of a great man was immediately preceded or followed by a hurricane, an earthquake, an eclipse of the sun, the

appearance of a comet,[2] or other extraordinary phenomena of nature, it was, in many instances, considered as an indication that the deceased had been admitted to hold a certain rank among the gods.

The prodigies that are said to have preceded the death of Julius Cæsar, and the appearance of a very splendid comet soon after that event, induced among the vulgar a belief in his deification; and as he was the acknowledged descendant of Æneas, the son of Venus, by Anchises, it was asserted that his soul had been introduced among the inhabitants of Olympus by that goddess. Ovid, who wished to confirm this opinion, because it answered his purpose as the flatterer of Augustus, informs us, in the style of a poet availing himself of all the license and imagery which "the sons of song" are permitted to employ, that when the mother of Æneas saw the conspirators sharpening their daggers, for the perpetration of the deed that stained the senate-house with the blood of one of the greatest of the Roman conquerors, she presented herself, pale and trembling, before the assembly of the gods, and thus addressed them:

"Behold the treasons that are preparing against the life of the pontiff, the last of my race among the descendants of Iulus. Am I then marked out

as the object of continual persecution? Is it not enough that I have been wounded by the audacious son of Tydeus; that the walls of Troy, a city which I strove to protect, were demolished before my eyes; that my son Æneas was exposed to the dangers of the sea; that he descended, while yet alive, into the realms of Pluto; and that at his return he was compelled to sustain a long and cruel war against Turnus, or may I not rather say against the goddess Juno herself? Was not all this enough? But am I still to endure fresh mortifications? See, oh see the weapons that are preparing for this act of sacrilege, which you alone can prevent! Oh, ye gods! Oh, Jupiter, permit not the perpetration of this crime. Permit not the sacred fires that burn on the altars of Vesta to be extinguished by the blood of the priest she has chosen!"

Thus spake the goddess, and all the divinities were moved by her complaints; but their sympathy was unavailing! They could neither counteract nor oppose the immutable decrees of Destiny. They condescended, however, to announce, by signs and wonders, the awful calamity by which Rome was threatened. Sounds like the clashing of arms, and the blasts of trumpets, were heard in the air. The face of the sun was veiled by thick

and lurid clouds. Extraordinary meteors shot their flames among the stars. The rains fell heavily. The star of Venus assumed a pale and sickly appearance. The disk of the moon appeared red, like blood. Drops, resembling tears, bedewed the cheeks of the statues of ivory and bronze. Menacing sounds were heard in the sacred groves. The silence of the night was disturbed by the howling of dogs. Ghosts were seen to wander about the streets. The palpitating fibres of the victims offered in sacrifice to the gods presaged calamity, confusion, and disorder; and the city was convulsed and shaken to its foundations. "Our immortal bard," says the author of *The Chronological Exercises*, "had no doubt these descriptions in his eye when he penned the following equally hyperbolical and incredible, though beautiful passage on the same subject:

> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
> Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
> Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

These celestial warnings, however, could not hinder the accomplishment of the stern decrees of

that power to which gods and men are equally subject. The poniards were carried to the hall of Pompey, and the chamber of the senate was the place chosen for the perpetration of this execrable deed. Venus beat her breast, and essayed to envelope Cæsar in the cloud that had before served to shelter Paris from the rage of Menelaus, and Æneas from the hostile attacks of Diomedes; but her attempts were vain, and were thus reproved by Jupiter:

"Cease, my presumptuous daughter; cease these unavailing efforts to counteract the fiat of Fate, or to change the lot that has been drawn from the urn of Destiny. Enter the palace of the Parcæ. You will there see the names of your descendants, and the time marked for their departure from this probationary state of existence engraven on plates of adamant in characters that can never be effaced. The hero, on whose account you are so much afflicted, has finished the time allotted for him upon earth. For your sake he will be admitted among the gods; and his worship shall be established among men. Go now, and receive the spirit of Cæsar, which even while I speak is departing from his assassinated body. Give it the appearance of a star of uncommon form and magnitude; and by rendering it visible to the

Roman people, let them have the consolation to know that Julius still delights to watch over the Capitol."

Obedient to this command, Venus, rendering herself invisible to all mortal eyes, descended into the midst of the senate, and having received the soul of the expiring Cæsar, bore it away amongst the clouds. This sublime spirit, flaming in the hands of the protecting goddess, escaped, and soared of itself above the regions of the moon, where it cheered the adoring Romans by its apparition in the form of a blazing star, drawing after it an immeasurable train of fire.

Observations.—A beautiful Venus-Anadyomene, painted by Apelles, was placed in the temple of Julius. Augustus considered it as an appropriate ornament for the fane of a hero supposed to be descended from that goddess. This piece was one of the finest productions of the great artist to whose sublime talents it owed its existence. It was so exquisitely beautiful, that Augustus affranchised the inhabitants of the island of Cos from the payment of their annual tribute as the price of this picture. The lower part of the painting was somewhat injured; but no artist could be found who would undertake to restore it.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a very fine bust of Julius Cæsar in bronze. As the head appears quite bald, it is supposed to have been made before he had obtained from the senate the extraordinary permission to cover his baldness by constantly wearing a crown or garland of laurel.

Notes.—1 *Temple.* The temple built in honour of Æsculapius, in the little island Tiberina, (sometimes called Mesopotamia, because it stood in the middle of the river,) has been converted into a Christian church, called *La Chiesa San Bartolomeo nell' Isola*, and is one of the most celebrated churches of Rome. Among the very few remains of the ancient temple that have escaped the injuries of time, is the figure of a serpent on the prow of the vessel which this island represented: it is coiled round it, and stretching its head towards the stream.

2 *Comet.* The comet that made its appearance at the time when the Romans were performing the obsequies of their murdered dictator, obtained the name of Julium-Sidus.

The statue of Cæsar, placed in the magnificent temple which Augustus caused to be erected to his honour, had a star on its head; and the emperor from that time wore one on his own helmet.

The splendid festivals and ceremonies instituted in

the worship of this celebrated conqueror, inspired many succeeding chiefs and princes with an extravagant desire to obtain the same distinction.

In the latter ages of Rome, apotheoses became shamefully common: it was the way by which a servile people or senate made their court to the new monarch. Indeed, after a throne, it was impossible to offer a more brilliant perspective than that of an altar. It was certainly the extreme of human baseness and human vanity that rendered or received such homage. Scarcely had a prince ceased to live, but temples were built and divine honours offered to him. This became such a common practice, that the emperor Vespasian, when near his end, being asked by one of his courtiers how he felt himself, is said to have replied thus—"I feel that I am becoming a god."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

The story of Psyche seems to be a sort of fairy tale, and has doubtless served as a model for many marvellous relations of that kind. That of "Beauty and the Beast," related by Madame Bonne in the "Magazin des Enfans," and even the more childish fable of "Cinderella," are not entirely without some resemblance to it.

It is to Apuleius, a writer who lived in the second century, that we are indebted for this romance: he asserts that he found it in the Grecian mythology; but as it is not mentioned by any preceding author of whom we have obtained any knowledge, the learned world are inclined to think

it a tale of his own invention. Be this as it may, it has always been exceedingly admired by persons remarkable for their good taste and judgment, who have pronounced it to be a beautiful and ingenious allegory, expressive of the inquietudes, cares, and anxieties that harass a mind which is engrossed and occupied by the passion of love. The allegorical signification is, it must be allowed, in many parts deeply concealed. But as Psyche and her adventures have been consecrated by a multitude of the finest monuments of Greece and Rome, and have consequently obtained a place in the mythological legends of those countries, they must not be omitted here. They have been the subject of many incomparably beautiful paintings and pieces of statuary: have occupied the pencil of the divine Raphael, and the chisel of sculptors of immortal fame.

Psyche is a Greek word, that signifies *the soul.* It also signifies a *butterfly*; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that the graceful and elegant female figure by which artists are wont to personify the soul, is generally represented with wings resembling those of that beautiful insect.

Sometimes the spirit or soul is figured by a butterfly only; and under this form is often seen, in old pictures, issuing from the mouth of dying

persons, or entirely escaped from that of one who is already dead.

Of the loves of Psyche and Cupid Apuleius has given a marvellous relation, of which the following is a summary.

In a certain country, the name of which has perhaps been forgotten, reigned a good king and queen, who had three daughters: the two eldest were very pretty, but they were not very amiable. They beheld with jealousy the superior beauty of their younger sister; and as they unhappily took no pains to check this evil emotion in its beginning, their hearts became gradually corrupted, and were at length filled with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. These princesses, having very large fortunes, were married early in life to two petty princes; a union which was very pleasing to their ambitious relations, and proved in no small degree satisfactory to their creditors.

The youngest of the three sisters, whose name was Psyche, is said to have been as good and as gentle as she was beautiful. Her parents loved her to idolatry; and so proud were they of her charms, that they foolishly compared her to the goddess Venus; and after a due examination of the beauty of each, had the temerity to pronounce judgment in favour of their dear daughter Psyche.

This decision, as will naturally be expected by our young readers, from the knowledge they have acquired of the vindictive and implacable propensities of the goddesses of Olympus, was considered as an unpardonable crime, and such as must necessarily subject the young beauty to the vengeance of her celestial rival.

Venus being extremely mortified, went in search of her son, and commanded him to punish the royal pair, and the little wretch they had dared to put in competition with her, by wounding her heart in favour of the lowest, ugliest, and most brutal of all human beings. Cupid prepared to obey the commands of his mother; but no sooner had he beheld the modest and lovely Psyche, than he became enamoured of her himself. He let fall his bow and arrows, exclaiming, "No, my mother, no, I cannot obey you! If you wish me to be the instrument of your vengeance, let your enemies be such as I can look on with disdain, or at least with indifference!" Thus said, he gathered up his arrows, and walked slowly away, ever and anon turning his head to contemplate Psyche; a form of loveliness, of whose existence he never before had any idea. As he paced back to Olympus he was heard to murmur; and some of his complaints were thus expressed: "What! is it

by my power that every being loves; and shall I be the only one to whom this pleasure is denied? Am I for ever the source of happiness to others, and shall I remain a stranger to happiness myself?" Thus murmuring, apostrophising, and meditating, he finished, by determining to abandon himself to the sentiment that Psyche had inspired, and even cherished a hope of one day making her his bride.

Cupid now found that he stood in need of a counsellor, and therefore resolved to repair to the temple of Harpocrates, the god of silence, the revered son of Osiris and Isis. On entering the sacred edifice, he perceived the divinity of the place, who, though apparently young, had a stern and severe look: he was seated on a throne, shaded by a spreading peach-tree, the leaves of which, being in the form of tongues, indicated to his worshippers that when they had learned to keep silence, they were worthy of a place in the temples of the gods; and the fruit, formed like a heart, showed that in that most sacred seat of feeling and existence secrets should be enclosed. The god held in his left hand a seal, and the fore-finger of his right hand rested on his lips. On his head was a mitre, having two equal points. Before him stood an altar, covered with fruits, herbs, and

"all the incense of the breathing spring," consecrated to him by the pious inhabitants of that vast country which is fertilised by the sacred waters of the Nile.

"Powerful divinity!" said the son of Venus, "whose image, revered in the tribunals of Themis, in the councils of kings, and in the sacred vestibules of our temples, reminding mortals of the discretion that ought to subsist in the halls of justice, the cabinets of empires, and the sanctuaries of the gods! thou whose eyes look into the secret recesses of all hearts, while thy own remains inscrutable even to the regard of the great Jupiter, the father of gods and men, behold the motive that leads me to bend at thy altar, and condescend to direct and advise me!"

When Cupid had done speaking, the sage Harpocrates took a veil, and covered him with it from head to foot. Thus giving him to understand that he must remain unknown to the object of his attachment, lest she should divulge a secret, the revealing of which might ruin him in the affections of his mother. Cupid thought that this was a great pity, because it is so delightful to have no secrets with those we love. He, however, determined to submit to the directions of the wise Harpocrates.

In the mean time, the father of Psyche had taken it into his head to consult the oracle of Apollo respecting the future destiny of his child. The answer he received chilled him with horror! It informed him that she was destined to the possession of one of the most unreasonable, capricious, and malicious of all beings; and even enjoined the disappointed parent to conduct her, as a preliminary to this fatal marriage, to the summit of a certain promontory, and there to leave her solitary and alone.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of Psyche, the despair of her parents, and the apparent grief of her sisters, when this decree and injunction of the oracle was made known. In the midst of this general affliction, Psyche, restored to that serenity which is ever the companion and the reward of virtue, endeavoured to console her mourning family. "I have done nothing to offend the gods," said she; "and what harm will they do to me? If they intend to kill me, I must submit. But why should they hurt me? I have lived but to adore them: I have placed my greatest happiness in obeying their laws: I have helped the poor and the distressed. The children of calamity are my friends; and when I leave this happy maternal dwelling, I shall

carry with me their regret and their benedictions!

Psyche, endeavouring to console herself and her weeping friends by reflections on her own innocence, arrived at last on the fatal rock, where, according to the injunction of the oracle, she was left alone to meditate and to await her fate! As she stood gazing around her, expecting at every instant to see the monster that was to be her husband, she again strove to derive consolation from a reflection on her past conduct, and forming resolutions to endeavour to deprecate his anger, and to appease his fury by that yielding gentleness and sweetness of manners which had hitherto conciliated the good-will and affections of all who knew her. "If the monster marries me," said she, "it will be a proof that he loves me; and in endeavouring to please me, he will cease to be terrible. I will do all I can to please him; and I may perhaps succeed in changing his character. His love for me, and my kindness to him, will soften the asperity of his temper. I cannot think that he will kill me. Monster as he is, he will doubtless consider the protection he will owe to me as my husband."

While Psyche was indulging these reflections, Zephyrus, by order of Cupid, had repaired to the

cavern of the god of sleep to request his aid. The light-winged spirit of the air, passing through a district peopled with innumerable dreams, entered the cave, and drew near to the couch on which reposed the divinity to whom his embassy was directed. Near him stood his three sons, Morpheus, Phobetor, and Phantasia, or Phantasmo. Zephyrus, with a soft imperceptible touch, drew aside the black curtains of the ebony bed, and beheld the god of sleep, "tired Nature's sweet restorer," reposing with a cornucopia in his hand. The aerial messenger, by the gentle fanning of his wings, awoke him, and communicated the orders with which he was charged by Cupid. Somnus arose, and spreading his large shadowy pinions, which seemed to extend over half this sublunary ball, accompanied the gentle envoy to the rock of Psyche, over whose reclining head he shook the poppies that surmounted his leaden sceptre, and she sank down compelled to acknowledge his power. In this soft state of insensibility, attendant Zephyrs took her in their arms; and bearing her over the bosom of the dark-blue sea, placed her in a delightful garden, and laid her on a bank of the green sward, enamelled with flowers, and shaded with myrtle-trees in full blossom. Ze-

phyrus gazed for a moment on the sleeping beauty, sighed over her, and then withdrew.

Psyche soon awoke, and beheld with ecstasy the extraordinary change in her situation. "Surely," said she, "this place must be the abode of the happy, the *séjour* of the gods." After wandering for some time in the labyrinthian paths of this delightful spot, she came near to a palace; the architecture of which, by a happy union of grandeur and simplicity, bore testimony to the exquisitely fine taste and superior skill of its builder. She entered, and walked from room to room, but saw no living being. Her table was sumptuously served, and her toilet prepared, by invisible hands. A concert of celestial music charmed her ears; and she reclined herself on a sofa, overcome with wonder and delight. Suddenly the music ceased, and she heard a voice which thus addressed her: "Fear not, my beloved Psyche! I come, according to the decree of the oracle, to take you for my wife. You will be happy while you can restrain your desire to see me. Give not way to a curiosity that must prove fatal to your peace. Love me, and your felicity will be complete!" Psyche listened, and could not help thinking it was a great pity that the person and temper of the monster were not as

agreeable as his voice, for that was indeed delightful; never before had she heard a sound so sweet.

A grand epithalamium now sounded. Cupid came, but remained invisible, as the instruments of music, the musicians, and the celestial voices that consecrated and hailed his nuptials.

Every evening Cupid renewed his visit, but disappeared in the morning. Psyche soon became so accustomed to his company and conversation, that his absence was painful to her; and she looked forward with tender anxiety to the moment of his return. She loved him; she restrained her curiosity, and was happy.

Time passed rapidly on, and Psyche at length expressed an ardent wish to see her sisters. Cupid reluctantly consented to gratify this desire; but charged her never, on any account, to follow their advice. These princesses were then permitted to visit her in this delightful palace, where they had like to have died with spite and jealousy. The first shock being over, they began to dissemble; and resolving to use every possible means to destroy Psyche's happiness, they told her that the very condition of never seeing her husband ought to give her a disrelish for all the pleasures that surrounded her. They persuaded her that he must

be the most frightful monster that ever was seen; and observed that, according to what common report said of him, he was so capricious and so malignant, that there could be no doubt but he would, ere long, take it into his head to kill her. They concluded by advising her to look at him when he should be asleep; and presenting her with a lamp and a short sword, the point of which they had previously poisoned, they at last obtained from her a promise that, if she should find him frightfully ugly, she would endeavour to despatch him. Poor Psyche! where is now thy happiness? Determining, contrary to the injunctions of Cupid, to follow the advice of her wicked sisters, she watched the moment of his being asleep; and taking the lamp in one hand, and the weapon of destruction in the other, advanced with trembling steps towards the couch on which he reposed. What was her surprise on beholding the beauteous god of love! The sword slid from her hands, and she stood contemplating her lover and her husband in silent ecstasy. Too long, alas! she gazed. Her hand trembled; and a drop of scalding oil from the lamp fell upon his shoulder, and awoke him. On seeing Psyche, and witnessing her curiosity and her disobedience, he flew out of the window. In an agony of despair, the wretched cul-

prit caught hold of one of his feet, and was borne along with him a little way; but he soon disengaged himself from her grasp, and she sunk to the ground, where, with unutterable grief she heard him pronounce this sad farewell: "Adieu, ungrateful Psyche! My mother commanded me to give you a monster for your husband: I gave you myself! And to reward my tenderness, you designed to kill me, even before you knew me. I go to punish your wicked sisters, and you I abandon. Adieu!" Psyche fell into a long swoon; and on coming to herself, her grief and despair were insupportable; and running to the top of a precipice, she threw herself headlong into the waters of a turbulent and rapid river. The presiding spirit of the stream received her with respect. The Naiades came forth from their grottoes to admire her. The river-god raised her in his arms, and bore her on the water, which suddenly stopped its boisterous course, and glided gently along in silvery waves. At length, perceiving a spot covered with soft green moss, and shaded by some weeping-willows, great numbers of which occupied and embellished the banks of the stream, her protector laid her gently down; and from that day the birds were observed to sing sweeter than usual. The evening Zephyrs sighed forth the name of Psyche;.

and the rippling billows seemed to murmur, "On these banks once reposed the beauteous spouse of Cupid, the god of love."

In the mean time, Venus had been informed that an accident had happened to her son. She ran with all a mother's fondness and solicitude to dress his wound; and never ceased her inquiries till she had learnt the circumstance by which he had been so sadly scalded. Her mortification and anger on this occasion knew no bounds. She despatched Mercury in pursuit of the culprit, who, in the lorn, sad feeling of widowhood, was wandering about the world in search of her husband, and striving to elude the vengeance of his mother. In the course of her painful peregrinations, she observed, upon the summit of a mountain, a temple that was dedicated to Ceres. Thitherward she bent her steps, and there implored the protection of the wheat-crowned goddess:—"Oh! suffer an unhappy wanderer," said she, "to elude the persecution of the angry Venus, by hiding herself under the sheaves of corn, which the hand of piety has so liberally laid up in store for an offering on your altars!" Ceres replied, that she would willingly have afforded her protection, but that, as Venus was her cousin, she could not forget the courtesy that was due to her, or break through the rules of

decorum and etiquette, by espousing the cause of a person who had so grievously offended.

Abandoned by Ceres, the beautiful widow now presented herself before Juno, and humbly besought her protection. To this prayer the goddess replied, "Venus is certainly much in the wrong as it respects you, Psyche; I know her to be vindictive in the extreme. She is the very scourge of my family; but what can I do? She is my daughter-in-law, and on that account it would be highly indecorous in me to protect a person against whom she is so highly incensed." Poor Psyche now determined to go and throw herself at the feet of the goddess she had offended, and implore her compassion. But, alas! she sued in vain! Venus was implacable; and the unhappy sufferer heard her give some terrible orders for her punishment: in the midst of which, however, she was interrupted, by being informed that her son had fallen into a swoon. She flew to his relief, and her victim was for a moment forgotten. But she returned with increased fury: gave poor Psyche several blows on the head; tore her clothes; and afterwards conducting her to a barn, in which stood an immense heap of grain, comprising wheat, barley, poppy-seed, millet, pease, beans, &c., all mixed together, commanded her to

separate them in a given space of time on pain of death. Psyche, being now left alone, fixed her eyes in a feeling of despair on the heap of grain, when suddenly she observed the floor covered with an incredible number of ants. These kind pismires (sent, no doubt, by the kind protecting Cupid) set about making the required division; and effected it in half the time that had been allotted for the purpose. Venus now sent her to fetch a golden lock of wool, which she was to take from the back of a sheep, in the midst of a numerous flock that were feeding on a mountain which appeared to be inaccessible. Psyche set off, hopeless of success; but she had not gone far when a cane that grew near a stream of water she was obliged to pass in her way uttered some articulate sounds, directing her how to proceed, in order to obtain the object of her mission! She followed these directions, and soon presented her persecutor with the lock required. Psyche was then sent with a goblet, which she was commanded to fill with a certain black water that flowed from a fountain guarded by furious dragons. Scarcely had she come within sight of the spring, when an eagle seized the vase, and having filled it with water, restored it to the poor wanderer, who gave it, smiling, into the hands of Venus. One farther

proof of her obedience was yet required. The goddess commanded her to descend into the infernal regions, and to obtain from Proserpine a little box filled with an extraordinary cosmetic, which was necessary to restore the bloom that had faded from her cheeks, in consequence of her maternal anxiety for her son. She hoped, too, that it might soften that air of malignity, which recent convulsions of jealousy and anger had thrown over her countenance. Psyche imagining that there was no way by which she could reach the realms of Proserpine but by dying, prepared to throw herself from the top of a high tower; when a voice, which seemed to issue from the stones of the parapet, directed her to go to a certain cavern, in the deepest recesses of which she might descry a road that would conduct her to the place of her destination; and recommended her to provide herself with some cakes, that would be necessary to appease the terrible Cerberus, and a couple of pieces of money for the Stygian ferryman. Psyche followed these directions, and descended towards the Avernus with that security which ever accompanies innocence. Every obstacle fled from before her as she advanced: the shades of the departed looked on her with complacency; Cerberus attempted to lick her pretty feet; Proserpine gave

her the box; and Charon passed her twice in his boat without asking her to pay. Psyche returning with the gift that the queen of Erebus had presented to her in a peculiarly gracious manner, was seized with a strong curiosity to see what the little case contained. After some hesitation, she gently raised the lid, when suddenly there exhaled from the casket an infernal vapour, which enveloped her like a cloud, and she fell down in a state of insensibility. Happily for the curious Psyche, Cupid, who was now in a state of convalescence, was taking the air near the spot that had been the scene of her indiscretion, and the death-like effect it had produced. He flew to her relief, gathered the cloud of vapour again into the box, bade her carry it to his mother, and giving her a kiss of peace, told her that he would go, in the mean time, and solicit Jupiter's consent to the celebration of their marriage in the presence of all the assembled court of Olympus.

The sovereign of the gods, after some good-natured expostulations with his son, acceded to his request; and having convened the gods and goddesses, he announced to them that Cupid having declared that immortality would be to him eternal punishment, without the enjoyments that Psyche alone could give to his existence, he had in his

sovereign good pleasure determined to promote their union. Venus murmured; but Jupiter made use of arguments which soon convinced her that she was in the wrong. The celestial, terrestrial, marine, and infernal divinities, in full assembly, expressed their approbation; and the sovereign of Olympus commanded that Psyche should be introduced. With his own hands Jupiter presented her ambrosia, and thus addressed her: "Receive, beautiful Psyche, this mark of my favour, by which you will partake of the immortality I enjoy." The nuptial benediction was then pronounced; and a ball was given, in which Venus was observed to dance as gaily as any of the company.

In the course of time, Psyche added to the celestial court a young goddess, to whom her delighted parents gave the name of Volupta.

Observations.—In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a very charming group of Cupid and Psyche.

"A lover of the arts," says Sir J. E. Smith, "ought to visit the Farnesina, a little palace on the banks of the Tiber, formerly belonging to the Farnese family, and now to the king of Naples their heir, who has deprived it of several treasures; but, hap-

pily for the observing traveller, cannot rob it of the fresco paintings of Raphael, which constitute its chief riches." The walls of a large hall in this palace are embellished with a superb illustration of the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, divided into twenty-four compartments. Never was any story better exhibited. These incomparable pieces are, indeed, worthy of the pencil and genius of the immortal artist to whose skill and conception they owe their existence.

In an apartment of the Capitoline Museum, called *la Sala del Fauno*, is a very fine piece of statuary, representing Cupid and Psyche. This group was found on the Mount Aventino.

We must not omit to mention a superb group of modern statuary, exhibiting Psyche borne by the Zephyrs, from the chisel of Mr. Gibson, and to be seen in his laboratory at Rome. It is indeed a beautiful group, and does the highest honour to the skill and genius of our young compatriot. Its companion is Hylas carried away by the Naiades, which has been already mentioned in the Observations to the Tale, *Voyage of the Argonauts*, vol. ii. p. 12.

OSIRIS AND ISIS.

A TALE OF EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The mythology of the Greeks bears evident marks of Egyptian, Syrian, or Phœnician origin. We are told that the worship of their gods had been established among those eastern nations long before it was practised in Greece, whither it was brought by colonies that came at different periods to settle in that delightful country.

Multifarious, indeed, were the objects to which the Egyptians offered their religious homage; but the divinities which excited their highest veneration were Osiris and Isis; names consecrated in the annals of Egyptian devotion, and commemorated by monuments,[1] which to this day astonish the observing traveller, and will, doubtless, awaken the wonder and admiration of every new beholder to the latest ages of posterity.

The learned are unanimously of opinion that Osiris was only an ideal being; an allegorical or symbolical representation of the sun, considered as the beneficent principle of life, fertility, and plenty; the tutelar genius of universal vegetation, by whose power the various productions of the earth are brought to perfection, and whose vivifying influence is felt and acknowledged by all creatures, from the time that he visits our hemisphere till he passes into the southern regions of the world.

Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris, is, in like manner, supposed to be the moon; the adventures ascribed to that princess bearing a strong analogy to the progress, changes, appearances, and positions of this luminary in her periodical revolutions, from the time in which the sun passes the vernal equinox till he returns to the same point.

There existed, however, among the Egyptians a sacerdotal legend or history of Osiris and Isis, representing them as an ancient king and queen, whose sovereignty extended over all that fine country which derives its fertility from the periodical overflowings of the Nile;[2] and who, after their decease, were admitted among the gods as a reward for their piety, and for the extraordinary benefits they had conferred upon mankind. The accounts of these illustrious personages, as given

by the priests and poets, are exceedingly confused, and often contradictory. We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to delineate the most prominent traits, and relate in such regular succession and order as we may be able to command, the principal incidents recorded in the history of these grand objects of religious veneration and worship.

Saturn and Rhea are generally said to have been the parents of Osiris, though some authors assert that he was the son of Jupiter-Libyanus, or Ammon; and others pretend that he derived his birth from Phoroneus, king of Argos; and that, having resigned his right of succession in favour of his brother Ægialus, he went with his beloved Isis to settle in Egypt. Different, however, as are the accounts of his origin, all authors agree in describing him as a prince of extraordinary talents and virtues, whose unbounded benevolence was deservedly rewarded by the favour of the gods, and the religious veneration of the nations over whom he reigned. Plutarch relates that on the day of his birth a supernatural voice was heard, crying, "To-day is born the supreme master of the universe, the great Osiris, the beneficent king!"

Endowed with the most favourable and happy dispositions for the acquirement of knowledge and virtue, Osiris, even in his early childhood, evinced

an ardent désire to be instructed in the sacred fables, which contained lessons of wisdom adapted to the understandings of children. His thirst for knowledge increased with his years, and he constantly manifested a degree of wisdom and intelligence superior to his age. He listened with respect and attention to the instructions of his father, and delighted in the society of persons distinguished for learning and goodness; constantly striving to manifest by his conduct the amiable impressions which their precepts and advice had made on his mind. As he grew up, he became the admiration of the old, and a model of good conduct for the young; discovering in all his actions that calm and steady exercise of reason, which is rarely found except among good men in the decline of life. To aged persons of all ranks he was particularly respectful, constantly giving them the precedence in the streets; and rising to offer his seat even to the meanest of his father's subjects whom he beheld bending under the weight of years. To his companions, and persons of his own age, he was kind and attentive; and there was scarcely an inhabitant of the country in which he lived to whom he had not either personally or relatively rendered some essential service.

Osiris had a brother named Typhon, whose dis-

position, taste, sentiments, and character, formed a striking contrast with those of this amiable young prince. From his very childhood, Typhon discovered a rooted aversion to his teachers and to their lessons, was disobedient to his parents, unkind to his brother, and grew up the avowed enemy of all who were distinguished for learning or goodness. Plutarch, in his account of Osiris, observes, that Typhon ought to be considered as the evil principle—a personification of all that is disorderly in nature.

At an early period of life Osiris married the virtuous and amiable Isis; a princess respecting whose birth and origin authors exceedingly disagree; some representing her as the Grecian Io, daughter of Inachus, and others pretending that her parents were Saturn and Rhea, and that she was the sister as well as the wife of Osiris. This prince, soon after his marriage, was raised to the throne by the unanimous suffrages of the people, who being persuaded that an ignorant and wicked man would make a very bad king, disdained to be the subjects of the infamous Typhon.

Isis shared the sovereignty with her husband; and their reign was a source of happiness, not only to the Egyptians, but to the world at large, on account of their many useful inventions, the know-

ledge of which they liberally diffused among the nations, teaching men the arts of agriculture, the cultivation of corn and leguminous plants; so that they learned to nourish themselves with the vegetable productions of the earth, instead of feasting on the flesh of their brethren of the dust.

To Osiris is ascribed the foundation of the Egyptian Thebes, the city with a hundred gates, afterwards called Diospolis, in which he caused to be erected a magnificent temple to Jupiter-Ammon. By his direction other temples were also raised in honour of other divinities, and priests were appointed to superintend the ceremonies of religious worship.

Osiris and Isis taught their subjects the use of metals. Iron was formed into weapons of defence, or for destroying beasts of prey, and into ploughshares, pruning-hooks, and other useful implements of husbandry, while gold and silver were used for adorning the temples of the gods. Isis taught also the use of flax; and Osiris, according to the Egyptians, was the first who discovered the vine, planted a vineyard, and drank of the juice of the grape.

Among the potentates who have at different periods divided the empire of the world, none ever displayed so much wisdom in the choice of officers

and favourites. Osiris chose for his prime minister Hermes, or Mercury, so famous for his sagacity and aptitude in the invention of all that could be useful or agreeable to man. He it was that gave names to the various productions of nature, that first taught the use of letters, discovered the harmony of sounds, and the order of the heavenly bodies, which, in their regular and sublime march, were believed to utter sounds of melody that formed a concert to the deity, and has been denominated the *music of the spheres.*[3] To Mercury is also attributed the invention of the lyre; together with that of all the gymnastic exercises which contribute to give strength, grace and beauty to the human form. In the twofold capacity of prime minister and privy-counsellor, Mercury had constant access to the presence of Osiris, and became his beloved friend and companion.

After having passed several years in successful endeavours to advance and establish the happiness of his people, Osiris became anxious to acquire glory and renown by a more extensive diffusion of his benefits. For this purpose he assembled a numerous, but peaceful army (if army it might be called), consisting of multitudes of men and women skilled in the various arts of life, particularly those of rural industry; and having regulated the affairs

of his kingdom, he consigned the regency to his beloved Isis, appointed Mercury to be her privy-counsellor, nominated Hercules governor of the maritime provinces, and then departed.

The travelling-dress and equipage of this prince were very splendid. He wore a luminous or flame-coloured cloak, and rode in a chariot of pure gold, drawn by lions. In this glorious and philanthropic expedition Osiris was accompanied by two of his sons, whose names were Anubis and Macedon, and also by his brother Apollo-Musagetes, the Muses, Pan, Triptolemus, and Maron, with a gallant band of musicians, and artists of all descriptions.

Conducted by this pompous escort, the Egyptian monarch proceeded to Ethiopia; in every part of which extensive country he was received with acclamations of joy, and honoured as a god. A joyous troop of satyrs here joined themselves to his company, and amused him with songs and dancing. Osiris succeeded in the grand design of humanising the inhabitants of this vast country; teaching them to cultivate the earth, to plant vineyards, to build cities, and to appreciate the arts of peace.

While this good prince was engaged in these benevolent occupations, the great river Oceanus, afterwards called Ægyptus, and now the Nile, by

an extraordinary elevation of its waters, overflowed the whole country, and caused a deluge which threatened to destroy every living thing. This awful calamity was, however, averted by the timely intervention of Hercules, who constructed dykes, and caused the waters to return into their appointed channel.

Osiris now passed into Arabia, proceeded along the coast of the Red sea; then advanced into India, and visited the most remote countries of the East. In India he built a city, which he called Nysa, after the name of the Arabian town where some say he was born. He introduced among the inhabitants the use of corn and wine; and with a variety of other plants, is said to have given them the ivy, which in the Egyptian language was called by a name that signified *the plant of Osiris.*

Osiris having made his way through the various countries of Asia, at length came into Europe, where he killed Lycurgus, king of Thrace, for daring to oppose his projects of benevolence. In Greece he left Maron to preside over the cultivation of the vine; gave the country since called Macedonia to his son Macedon; and established Triptolemus in Attica, where he taught the inhabitants the culture and use of corn.

Osiris having merited the gratitude of all na-

tions for the benefits he had dispersed among them, at length returned into Egypt, crowned with blessings, and laden with gifts and tributes of affection, presented to him by the inhabitants of the different countries through which he had passed, and in all of which he had left some glorious traces of his unbounded goodness.

Observations.—In the Vatican Museum is a superb statue of the Nile in black marble; he holds a large cornucopia in one hand, and has a sphinx couched underneath him. Sixteen amorini, or Cupids, are playing about him; representing, according to Pliny, the annual risings of the river, which generally attained the height of sixteen cubits. The water seems to fall down from under a part of his robe which conceals his urn, to denote that the source of this river had not been discovered by the ancients. (In some modern statues his head is for this reason covered with his mantle.) This noble statue is in black marble; in allusion to the Nile coming from Ethiopia, where the people are all black.

On the base of this statue is sculptured the natural history of the hippopotamus and the crocodile, their combats, and the manner in which the ancient Egyptians used to attack them in boats.

These animals are supposed to be the behemoth and the leviathan of the Holy Scriptures.

In the Villa Albani is another statue of the Nile, in Egyptian marble.

In the Piazza Navona at Rome is a fountain adorned with four colossal statues, made from models of the Cavaliere Bernini, representing the four principal rivers of the world. The Ganges, with an oar in his hand, sculptured by Mr. Adam: the Nile, by Antonio Fancelli: the Rio de la Plata, by Francesco Baratti; and the Danube, by Andrea Lombardi. These statues throw an immense quantity of water into a very large concha, or shell, formed of one solid piece of marble, found in the Palazzo di Cancelleria, which joined the famous portico of Pompey.

In the Villa Albani near Rome is a superb statue of Osiris, seven feet high, formed of the most beautiful oriental alabaster, and another in rosso-antico.

Notes.—1 *Monuments.* The pyramids: the largest of which is supposed to cover the grave of Osiris, and which rising gradually from a base, that in its utmost extent circumscribes eleven acres of ground, points its superb top towards heaven: a monument worthy of the divinity to whose honour it was erected.

Lucan calls the pyramids *the sublime altars of the gods, at the foot of which the faithful prefer their prayers.*—See an interesting account of the pyramids in the " Sequel " to this work.

2 *Nile.* Lower Egypt derives its abundant fertility from the Nile, which by its annual overflowings supplies the country with soil and moisture. The tutelar divinity of the Nile was considered as the chief of all the river-gods, and was sometimes called Jupiter Pluvius, and the Egyptian Jupiter.

3 *Music of the spheres.* Pythagoras taught a doctrine respecting the spheres similar to the notion held by the Egyptians: he pretended (as we have seen in a preceding note) that each of the planets belonging to our solar system (of which only seven were then known) rendered a sound, and altogether formed a heptachord, of which the sun was the *mesa*, or centre. The system of the Samian philosopher respecting the harmony of the spheres, and the eternal concert produced by their various motions and respective distances from each other, was very generally approved. His disciples were accustomed to name the planetary system *the lyre of the supreme god.*

Those who have made the greatest advances in the study of astronomy will not fail, even while they are sensible of the error, to perceive and admire the beauty and sublimity of this grand idea. It is an hypothesis so admirably adapted to the spirit of poesy, that there has scarcely existed a bard of ancient or modern

times that has not made allusions to it. • The Psalmist seems to have been animated by a similar sentiment, when he exclaims in the loftiest strains of Hebrew poetry, " The heavens declare thy glory," &c. Quotations, illustrative of this beautiful hypothesis, may be cited without number from the works of our modern poets.

When yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time.
CAMPBELL.

The pellucid tide
That whirls the planets through their maze of song.
MOORE.

When the rapt Samian
Saw around him move in mystic choir,
The stars of song, heaven's burning minstrelsy!
MOORE.

Without supposing, like the ancients, that the planets emitted any sensible or real sound, the contemplative and pious mind will dwell with pleasure on the reflection, that these, as well as other objects of inanimate creation, express in a voice, audible only to the understanding, it is true, but to that sufficiently striking, the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

ADDISON.

OSIRIS AND ISIS.[1]

PART THE SECOND.

OSIRIS, on his return to Egypt, found that his brother Typhon, by exciting conspiracies and rebellion among the people, had introduced the greatest disorder and misery into the kingdom. The famous Thebes had been attacked by a host of Scythians, a barbarous people whom Typhon had by various artifices contrived to attach to his interest, and was on the point of being pillaged and destroyed, when the gods, determining to protect a city which exhibited so sublime a monument of the skill and piety of the virtuous Osiris, put the whole hostile army to flight, by causing them to be seized with a sudden panic terror, that induced them to turn their arms against each other, and to retreat precipitately into their own country.. The grateful Egyptians, shouting for joy, repaired in

crowds to the temples to express their gratitude, and to offer their thanksgivings to the gods, for this miraculous deliverance. The high-priest predicted the speedy return of Osiris; and the event justified the prediction.

Announced by the acclamations of the joyous multitude that had accompanied him in his travels, the prince arrived, and was received with transports of joy by his beloved Isis, his family, and his adoring subjects. By his wise and prudent administration, he soon succeeded in delivering the people from the confusion and trouble in which his brother had involved them, and they were restored to peace and happiness. Typhon was treated with clemency, and even with kindness. But this obdurate and wicked prince, who was alike incapable of repentance or gratitude, now strove to effect by stratagem that ruin which he had not been able to bring on his brother by open rebellion.

Having gained over to his interests the queen of a certain part of Ethiopia, and associated in his projects a number of brigands who were disposed to aid him in his nefarious designs, Typhon caused a splendid banquet to be prepared, to which Osiris and the principal nobility were invited. The unsuspecting monarch, unwilling to

mortify his brother by refusing his invitation, kindly honoured the feast with his presence. The repast was sumptuous, and the company very gay.

After dinner, Typhon endeavoured to amuse his guests by showing them many curious objects of mechanical art; amongst which, the most magnificent was a trunk or coffer of a large size, and enriched with carvings and ornaments of exquisite taste and beauty. All expressed their admiration of this coffer; and Typhon at length proposed to make it a present to him of the party whose length it should exactly fit. Several of the company, who knew themselves to be too short or too tall, successively lay down, or attempted to lie down in it. Osiris was prevailed on to do the same; but scarcely had this unwary prince stretched himself therein, when Typhon shut it, jumped on the cover, had it soldered down, and then caused the trunk to be thrown into the Nile, whence, by the rapidity of the stream, it was soon conveyed to the sea.

The unhappy Isis being apprised of her misfortune, immediately engaged her son Orus to take arms against the wicked Typhon; and clothing herself in a habit of deep mourning, wandered away in search of the coffer that contained the dead body of her husband. In her way she met

with some young children, who, in answer to her inquiries about the coffer, directed her to one of the most easterly mouths of the Nile, by which it communicates with the sea near Tanis. To reward these children for the information they had given her, Isis endowed them with the gift of prophecy, and then pursued her way, taking with her her faithful guardian Anubis.[2] The chest in the mean time had been transported to Byblos, and there lodged in the branches of a tamarisk-bush, which quickly became a large and beautiful tree, enclosing the chest in such a manner that it could not be seen. The king of the country ordered it to be cut down, and made of it a pillar to support the roof of his palace; the chest being still concealed within the trunk. These circumstances being communicated to Isis by a supernatural voice, she went to Byblos, and sat down by a fountain near the column that contained the object of her anxious search. As she sat weeping and lamenting, she was observed by some ladies of the court, who, taking pity on her, invited her into the palace. She was afterwards introduced to the king and queen, who were so much pleased with her, that she was by their special appointment established in their household as wet-nurse to their youngest son. Isis fed the infant by caus-

ing it to suck one of her fingers: she likewise put him every night into the fire, to consume all that in him was mortal; while, transforming herself into a swallow, she hovered round the pillar lamenting her sad fate. The queen happened one night to surprise the nurse while the infant lay surrounded by the flames, upon which she uttered a violent scream, and thus deprived the child of immortality. The goddess then discovered herself, and requested that the pillar might be given to her. On obtaining it she cut it carefully open, and possessed herself of the coffer she had so long and so earnestly sought for.

Being now in possession of the object of her painful pursuit, she embarked with the young prince on board a vessel bound to Egypt. As they passed the mouth of the river Phædrus, early in the morning, it sent forth a sharp piercing wind. Isis being displeased, caused the stream to dry up. Being arrived at a desert place, she opened the coffer, and wept bitterly: the child, who stood behind her, observed the cause of her grief, when, turning round, she cast on him such a fierce look that he died with terror. Having taken the corpse of her husband with her to Egypt, she determined to direct her course towards Boutos, in order to visit the ancient nurse and guardian of

her son Orus.[3] Being arrived at the place of her destination, she went one evening to seek repose in a wood, and accordingly laid herself to sleep under a shady tree, having first taken care to deposit the coffer in a retired spot near the place she occupied. Unfortunately for the unhappy Isis, Typhon, who was hunting a bear by moonlight, soon after made his way into this very wood, accompanied by a party of hunters: the chest was discovered, and borne away in triumph. Typhon tore from it the corpse of his murdered brother, and cut it in pieces, which he dispersed over the country. Isis now wandered again in search of those remains that Typhon had so wantonly and cruelly scattered to the winds of heaven. In this second search the princess sailed over the fenny parts of the country in a boat made of papyrus. Isis finding the fragments of her husband's body, caused each piece to be buried in the place where it was found, and raised over it a monument to the memory of the deceased. Some authors say, that for every piece she had an entire figure of her husband made in wax, in which figure it was enclosed. Some parts of the body had been thrown into the Nile: of these, as she could not honour them with the rites of sepulture, she caused wooden models to be made, and consigned them

to the care of certain priests, who carried them with great pomp and solemnity in the annual processions that were instituted in commemoration of the adventures and fate of Osiris.

Isis having thus honoured the remains of her beloved husband, now joined her son Orus in combating the horrible Typhon.

The soul of Osiris had in the mean time descended into the place of shades, called Amentes, Ades, and the infernal regions, where he obtained the name of Serapis;[4] and during his *séjour* in these sombre regions Isis had borne him a posthumous son, named Harpocrates. The spirit of the great Osiris now issued from the tomb resplendent with light and glory, and assisted Isis in her warfare with the wicked prince Typhon, whom she soon made her prisoner; but having had the weakness to let him go, Orus became so angry, that he deprived her of her empire, and took away her royal diadem. Mercury, however, restored her to her former dignity; and instead of a diadem gave her a helmet, bearing the figure of a bull's head, which she wore during the rest of her reign. Some writers relate that Isis died at Memphis, and that her body was enclosed in a shrine, case, or coffin, made in the form of a cow.

Observations.—In the busts of Serapis-Pluto, the head is always to be distinguished from that of Jupiter by the different disposition of the hair. To render the physiognomy darker and more severe, the locks fall over the forehead, as may be seen on a colossal head of Serapis in the Villa Pansili; and on another of black basaltes in the Palazzo Giustiniani. In the Capitoline Gallery is a head of Serapis in marble; of which the beard is divided in the middle, and forms two points. There is a similar head, wrought in alto-relievo, on an agate in the Farnese Gallery at Naples.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is an engraving that represents Serapis sitting in a boat or small ship, with a figure of Fortune behind him; each of them has a bucket or bushel on his head. Isis, as the goddess of navigation, is standing and steering the ship.

In the Villa Albani are a great number of fine Egyptian statues; among them is one distinguished by the name of "the Idol," made of *plasma di smeraldo:* it has the appearance of greenish basaltes. There is also a fine statue of Serapis in basaltes, and a Canopus said to be made of touchstone.

A room in the Capitol, distinguished by the name of *la Sala del Canopo,* contains, besides the Canopus (a large jug with a human head), from

which it takes its name, a great many Egyptian figures.

In the private study of the immortal Michael Angelo, an apartment still held sacred in the Palazzo Buonarotti at Florence, is a pretty little figure of Isis suckling her son Orus, in Egyptian marble. In this figure the head of Isis is human.

Notes.—1 *Osiris and Isis.* This tale exhibits but an imperfect sketch of the adventures of Osiris and Isis, as transmitted to us by Diodorus, Plutarch, Synesius, and other authors; some of whom have entered into long details respecting farther combats between Orus and Typhon, and other adventures of Isis: details that are very confused, and often contradictory. Suffice it to observe, that in the incidents here traced, astronomers have recognised a striking correspondence with the aspects and appearances of the heavens (considered with the hieroglyphic figures which have served to group the stars into constellations), and the relative positions of the two great luminaries which the great Creator of the universe has given for signs and for seasons, and appointed to regulate the order of nature and the progress of vegetation.

Many were the tombs and funeral monuments erected to the memory of these imaginary sovereigns of Egypt. Diodorus mentions two near the town of Nysa in Ara-

bia, which were very remarkable, on account of a curious inscription on a column raised over each. The first ran thus: "I am the king Osiris, who conducted my armies into every part of the world, even into the remotest countries of India. I went beyond the Danube, and passed the utmost boundaries of the ocean. I am the eldest son of Saturn: I was born of a brilliant and magnificent egg, my substance being the same as that of the light; and there is not a place in the universe that has not partaken of my benefits, and rejoiced in my presence."

The second inscription was as follows: "I am Isis, queen of this country. I was the pupil of Mercury; and no one can annul or destroy the laws that I have given. I am the eldest daughter of Saturn, and the sister and wife of the great Osiris. It was I who first taught mortals the use of wheat. I am the mother of the king Orus. The city of Bubastis was built in my honour. Rejoice, O Egypt! rejoice thou land of my nativity!"

In the sacred or hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians, Osiris and Isis were represented by an infinite variety of figures, of which the most common were the ox and the cow. The living symbols, under which they were worshipped, were the sacred bulls Apis and Mnevis; animals which historians have represented as appropriate emblems of persons who had instructed mortals in the arts of agriculture; while astronomers have considered them as living representations of the

celestial bull, the sign of the Zodiac in which, at that remote period (2700 years before the Christian era), the sun had his exaltation, or, in other words, passed the vernal equinox. At this astronomical point the day begins to assume an empire over the night; and the poets have sung the triumphs of Osiris (the good genius) over Typhon and the powers of darkness.

Some authors have imagined that Osiris, Serapis, and Isis, were deities that comprehended all nature, and all the gods of the heathens; that Serapis is the same as Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Bacchus, Æsculapius, Pan, &c.; and by these, Isis is said to be the Venus of Cyprus, the Minerva of Athens, the Cybele of the Phrygians, the Ceres of Eleusis, the Proserpine of Sicily, the Diana of Crete, the Bellona of the Romans, &c.

The worship of these divinities was introduced into Rome in the time of Sylla, and was abolished about sixty years before Christ. The Isia, or festivals of Isis, being celebrated with great licentiousness, the statues of Serapis, Isis, Harpocrates, and Anubis, were overthrown, and driven out of the Capitol by order of the senate. They were restored about two hundred years after by the emperor Commodus, who prided himself in being a priest of Isis.

The statues of Isis sometimes represented a fine woman bearing in her hand a sistrum, surmounted by a globe; and sometimes she was figured as a woman with the head of a cow. Those of Osiris represented

him as a middle-aged man, having on his head a mitre, below which appeared two horns: in one hand he bore a pastoral staff, and in the other a whip with three cords (intended, without doubt, to urge the horses of the sun). Sometimes he is figured as a man with a hawk's head, and sometimes as merely a stick or a sceptre with an eye on its top.

2 *Anubis.* According to Lempriere, this Egyptian divinity most commonly bore the form of a man with the head of a dog, and wearing a sheep-skin to cover his body. Some fancy him to be Mercury, because he is not unfrequently represented with a *caduceus.* Many authors call him the brother of Osiris; but he is more generally asserted to be his son by Nepthys, the wife of Typhon, who to the disturbed imagination of this beneficent prince appeared to be his beloved Isis.

3 *Orus.* The mythological account of the Egyptian Orus is very confused: he is generally considered as the son of Osiris and Isis. The Greeks have identified him with their Apollo; by which it should seem that he had indeed some relation to the sun. Some have considered him as a personification of the light; while Osiris represented the genial influence, the creative principle, the good genius, the beneficent dispenser of life and plenty in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Obelisks, being symbolical representations of the solar rays, were dedicated to Orus; and in an inscription on the famous Heliopolitan obelisk Orus

is termed the supreme lord and author of time, the renovator and preserver of nature, who overcomes Typhon, and restores the dominion of Osiris. Isis is frequently represented as suckling the infant Orus. In this occupation her head is sometimes human, and sometimes that of a bullock.

4 *Serapis.* This divinity seems to have been a personification of the vital principle, in the state of decrepitude or diminution periodically ascribed to the grand objects of Egyptian veneration. This name was accordingly applied to Osiris, or the sun in his course through the winter signs, and to the Nile when retired within its banks. Serapis was said to preside over Amentes, an imaginary place in the centre of the earth, inhabited by the spirits of the dead while languishing in a state of inactivity, the interval which elapsed till they were permitted to begin their career of transmigration; first into the bodies of terrestrial brute animals, then into those of fishes, afterwards into birds, and lastly into human bodies, to go through a new state of rational existence and probation necessary to that final allotment of the soul, for the enjoyment of which the metempsychosis was considered as a purgatorial preparation. The statue of Serapis, when personified in his Nilotic influence, or as the Egyptian Jupiter, bore on his head a bucket, bushel, or other vessel of liquid measure, and a nilometer or instrument for fathoming the water. When considered as Osiris, or the sun in his course through the inferior

zodiacal signs, he bore the name of the Egyptian Pluto; and in his empire over departed spirits, he was found to correspond with the Grecian Æsculapius. Sick-persons were carried to his temple. The Egyptians attributing all maladies to the agency of demons or departed spirits, it was natural for them to apply for relief to the divinity who held the agents of disease *under his control.* The serpent and the cock, which in Grecian fable were symbolical emblems, or consecrated victims to the healing god of Epidaurus, were also attributes of Serapis.

In the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt, a colossal statue of Serapis was brought from Pontus in Asia Minor, placed with great solemnity in the city of Alexandria, and honoured as the presiding deity of that flourishing capital. The priests who went to pay their devotions to the newly-arrived divinity observed at his feet the figures of Cerberus and a dragon, upon which they gave him the name of Serapis-Pluto.

At Canopus, a city of Egypt, which took its name from the pilot of the vessel of Menelaus, who was buried there, was a magnificent temple to the Egyptian Jupiter, or Serapis of the Nile; who, as presiding over water, was there worshipped under the form of a large jug or pitcher called Canopus. The mother of Apellides went to this temple to pray for the health of her son; making to the jug-formed divinity an offering of a magnificent lamp, which contained three hun-

dred and sixty-five lights. This lamp, falling into the possession of the Romans, was afterwards placed in the temple of Jupiter-Dionysius at Tarentum.

In the city of Præneste, near Rome, was a superb temple of Serapis, built by Caius Valerius Hermaricus, and near it another temple of great beauty, consecrated to Fortune.

The beautiful remains of a temple of Jupiter Serapis are still to be seen in a poor garden adjoining to the town of Puzzuolo, near Naples. These ruins are thus described by the late Sir J. E. Smith: "The pavement and ground-plan are more entire than perhaps in any other ancient temple. Bronze rings, to which the victims were fastened, and channels in the floor with a perforated stone to let the blood pass, are still in perfect preservation. Scarcely any part of the superstructure remains standing, except three very fine fluted columns: many fragments of the architrave of the door, and other ornaments, are scattered around, and exhibit an uncommon degree of delicacy and elegance of sculpture. The reason of their fine preservation we read in the chronicle of Nature herself. It is truly astonishing to observe, that the sea has been over this place to a great height since the temple was built, though now many feet below it; and it is no less certain that it must have been stationary above it for a considerable time. This we learn from the three columns still standing. About the length of six feet of the middle of their shafts, and no other parts, are perforated by the

myrtilus lithophagus, or stone-eating muscle. It appears, therefore, that some convulsion having changed the level of this spot of ground, the sea overflowed the temple, and brought with it a quantity of soil sufficient to bury many feet perpendicular of the edifice; and must have so remained a sufficient time for these muscles to take possession of such parts of the columns as were above the soil, but under water. After some time, another convulsion restoring the sea to what was probably its ancient bounds, the building was left dry, and half buried in the earth: which being removed some years ago at the expense of the king of Naples, all the lower part of the temple was found in the perfect state we now see it."

CONQUESTS OF BACCHUS.

ORPHEUS[1] is said to have introduced the worship of Osiris and Isis into Greece, where they received divine honours under the name of Bacchus and Ceres.

This prince had, by the charms of his poetry and the dogmas of his theology, acquired much celebrity among the Greeks, by whom he was received and honoured with the most flattering marks of favour and distinction, and particularly by the Thebans. In return for their kindness, Orpheus sought to flatter their ambition, and gratify their vanity, by insinuating that the divinity whose worship he had recently introduced was originally a native of their country, the grandson of the founder of their city, the immortal Cadmus.

Hence the Greeks, in their accounts of Bacchus, have advanced the period of his birth to the time when his worship was established among them.

We find this people, in many other instances, appropriating to themselves the divinities of other nations. One striking instance is their adoption of the great Hercules, whose worship had been established in Egyptian Thebes and Tyre, as had been that of Bacchus in Arabia and Ethiopia, several ages before the adventures of Semele, or the birth of the pretended son of Alcmena.

Many are the countries that have disputed the honour of giving birth to Bacchus. His exploits have been extolled, and his praises sung, where the benefits of the sun[a] have been acknowledged: of which great luminary, considered as the beneficent principle, the genius of vegetation, Bacchus was undoubtedly a symbolical representation. It is from the fragments of innumerable legends and poems that the confused traditions respecting this grand object of religious veneration have been collected. They are full of contradictions, which learned authors of more ancient times endeavoured to reconcile, by supposing that there were many divinities and conquerors who bore the name of Bacchus. Diodorus mentions three; Cicero five; and the number has been multiplied by other

writers, who all seem to agree in acknowledging these Bacchuses to be sons of Jupiter, though they differ widely in their accounts of the name and country of their mothers. The modern literati are however of opinion, that all these namesake divinities may be properly reduced to one; namely, the sun, whose benefits have been sung by different people, in different countries, and at different periods. We shall here give a sketch of the wonderful adventures of the Grecian Bacchus, taken from the "Dionysiaca;" a long poem, in forty-eight cantos, written by Nonnus, a Greek writer of the 5th century; leaving it to the learned world to decide whether this sacred fable is best expounded by the astronomer or the historian.

The Hours, daughters of Themis, stood ready to receive the infant Bacchus on his liberation from the thigh of Jupiter. They placed on his head a crown of ivy; among the leaves of which was coiled a cerastes, or horned serpent. Thus adorned, they presented him to Mercury, who bore him through the air to the dwelling of the Hyades; nymphs appointed by Jupiter to take charge of his infancy. But Juno, pursuing this child with the jealous fury that had instigated her conduct towards his unfortunate mother, caused the nymphs to be seized with a sudden frenzy; and the infant

being necessarily withdrawn from their care, was consigned to that of his aunt, Ino, who afterwards became the victim of Juno's hatred.

The young Bacchus was greatly protected by Cybele, or Rhea, who was said to be the wife of Ammon. This goddess taught him, while yet a child, to drive a car drawn by lions. The car became the favourite object of his amusement; and he was frequently seen in it, advancing in a sort of triumph, accompanied by young Pans, fauns, and other hoofed sylvani, who diverted themselves by dancing round him. Sometimes they were sportively busied in throwing flowers at him, while he bathed in the waters of the Pactolus, the banks of which beautiful river are enamelled with blossoms of a thousand hues. At other times the lively Bacchus was seen playing with the young satyrs on the mountains of Phrygia. Among these sylvan companions of his childhood was one named Ampelus, to whom he became particularly attached. This little daring satyr taking it one day into his head to mount upon the back of a bull, the animal threw him, and he was killed by the fall. Bacchus, overwhelmed with affliction at this tragical event, was with the greatest difficulty prevailed on to quit the spot where his young friend had died.

About this time the four Seasons, daughters of Anna Perenna, or the year, went to make a visit to their father in the palace of the Sun. One of these four nymphs, whose name was Autumn, besought Jupiter to let her have the charge of expressing the juice from the fruit of a plant called the vine; which, as she had been informed, was soon to make its appearance upon the earth, and gladden the hearts of its inhabitants. The sovereign of the gods smiled on the nymph; and, with an air of approbation and encouragement, pointed to the palace of Hermione, the walls of which were covered with tablets. On the first of these tablets was inscribed the history of Ophion, and that of Saturn, with all the variety of events which marked the period called the first age of the world. On the second tablet were traced the changes and vicissitudes of the second age; the third, the fourth, and so on to the deluge, by which the last of these periods was terminated. On another tablet was exhibited the destinies of Io, Argus, Philomela, &c.; and in the back-ground was the representation of a lion, followed by a virgin, holding in one hand some ears of corn, and in the other a star, called the fair star of the vintage, or the *vendangeuse*. The nymph passed quickly on to the next, which was the object of

her search. Here appeared the figure of Ganymedes, pouring nectar from his cup; and an inscription, importing that the vine and its fruit should be consecrated to Bacchus, as the oak had been to Jupiter, the laurel to Apollo, the olive-tree to Minerva, and the rich productions of harvest to Ceres.

Bacchus, still grieving for the loss of his young friend, repaired one day to the place where he had expired, there to indulge his sorrows and to express his lamentations. The ground was yet stained with blood, on which the mourner gazed and wept. Suddenly a rushing noise was heard, and a Parca appeared, exclaiming: "If Bacchus weeps, it is that the world may rejoice. Ampelus is not entirely dead; his shade has not yet passed the banks of Acheron; he will appear again to mortals in a new form, presenting a source of delicious liquor, little inferior to the nectar of the gods." Scarcely had she done speaking, when Bacchus perceived a tree of an uncommon form rising from the ground, and stretching its flexible branches towards him, as if desirous of being trained and guided by his hand. The young mourner wept no longer. A smile of joy animated his youthful countenance. He entwined the newly-unfolded leaves with his crown of ivy; and pressing

the fruit with his fingers, strained the luscious juice into a bullock's horn, which served him for a cup.

Consoled by this happy metamorphosis of his young friend, or rather by this production of his blood, the vine-crowned divinity employed himself in cultivating the new plant, and endeavouring to carry to perfection the art of preparing the liquor it produced. While he was thus engaged, Jupiter despatched the divine Iris to the palace of Rhea, with orders that Bacchus should forthwith assemble an army, and penetrate into the country, directing his course towards India; there to exterminate a nation who wickedly braved the power of the gods, and to kill their king, Rixus or Deriade, *the enormous serpent born from the waters of the river*, who rendered himself formidable by the number of his ships. He was also commanded to plant the vine in the country that should be the theatre of his conquests, and establish therein his own festivals or orgies. Iris added, that these were the conditions on which the Hours would one day be permitted to open to him the gates of heaven; into which celestial abode access could only be obtained by some important labour. "Jupiter himself," said the goddess, "was not admitted till after he had vanquished the Titans."

In obedience to the celestial mandate, Bacchus prepared for his expedition; and Cybele sent out her choristers and dancers to assemble an army. The enterprise was joyous, and it promised to be glorious. The people came trooping from all parts, and formed a motley multitude, composed of Corybantes, Curetes, Libyans, Sicilians, Italians, under the command of Faunus; Samothracians, under that of Hemathion; Centaurs, Cyclops, Satyrs, Pan, Maron, and other companions of Osiris; together with Oreades, Bacchantes, and many of the heroes who figured in the Argonautic expedition. All these hastened to join the standard of their chief, who sat in a car drawn by panthers and tigers, and was accompanied by his preceptor, Silenus, mounted on a donkey. Bacchus, on this occasion, was covered with a rich armour. His buskins were of deer-skin; and over all he wore a luminous mantle or cloak, the embroidery of which represented the firmament, with innumerable stars and planets. Scarcely was this extraordinary army assembled when the beautiful Electra appeared brilliant in the heavens, forming the seventh star of the Pleiades; an apparition that was considered as a certain presage of success and victory.

A peal of thunder sounded the signal for the

march, and the multitude set forward, each individual armed with a thyrsis (a sort of pike or lance covered with vine-leaves and tendrils), and many, in addition to this, carrying cymbals and other musical instruments. Their progress was rapid, and marked with benefits to the countries through which they passed. Every where they taught the people the arts of rural industry, and particularly the culture of the vine. The people were subdued by kindness; and the arms of Bacchus and his followers were unstained with blood.

The scene at length changed; for arriving on the banks of the river Astucus or Cancer, they saw on the opposite shore an army of Indians, who were prepared to dispute their passage. Nothing could equal the insolence of their general, Astrais; but Bacchus changing the water of this river into wine, the greater number of these his enemies died of intoxication; and the rest, on his crossing the stream, became an easy conquest: few of them escaped; but in that small number was the general Astrais.

Soon after the defeat of Astrais and his troops Bacchus became enamoured of a beautiful nymph named Nysa. Long was his pursuit, and great his difficulties to overcome the pride of the maiden, and the resolution she had formed never to marry.

At last, however, he succeeded; and by this union had a daughter, whom he called Telete. Here he laid the foundation of a city, to which he gave the name of Nysa.

Bacchus now once more marched his army against the Indians; taking his course through the fruitful territories of Alyba, a fine province of Mysia, which is watered by the river Eudis. In this country he received some particular marks of hospitality and friendship from an old shepherd named Brongus; to whom, as a reward for his kindness, he gave several vine-plants, with instructions respecting their culture. He then pursued his way into Syria, where he again met an army of the enemy, commanded by Orontes, the brother-in-law of Deriade. Here the two chiefs fought hand to hand: Orontes wounded himself mortally with his own hand; and his foot slipping, he fell into the river, which has ever since borne his name. The nymphs wept the loss of the brave but unfortunate son of Hydaspes. Pan sang the victories of Bacchus; and Blemys, the Indian chief who had succeeded Orontes, came forward, bearing an olive-branch in his hand, to sue for peace.

The fame of the conqueror now resounded through the vast regions of Assyria. Staphylus,

a prince who reigned over a part of this extensive country, came with his queen Methe, his son Botrys, and a faithful follower named Pithos, to welcome him, and invite him to their palace. The invitation being accepted, a superb banquet was prepared, at which Bacchus furnished the wine; a beverage which proved most grateful to the taste of all the royal family; who, being ignorant of its intoxicating qualities, quaffed it freely, and at last became a little inebriated. In this state they began to hail their guest, and to praise him with loud vociferations: after which they danced and laughed and frisked to a late hour, and then retired to rest.

In the night Bacchus was warned in a dream to renew his attacks on the enemy without delay. He accordingly set forward at break of day. The queen, Methe, still slept; but Staphylus and the young prince arose, and accompanied him to the outer gates of the palace. At parting they made him a present of a beautiful cup; expressed their kindest wishes for his success, and urged him to pursue his conquests; reminding him of the victory of Jupiter over the giants, that of Mars over the monstrous son of Echidna, and that of Perseus over the dragon that came to devour Andromeda. "Be it yours, dear Bacchus," said Staphylus,

"to deliver the celestial virgin from the fierce attacks of the black Indian and his followers!"

Observations.—In the south corridor of the Medici Gallery in Florence is a beautiful group of the finest Grecian sculpture, representing Bacchus leaning gently on the shoulder of the young Ampelus. The little satyr, with an arch smile, is showing him a cup. Near them is the trunk of a tree; at the foot of which lies a shepherd's crook, a sylvan flute of ten pipes, and other appropriate insignia.

In the west corridor of the same gallery is another group, in which Bacchus is accompanied by a sitting figure, supposed to be Ampelus. Bacchus rests his right hand on the head of his young friend, whose little arms embrace his right leg. In his hands are clusters of grapes, and he is looking up with an air of cunning satisfaction. Near him appear the head of a wild boar, and the masks of a satyr and a faun.

There are two vases, one in the Gallery Farnese at Naples, and the other in the Portici cabinet of antiquities taken from Herculaneum, in which Bacchus appears standing, and clothed in a long robe or mantle reaching down to his feet. In the collection Porcenari at Naples he appears in

triumph, seated in a car; his head crowned with laurel instead of ivy, and wearing a cloak splendidly embroidered.

Sometimes he is exhibited sitting on a celestial globe. Thus represented, he is the same as Osiris, or the sun.

There is a fine statue of Bacchus in the Palazzo Borghese at Rome. He has a cluster of grapes in one hand, and a panther lying down at his feet.

Notes.—1 *Orpheus.* This prince had been initiated into the mysteries of the Egyptian worship, and his mode of introducing it into Greece was not peculiar to himself. On this subject Dr. Pritchard, in his "Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology," makes the following observation:—"The Egyptian priests who introduced into Greece the worship of each particular divinity, found it expedient, in order to facilitate the reception of foreign rites, to connect the object of their worship with some local traditions, and to engraft their allegorical mythologue on the legend of some chieftain whose barbarian achievements were already the theme of popular song. It was probably in this way that the rites of Ammon, who was worshipped at Diospolis under the form of a ram, or of a statue with a ram's head, became identified with Zeus, or Jupiter, a king of Crete, whose tomb was long afterwards to be seen

on Mount Ida. It was perhaps thus that the attributes of Bacchus or Osiris, which were older by many centuries than the foundation of the Cadmeian Thebes, came to be ascribed to a Bœotian prince, who was celebrated as the leader of festive mirth; and it was in the same manner that a brave hunter, the son of Alcmena, might be identified with the imaginary hero of twelve mystical adventures, which perhaps typify the progress of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac."

2 *Sun.* The sun appears to have been the first or earliest object of idolatry, and was certainly the most excusable:—"Great source of day! best image here below of the Creator!" This great luminary was the supreme object of religious veneration in various countries, and honoured under different names. He was the Bel or Baal of the Chaldeans; the Moloch of the Canaanites; the Baal-Peor of the Moabites; the Adonis of the Phœnicians; the Saturn of the Carthaginians; the Osiris of the Egyptians; the Hercules of the Tyrians; the Mythra of the Persians; the Dionysius of the Indians; the Apollo or Phœbus of the Greeks and Romans. The sun was also worshipped under his own proper name of Sol.

The sun is generally symbolised or personified as a young man with his head encircled by rays. He sits in a car (sometimes having a cornucopia at his side); and is drawn by four swift coursers. At night he is supposed to go to seek repose and refreshment in

the sea, the realms of Neptune. Tethys receives him in her palace. The Nereides come to serve him; and his horses are refreshed and invigorated by feeding on ambrosia.

The sun was the great divinity of the inhabitants of Rhodes; and to him was consecrated the celebrated colossal statue of bronze that was considered as one of the principal wonders of the world. The infamous Heliogabalus boasted of his having been a priest of the sun in Syria, and consecrated a superb temple to that divinity at Rome. In this temple was a conical black stone, to which he gave the name of Heliogabalus, enjoining the people to worship it. A medal struck in the reign of this emperor bears this inscription, *Sancto deo Soli;* and another of the same reign has the following, *Invicto Soli.*

CONQUESTS OF BACCHUS CONTINUED.

BACCHUS now despatched a herald to Deriade, demanding permission to enter into his territories; there to plant the vine, and to instruct the people in the useful arts of life, and above all, in the worship of the gods. In case of his refusal, the messenger was commissioned to warn him to prepare for combat, in which he might expect to share the fate of Orontes.

Before the return of the herald the king Staphylus died; and the royal widow and her family being in deep affliction, Bacchus went to console them. A magnificent funeral was made for the deceased monarch, and games celebrated to his honour. In these the princes of Thebes and Athens contended for the prize of singing. It was gained by the former. To this strife of song suc-

ceeded a pantomime in which Silenus and Maron danced. The former transformed himself into a river, and Maron obtained the meed of victory. Methe and her son confiding in the protection of their kind consoling friend, begged to be received, with their faithful attendant Pithos, among the number of his followers; and being comforted with the promise that their request should be granted, they withdrew to their repose.

Bacchus was now again troubled by a dream, in which the goddess of discord, assuming the form of Cybele,[1] reproached him severely for his idleness, urging him to the immediate pursuit of Deriade. He accordingly set his army in motion without delay, conducting them by Tyre and Byblus, along the banks of the river Adonis, or Thammuz, near Libanus, and then towards the mountains about Nysa in Arabia, over which reigned a ferocious tyrant named Lycurgus. Juno irritated this wicked prince against Bacchus; and at the same time induced the latter, by a stratagem unworthy of a goddess, to enter with a great number of his followers unarmed into the presence of the tyrant, who fell without pity on the defenceless strangers, and soon put them to flight. Bacchus threw himself into the sea, where he was kindly received by Thetis, and treated with great friendship by Ne-

reus and other divinities of the ocean. In the mean time Ambrosia, one of the nymphs who had nursed him in his infancy, attacked the cruel Lycurgus, but was soon made prisoner. The gods, to deliver her from his power, transformed her into a vine; under which form she discomfited her enemy, by growing and twining round his body in such a manner that his efforts to disengage himself were ineffectual. After harassing him in this way for some time, she left him to his reflections; when suddenly he issued an order to cut down all the vines in the country. Before the order was executed Jupiter struck him with blindness, and rendered him incapable of enforcing his command.

During these transactions the nymphs of the Red sea were welcoming Bacchus to their watery realms with feastings and rejoicings. His aunt Ino, and her son Melicerte, under their new forms, showed him every mark of tenderness and affection. All this while Pan and the satyrs, with their companions, were grieving and lamenting his loss; when suddenly there appeared among them a stranger wearing a garment of goat-skin, and having on his head a crescent or horned moon: he said his name was Scelmus, and that he came to predict the speedy return of their chief. This

prediction was soon fulfilled. The mourning was changed to gladness, and the joyous troop hailed the return of their leader.

Deriade had sent back the herald of Bacchus with a very insolent answer, importing that he might take his presents to Bactria, where they might possibly be accepted by the god Mithras;[1] but that for his part he despised them.

Bacchus and his followers now pursued their way towards the river Hydaspes; and when, after a joyous march, his troops rested to refresh themselves, a hamadryad came to announce to them that a party of troops belonging to the black Indian were concealed in the adjacent woods, with intent to fall upon them by surprise. At this intelligence they all resumed their arms, and attacked the ambuscade so vigorously, that a great number of them were slain.

The goddess Juno, constant in her hatred to Bacchus, now engaged the presiding spirit of the river to make war against this host of strangers, and oppose their passage through his waters. Hydaspes accordingly obtained from Æolus a tempestuous wind, which blew with violence at the moment that the army had gained the middle of the stream. Nothing could equal the disorder and terror caused by this sudden tempest: but

Bacchus soon calmed the fears of his followers by burning Hydaspes in his bed, or, in other words, by drying up his stream. The terrified aggressor now implored pardon; and the conqueror, ever ready to forgive, commanded the wintry winds to blow, and to restore by their humid influence a new torrent of water, to fill the gloomy chasm over which Hydaspes had wept with a momentary feeling of despair.

The news of what had happened on the banks of the Hydaspes produced the deepest affliction throughout the host of the enemy, and rendered the implacable Deriade[3] more furious than ever. Jupiter could no longer look on with indifference, and he accordingly convoked an assembly of the gods, inviting them to take a personal interest in the success of his son. Apollo, Vulcan and Minerva immediately promised their protection; but Juno endeavoured to counteract their exertions in his favour by her own influence, and by irritating against him the ungrateful Hydaspes and the jealous Ceres.

Cybele, anxious for the safety of Bacchus, now sent Atys with a superb armour, which she had engaged the ingenious Vulcan to fabricate for her *protégé*. The shield in particular was remarkably beautiful. Its broad and brilliant disk was orna-

mented with finely-engraved representations of the firmament, the sun, the moon, the planets, and many constellations. It also exhibited some traits of Grecian story; as, the walls of Thebes rising under the hands of Zethus in cadence to the sound of Amphion's lyre; the imperial eagle soaring aloft with the young Ganymedes; Tellus rising from the dead by virtue of a plant called the flowers of Jupiter; Rhea recovering from her *accouchement*; and Saturn devouring the stone which he mistook for his children.

Minerva had determined to befriend Bacchus; and in furtherance of the plan she had formed for that purpose, she judged it proper to urge Deriade to the combat. She accordingly presented herself before him, under the assumed appearance of the deceased Orontes. "Rouse thee, Deriade," said she; "look at this breast; see the large wounds inflicted by the thyrsis of thy enemy. Rouse, and avenge my death!"

Deriade now assembled his battalions from every part of his dominions; and succeeded in collecting an immense army, composed of people of various nations, habits, and languages, bringing with them an incredible number of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other animals whose instinct inclines them to be obedient to the commands

of man. The two armies were drawn up near to each other; but as Night had thrown her veil over the earth, they waited the return of day in order to begin their operations.

Scarcely had Aurora opened the golden portals of the East, and the waters of the Ganges reflected the radiance of the rising sun, when suddenly there fell a shower of blood—a certain presage of defeat to the Indians. Deriade, by a false interpretation of this token to his soldiers, animated them to acts of the greatest bravery.

A dreadful battle ensued; and the enemy was nearly overthrown, when Juno, desirous of engaging against Bacchus the powerful aid of Proserpine, descended into the infernal regions, and besought the queen of those sombre realms to grant the aid of one or more of the furies. Proserpine accordingly ordered Megara to accompany the goddess, and to obey her commands. When they came near the scene of contention, the fury retired into a cavern, where she took the form of an owl; and Juno, having engaged Morpheus to shake his poppies on the head of Jupiter, returned to Olympus. Here she made a visit to Venus, and besought that goddess to lend her her famous girdle; by the virtue of which she hoped to appear so amiable in the eyes of Jupiter, as to render it im-

possible for him to refuse her any thing she might be inclined to ask. The girdle was lent; and while Juno went to make her toilet, and to augment the power of her charms by the addition of this irresistible attraction, the fury resuming her own hideous figure, entered among the combatants, and caused her serpents to infuse their poisons into the mind of Bacchus. In his frenzy he still continued his attack; but such was the disorder of his mind, that his manœuvre proved more advantageous to the enemy than to himself. Mars also fought for Deriade, and Bacchus and his followers at length took to flight.

Bacchus had a daughter named Charis, who being extremely grieved at the frenzy that had seized her father, went to implore the aid of Venus. The goddess promised to assist her; and for this purpose she sent her attendant Aglæ in search of her son Cupid, whom she found engaged in some gymnastic game with the young Hymenæus, while Ganymedes sat by to see fair play. Cupid being conducted into the presence of his mother, she embraced him, and spoke of the beautiful Calchomedia, an amiable young nymph, who was at that time among the Bacchantes. "Go, my son," said she; "go, and exert thy power on the heart of the Indian general, Morrheus, and render him a

captive to the charms of the lovely Calchomedia. Her orders were obeyed. The fierce Indian sighed for the fair Bacchante; and seemed not to sigh in vain, as she artfully pretended to be pleased with his passion, in order to draw him into a snare that might cause the ruin of Deriade, and put an end to the war. Morrheus now thought no more of his duties as a warrior; all the powers and energies of his mind were absorbed in his love for Calchomedia. Mars now appeared, and with a frowning aspect urged him to renew the combat. The troops of Bacchus were much discomfited; and to add to their dismay, their leader fell sick. Morrheus gained great advantages. He took eleven of the Bacchantes prisoners, and presented them to Deriade; but Calchomedia profiting of the love for her, which rendered him obedient to her commands, contrived with the aid of Mercury to set the captives at liberty.

Jupiter now awoke from the sound sleep into which he had fallen by the artifices of Juno and the aid of Morpheus, and saw with displeasure the disorder that reigned in the army which he had resolved to protect. The illness of Bacchus moved his compassion, and he immediately commanded Juno to let him suck some of her milk. The haughty goddess was obliged to com-

ply; and the patient was immediately restored to health of body and soundness of mind. The galaxy, according to some authors, was traced in the heavens to perpetuate the remembrance of this act of obedience and condescension on the part of the divine Juno.

Bacchus now took the command of his army, whereupon a fierce contention took place between the gods and goddesses. Mars rose against Minerva, Diana against Juno, and Apollo against Neptune: here Mercury interfered, and peace was again restored. The two chiefs now engaged in single combat; in the course of which Bacchus assumed a variety of forms. The proud Deriade was at length humbled by finding his whole body covered, and his limbs closely confined by a vine that suddenly twisted itself about him. He was compelled to implore pardon; and his good-natured antagonist kindly released him from his ridiculous embarrassment.

These hostilities had now lasted six years, when Bacchus suddenly recollected the prediction of an oracle, which had announced that his contention with Deriade should terminate by a naval combat.

The seventh year of the war was ushered in by a total eclipse of the sun, and many other wonderful prodigies; among which, not the least remark-

able was that of an enormous eagle holding a huge serpent in his talons: he hovered in the air with it for some time, and then let it fall into the Hydaspes. Idmon, the astrologer, explained all these wonderful appearances as certain presages of victory for Bacchus. Mercury now came, and made an eloquent discourse predictive of his future glory, comparing him to the sun, which after a darkness of short duration shines forth with increased splendour. "A solar prodigy like this," said he, "has not happened since Phæton was precipitated into the Eridan. Thus Bacchus, the principle of light, shall triumph; and Deriade, the principle of darkness and evil, shall prevail no more."

A fleet of ships that had been equipped by order of Bacchus now appeared, and the troops of Deriade took to their vessels. A fierce naval combat ensued; the waters of the sea were stained with blood, and the decks covered with dead bodies. The ships of Deriade were soon in flames; but he escaped to the shore, whither he was pursued by Bacchus, who gave him a mortal wound; and his body, like the serpent in the claws of the eagle, fell into the Hydaspes.

The Bacchantes now filled the air with shouts of victory. Several days were afterwards passed in

feasting, dancing, and rejoicing; and Bacchus, having divided the rich spoil of the enemy amongst his followers, sent the greater part of them back to their respective countries.

Observations.—In the earliest time of the arts, Bacchus was represented with the head of a bull; and in a hymn frequently sung to his praise by the inhabitants of Elis, he is hailed as *the god with the feet of a bull.*

Some of the statues of Bacchus exhibit him clothed in a robe of purple, and crowned with laurel instead of ivy.

As the conqueror of India, he is often represented as a very strong man, about forty years of age, wearing a long beard, and having his temples bound with a garland of ivy. He is thus represented on a silver medal of the island of Naxos, on the reverse of which appears Silenus bearing a cup.

Among the fine statues in the Medici Gallery at Florence is abeautiful figure of a dancing or jumping Bacchante. The drapery of her vesture agitated by the wind is well expressed, and renders the figure altogether very graceful.

In the tribune (an interesting apartment of the same gallery) is a painting by Annibal Caracci

representing a Bacchante, with a satyr presenting her a vase filled with fruits. Cupid appears behind the Bacchante, and several little sylvani are playing round her.

In the apartment called the Flemish School is a picture of Silenus and several satyrs by Rubens.

Notes.—1 *Cybele.* Cybele was the goddess of the earth, or a symbolical personification of it considered as the bountiful provider, the nursing mother of all its inhabitants. Atys, a young Phrygian shepherd, seems to have been at once her *protégé*, her favoured lover, her temple-priest, and her attendant. Some authors say that she protected and loved him because he had established her worship, and instituted splendid rites and festivals in her honour. At his death she transformed his body into a fir-tree, which was ever after sacred to this goddess. Her priests were very numerous: they bore the names of Corybantes, Galli, &c. Their chief had the title of Archigallo.

In the pompous processions that marked the festivals of this goddess, she was represented sitting in a car drawn by lions, and having her head crowned with turrets. Her figure was that of a corpulent woman having many breasts.

In the celebration of her festivals the Corybantes

and Galli imitated the manners of madmen, filling the air with a confused noise of drums, tabrets, and other musical instruments, mingled with the clashing of bucklers, lances, and knives, with which they wounded and lacerated their own bodies, shrieking and howling in a frightful manner.

From Phrygia the worship of Cybele passed into Greece, and was solemnly established at Eleusis under the name of the Eleusinian mysteries of Ceres, 1580 years B. C.

The Romans, by the injunction of the Sibylline books, brought the statue of this goddess from Pessinus into Italy. The ship that carried it stuck fast on a shoal of sand at the entrance of the Tiber, and there remained immovable as a rock. The efforts of some hundreds of men having been found ineffectual, Claudia, a vestal virgin, who was accused of breaking her religious vows, a crime for which she was subjected to the horrible punishment of being buried alive, offered to prove her innocence by drawing the ship up the river. Her proposal was accepted: upon which she fastened one end of her girdle to the prow, and holding the other in her hand, walked along the bank; when the vessel immediately advanced majestically against the stream, amidst the acclamations of the admiring spectators.

Cybele was the wife of Saturn, and bore many different names; as Rhea, Ops, Magna Mater, Vesta, &c.

2 *Mythras*, or *Mithras*. This was a divinity of the ancient Persians, and was probably a symbolical representation of the sun, or of the element of fire, which among that people was an object of religious adoration. Herodotus mentions Mithras as a goddess; the same as the Venus Urania of the Tyrians. The accounts of this object of religious worship, together with the rites by which he was adored, are involved in great obscurity. The priests, and others who were initiated into the mysteries of this worship, were previously obliged to go through a long and very painful probation. Among the festivals of Mithras, the most popular and the most solemn was that of his birth, which was celebrated about the time of the brumal solstice. The worship of Mithras passed into Cappadocia, and from thence into Greece, whence it was afterwards introduced into Rome. The Romans raised him altars with this inscription, *Deo Soli Mithræ*, or *Soli Deo invicto Mithræ*. He is generally represented as a young man wearing a turban, in the manner of the Persians, and sometimes a Phrygian bonnet. He kneels on one knee on the back of a bull that lies on the ground. He holds one of the horns of the animal with his left hand, while with his right hand he plunges a dagger into his neck. Many Mithraitic monuments in basso-relievo, and others, have been found in ruins and excavations about Antium, Naples, Milan, and other cities of Italy. One of the finest is a Mithras in black

marble, which is preserved in the Villa Negroni at Rome.

3 *Deriade.* This prince seems to be a personification of the principle of evil among the Indians, as were the Typhon of the Egyptians, the Arimanius of the Persians, &c.

BACCHUS RETURNS FROM HIS CONQUESTS.

BACCHUS determining to return to Greece, took his way through Phœnicia and Arabia. The first of these countries was to him particularly interesting, as being the native soil of his virtuous grandfather Cadmus. Here he visited the noble city of Tyre, which was at that time the emporium of commerce; of which one very lucrative branch was a fine purple dye peculiar to that country, and distinguished by the name of *Tyrian purple.*

Hercules Astrochiton was the chief deity of the Tyrians, and the ceremonies of his worship were exceedingly solemn and magnificent. Bacchus went to pay his homage in the temple of this divinity, who honoured him by a splendid apparition, accepted his pious offerings with marked approbation, conversed with him freely on many

interesting subjects, and answered his inquiries respecting the foundation and history of that superb city.

Bacchus in his progress through Phœnicia repeatedly visited the Mount Libanus, or Lebanon, celebrated for its lofty and beautiful cedar-trees. He caused the vine to be planted on the surrounding hills, which had been rendered sacred and dear to the people of this country by the loves of Venus Urania and Adonis, (in the Phœnician language called Tammuz,) whose festivals were here annually celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. He afterwards passed through Sidonia, and visited the city of Berytus, or Beroe, on the coast of the Mediterranean. This, though now an inconsiderable town, bearing the name of Berut, was then, according to the poets, a place of great opulence and splendour. The epithets given to it by different writers form a sort of litany of oriental metaphor; namely, the *root of life*; the *nurse of cities*; the *sanctuary of justice*; the *seat of joy*; the *star of Lebanon*; the *child of the ocean*; the *dwelling of Astrea*, &c. It is said to have been founded by Saturn; and some authors add, that the stone he devoured, instead of his son Jupiter, was taken from a heap collected for the building of this city.

Quitting the shores of Phœnicia and Sidonia, Bacchus now directed his way towards Greece. In the course of his voyage, he was informed of the depredations made by certain Tyrrhenian or Tuscan mariners on various parts of the Mediterranean sea; and being determined to punish them, he landed on one of the islands of the Archipelago, where, assuming the appearance of a young child, he was taken and carried off, as related in the fable or tale *Bacchus*, &c. vol. i. p. 145.

Bacchus at length made his triumphal entry into the city of Thebes: the opposition presented by Pentheus and his troops, and the measures taken to hinder the establishment of his festivals and orgies in that city, were unavailing. Tiresias had already warned Pentheus of the calamities that would result from the resistance he was preparing to make; and the warning given by this celebrated soothsayer was confirmed by some alarming prodigies, such as thunderings, earthquakes, &c.; in which convulsions the altar of Minerva was overturned. Bacchus implored the aid of Cynthia, or the moon, under her threefold appellation of Diana, Phœbe, and Hecate; and her protection was granted. In the mean time Proserpine sent the furies to the palace of Pentheus, and to those of Agave and her sisters. Autonoe

saw in a dream the figure of a bull, which told her that her son Acteon was not dead, but that he was hunting with Diana and Bacchus. Deceived by this intimation, she ran with all a mother's hopes to seek her son; and was followed by Agave, who was already seized with the fury that inspired the Bacchantes. Tiresias made a sacrifice to avert if possible the evils that threatened the house of Pentheus: all was in vain. Nothing could deter the Theban monarch from setting Bacchus and his followers at defiance. The account of his opposition and his tragical death is related in the tale *Bacchus*, &c. vol. i. p. 148.

Bacchus leaving Thebes, advanced towards Athens, where he was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy, and hailed by the glad inhabitants under the appellation of *the god that causes the plants to grow*. Here he accepted the hospitality of a certain agricultor named Icarius, who occupied a pretty rural dwelling situated at a short distance from the city. The good man had a daughter named Erigone: she was remarkable for her filial piety, and her readiness to second her father in every act of goodness. In return for their kindness, their guest gave them a cup of wine; a liquor which they had never before tasted: as they found it very pleasant, they

drank of it freely, and became intoxicated. Some authors relate that Bacchus transformed himself into an uncommonly fine cluster of grapes, for the mere pleasure of being plucked by the hand of the beautiful Erigone, with whom he was greatly enamoured. "*J'aimerois mieux,*" says the elegant Demoustier;

J'aimerois mieux accepter un congé,
Que d'employer un pareil stratagème :
Il est triste d'être obligé
De cesser d'être soi pour plaire à ce qu'on aime.

When the father and daughter had recovered from the disorder occasioned by this agreeable beverage, their guest taught his host to plant the vine, and to prepare the liquor produced by the juice of its delicious fruit. The kind-hearted Icarius communicated this knowledge to many of his neighbours, who in their turn also became intoxicated. In this state they quarrelled with each other; and on his interfering with a view to make peace, they fell upon him, and killed him.

The shade of this unfortunate man appeared to his daughter in a dream, demanding vengeance.* Erigone arose, and ran in great agony of mind to seek her father, whose faithful little dog Mœra came and pulled her by the robe to conduct her

to the well, into which the assassins had thrown his body. The wretched mourner, after the loss of her father, fell into despair, and hanged herself: the little dog remained by her body till it died with grief and fasting. All these sufferers, by order of Jupiter, became constellations in the heavens, under the names of Virgo, Bootes, and Canis. The Icarian games, in which one of the principal diversions was that of swinging on ropes tied between two trees, in allusion to the manner of Erigone's death, were instituted in honour of the victims of this tragical event.

Bacchus went afterwards to the island of Naxos, where he found the deserted Ariadne: he succeeded in consoling her for the loss of Theseus, and even engaged her to marry him. Their nuptials were celebrated by a sylvan festival: their couch was covered with flowers. Pan and his followers danced for joy: and every returning year the nymphs still celebrate the union of Ariadne with the god of wine.

Accompanied by his beautiful bride, Bacchus soon after proceeded to Argos, a city consecrated to the goddess Juno. Here, as we may well suppose, he met with a vigorous repulse: whereupon he caused the women to be inspired with such a bacchanalian fury, that they killed their own chil-

dren. The angry Juno engaged Perseus to combat against Bacchus, who laughed at his arms and his rage. These two sons of Jupiter came to blows. Ariadne looked on the redoubtable shield of her husband's antagonist, and was petrified. Bacchus, to avenge himself for her loss, overwhelmed the city of Argos with disasters. The combatants were at length reconciled by the intervention of Mercury, and the Argians consented to celebrate the orgies.

The god of wine now advanced towards Thrace, where Juno raised against him a race of giants, sons of the earth, advising them to make him share the fate of the first Bacchus (son of Jupiter Serpente and Proserpine), who was torn in pieces by the Titans in their war against his father. Here, however, he again triumphed, and succeeded in establishing his festivals. He afterwards returned to Phrygia; and in the course of time was united to a beautiful nymph, named Aura, who became the mother of two sons; one of whom, in a fit of madness, she exposed on a mountain, and then threw herself into a river. Diana saved the infant, and presented it to Bacchus, who consigned it to the care of Minerva at Athens; and having finished his travels, his conquests, and his labours, he was received into Olympus, the *séjour* of the

immortal gods, where he took his seat by the Pleiade Maia, and had a throne in common with Apollo.

The *protégé* of Minerva became a new Bacchus,* celebrated in the mysteries of Eleusinia: of which see some account in the "Sequel" to this work.

Aura is supposed to be the balmy air or breath of spring, which blows at the season of the vernal equinox, when the sun, figured or personified by a young or infant Bacchus, is again at the commencement of his annual career.

Observations.—In the Florentine Gallery is an exquisitely fine basso-relievo representation of the triumph of Bacchus, on an antique sarcophagus. The procession is opened by a number of captives or slaves charged with chains. The car of Ariadne is drawn by two tigers, that of Bacchus by two centaurs. They are preceded by a winged figure of Victory, surrounded by amorini (Loves or Cupids), and followed by sylvani, menades, &c.

In a gallery of the Palazzo Farnese, which is wholly painted in fresco by the ingenious brothers Annibal and Agostino Caracci, the middle of the vaulted roof represents a pompous procession of Bacchus and Ariadne. They are seated in cars:

that of Bacchus is of gold, that of Ariadne of silver. The first is drawn by two tigers, the other by two white goats. They are accompanied by a troop of satyrs, fauns, Bacchantes, &c., and preceded by Silenus mounted on a horse. It is a very fine picture.

A basso-relievo in the Villa Montalto exhibits Bacchus and Ariadne seated in one car, which is drawn by centaurs, and magnificently accompanied. The procession opens by a band of musicians of both sexes, playing on flutes, cymbals, and various other musical instruments: these are immediately followed by an elephant, expressive of the conquest of India. The stately animal has flowers and a ribbon or band on his head, with which it was customary to adorn victims destined for sacrifice. After the elephant comes Silenus mounted on an ass, and apparently in a state of intoxication. The car of triumph is followed by fauni, sylvani, and nymphs carrying baskets filled with flowers, vine-branches, and clusters of grapes.

One of the most curious monuments respecting Bacchus, now existing, is the patera (a vase made to contain liquids for libations and other religious ceremonies) of pure gold in le Cabinet des Antiques at Paris. It exhibits a drinking challenge between Bacchus and Hercules: the god of wine

is seated on his car, and his competitor on his lion's skin. The latter holds in one hand a cup with two handles, and with the other leans so as to support his already reeling body. Bacchus holds a bullock's horn: he has a lion and a panther at his feet. On his right side is a faun playing on a double flute, with Silenus looking over his shoulder. Behind Bacchus are three women crowned with vine-leaves: that on the left is supposed to be Methe, a goddess who is supposed to preside over drunkenness; the other two are Bacchantes. At a little distance is Pan playing on his syrinx, or flute of seven pipes.

Around this piece is a circular basso-relievo representation of the result of this challenge; namely, the complete victory of Bacchus. Hercules here appears naked, intoxicated, reeling, and supported by two Bacchantes, one of whom carries his club. Bacchus, seated in his car, is looking tranquilly at his defeated companion: he seems inclined to sleep; and has his right arm raised over his head, while in his left he grasps his thyrsis. Bacchantes, satyrs, and fauns, are piping and dancing round him.

This circular basso-relievo is again surrounded by a garland of oak-leaves. On the margin of the vase are medallions impressed with portraits of

the Antonini family. This valuable antique was found in the year 1772 by workmen who were digging for the foundation of a house in the city of Rennes.

THE TWELVE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

THE name of Hercules seems to have been common to many heroes of antiquity. Diodorus mentions three: one of whom he describes as being of Egyptian origin, who by his great prowess succeeded in subjugating many nations; and afterwards raised in Africa a superb column, as a monument to commemorate his victories. The second, he informs us, was a native of Crete, one of the Dictei of Mount Ida, a warrior by profession, who commanded a victorious army, and who, to perpetuate his fame, instituted the Olympic games. The third, he asserts, was the Theban Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena; who, to obey certain extravagant commands of Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, was during his whole life a vagrant and an adventurer.

Cicero has mentioned six: the first of whom, according to his account, was the son of Jupiter and Licita, who rendered himself famous for a contention with Apollo about the sacred tripod of Delphi, which he had carried off in a fury, because the Pythia had refused to answer certain interrogations which he had made to the oracle. The second was an Egyptian, the son of the Nile. The third, one of the Dictei of Mount Ida. The fourth, a son of Jupiter and Asteria (sister of Latona), whose worship was established at Tyre. The fifth bore the surname of Belus, and was adored in India. The sixth was a Theban prince, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, to whom the exploits and achievements of all the others have ultimately been attributed.

Varro enumerates fifty-three. This probably originated from a natural ambition among men to bear a name that had been rendered so illustrious; or it might possibly have been an appellation given in common to traders or adventurers who discovered new countries and established colonies. But what appears still more probable is, that the name of Hercules was applied to some principle of good, more universal in its effects than that of any human influence; namely, to that central orb of day, which we have already con-

templated as the beneficent dispenser of vegetation and plenty, under the names of Osiris and Bacchus. Herodotus remarks, that Hercules had his temples in Egypt and Phœnicia many ages before Greece received colonies from either of those countries, and that in these temples he was worshipped as the principle of all the force or strength displayed in the operations of nature; the *father of ages*; the *immortal moderator of the seasons*; and the *dispenser of time, in its various divisions and subdivisions*. His statue was represented with an egg coming out of his mouth; an emblem of the world, and of his vivifying power thereon. He also adds, that Hercules was adored as a god, who, seated in the chariot of the sun, pursues his glorious career through the twelve signs of the zodiac:[1] a career whose commencement was counted from the point of the summer solstice, which 4500 years ago occupied the sign called Leo, or the Lion, the emblem of strength; an appropriate attribute of the sun arrived at the highest point in the heavens.

The Hercules, to whom the poets attribute the exploits called by way of distinction the twelve labours of Hercules, is by the same poets represented as the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon, king of Thebes, who, on ac-

count of his birth being retarded by the artifices of Juno, as related in vol. ii. p. 163., became subject to Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, whose commands he was constrained to obey for the space of twelve years.

Some authors relate that Alcmena, while yet in a state of pregnancy, was so terrified at the idea of incurring the vengeance of Juno, that with a view to appease that jealous goddess, she determined to abandon the son of Jupiter as soon as he should be born. According to this resolution she preserved his twin-brother Iphicles, whose features bore a strong resemblance to those of her husband Amphitryon, and exposed Hercules on a mountain. Juno and Minerva happening to pass near this poor forsaken infant, the latter was moved to compassion, and prevailed on the haughty queen of Olympus to perform the office of a wet-nurse. The child, who was very hungry, drew the milk so greedily, that he threw it up again. The milk of the divine Juno could not, as we may well suppose, be left to perish on the earth: it was transported to heaven; and being scattered on the celestial pavement, produced that white luminous track known to us by the name of the Galaxy, or Milky-way. The sucking Hercules finished by biting the goddess so severely, that

she let him fall where she had found him; and Minerva, returning afterwards to the spot, took him, and consigned him to the care of Alcmena, to be nursed by her as a foundling. Scarcely had this extraordinary child reached his tenth month,[2] when he was attacked in his cradle by two serpents, that were sent by Juno to destroy him. Such, however, was the force even of his infant gripe, that he strangled them both.

Great care was taken of this prince's education. He had many celebrated instructors; one of whom, his music-master, he killed by dealing him a blow on the head with his lyre, because the unfortunate professor had reproved him for playing out of tune. At a more advanced period, Hercules, like all the other most renowned heroes of Greece, became a disciple of the celebrated Chiron.

Xenophon[3] relates that when Hercules was grown up, he sat one day in a field musing on what line of life he should pursue, when suddenly he saw two beautiful women advancing towards him; the name of the one was Virtue or Fortitude, the name of the other Vice or Sensuality. Each of these females wished to have him for her votary; and each, in her turn, harangued him on the happiness he would enjoy by attaching himself to her, and obeying her dictates. Hercules having lis-

tened to their respective discourses, determined in favour of the first-mentioned.

Early in life, Hercules married Megara, the daughter of Creon, king of Thebes. By this marriage he had three children; but being seized with a frenzy, he killed them all. This frenzy was caused by Juno, to punish him for having refused obedience to the will of Eurystheus. In a lucid interval he bitterly repented of the tragical deed that had resulted from his disobedience; and as an act of sincere penitence, he presented himself before Eurystheus, professing his readiness to submit to his orders. Eurystheus wishing to rid himself of a rival who might one day enforce his right to the throne, availed himself of this submission to command enterprises fraught with perils, and even with certain death, to any rash adventurer whose force and courage might have been in the smallest degree inferior to that of his heroic cousin.

1.—THE NEMÆAN LION.

Argolis and the surrounding country was devastated by the ravages of an enormous lion. The depredations of this monster were particularly

felt in a forest situated between Nemæa and Cleone in the Peloponnesus. This animal, the offspring of Echidna and Typhon, was supposed to have fallen from the moon. Respecting this report, however, authors are divided; but all agree in asserting that he was a monster, whose ferocity could only be equalled by his extraordinary size, courage, and strength, which had long defeated every attempt to destroy him. Hercules received orders to kill this dreadful lion; and the hero, in obedience to this mandate, set forward towards the village of Cleone, where he was hospitably received and entertained by a shepherd named Melorchus, who at first attempted to dissuade him from the enterprise, telling him that the skin of this beast, being in every part invulnerable, it would be impossible to destroy him. The shepherd seeing, however, that his guest was bent upon making the attack, gave him directions to the cave in which the lion reposed, and then prepared to offer a sacrifice for his safety. Hercules requested him to postpone this ceremony for thirty days; at the expiration of which time, if he did not return, he might make the offering to his memory as a deceased hero. The thirtieth day dawned, and Melorchus again made preparations for the sacrifice, when, to his great joy, he per-

ceived the Theban prince advancing towards his cottage, bearing the skin of the lion upon his shoulders.

Charged with this glorious spoil, Hercules pursued his way to Mycenæ, followed by a joyous multitude, who announced his arrival with shouts and acclamations. The skin was wrapped round his body, serving him as a coat of mail; the terrific head and muzzle supplying the place of a helmet. In this guise he presented himself before Eurystheus, who being ready to die with fright, issued his orders that Hercules on his return from any future expedition should be obliged to remain without the gates of the city.

Hercules had killed the invulnerable lion by squeezing him to death in his arms. Some learned authors suppose that it was from this exploit he obtained the appellation of Alcides, often given him by the poets; as in the language of Phœnicia, the country where the worship of Hercules was first established, the word *alsida* (in which is a very slight difference of orthography) signifies a lion.

2.—THE HYDRA OF LERNA.

The hydra, another of the monstrous progeny

of Echidna and Typhon, was a species of serpent or dragon with many heads, which infested the banks of the Lernæan lake, and spread terror and desolation through the surrounding country. Hercules went in pursuit of this monster, seated in a splendid car, his friend Iolas performing the office of charioteer. The hero attacked the hydra, and succeeded in cutting off one or two of his heads; but he found, to his great surprise, that for every head lopped off several others sprang up in its place. Mortified at the prospect of being foiled in his enterprise, Hercules stood for a moment dismayed and motionless; when suddenly a thought struck him, that if, on cutting off another head, he could contrive to burn the bleeding neck, he might yet succeed in this perilous undertaking. He therefore directed Iolas to set fire to a neighbouring wood, and have always ready a brand with which he might thus second his efforts. He then renewed the attack; Iolas, on every new decapitation, applying his firebrand to the blood-streaming carcase. In this way Hercules was again victorious, but not without having suffered by the anger of Juno, who sent a crab to pinch his heel; and a desperate pinch it gave him; but it was soon crushed to death by the foot it had injured. It was transported to the heavens by order of Juno, where it forms the constel-

lation called Cancer. Hercules dipped his arrows in the blood of the hydra; and the wounds they afterwards gave, however slight, were always mortal.

3.—THE ERYMANTHAN BOAR.

Hercules was next commanded to hunt an enormous wild boar, which devastated the mountain and city of Erymanthus. This beast he was enjoined to take alive, and bring it to Mycenæ.

Impracticable as this undertaking appeared to be, Hercules was not discouraged. In the course of this perilous pursuit the hero happened to stop on a mountain inhabited by centaurs. One of the formidable race, whose name was Pholus, invited him to his dwelling, and treated him with much kindness. Hercules was very hungry, and Pholus gave him a good dinner; but the wine was served round rather sparingly. His guest, who was not apt to be shy or ceremonious, asked for more: upon which Pholus assured him that the provision he had yet in his house was not his own, but belonged in common to the other centaurs; and that being thus a joint property, he had no right to dispose of it without their consent. Hercules would not admit of this excuse: he seized the

wine, and happening to break the vessel which contained it, a great part of it was spilt. The other centaurs, attracted by the smell, came trooping to the habitation of Pholus, armed with stones and branches of cypress. Hercules made a stout resistance, and having killed some of the most ferocious of these formidable assailants, put the others to flight, and even pursued them to Mount Malea, where his ancient preceptor Chiron then resided. This sage, the most celebrated of all the centaur race, presented himself among the combatants with a view to put an end to the fray, and make peace, but he unfortunately received a wound in the knee from one of Hercules' poisoned arrows, of which wound he is by many authors said to have died; but some there are who assert that Chiron, skilled in the knowledge of simples, cured himself by an application of the herb centaury. Hercules returning to the dwelling of the hospitable Pholus, found him expiring in consequence of having inadvertently wounded himself by a poisoned arrow which he had drawn from the body of one of his dying companions. The hero performed his funeral obsequies with unfeigned sorrow, and from respect to his memory called the mountain Pholus, a name which it has borne ever since.

Hercules now pursued his way to Erymanthus, where, following the traces of the formidable object of his pursuit, he soon perceived him, but the animal instead of making towards him fled with the utmost precipitation. Hercules pursued him, sometimes over rocks and precipices covered with snow, and sometimes through valleys and chasms of the mountains. The boar was at length fairly run down: he fell to the ground with excessive fatigue, and being totally incapable of making resistance, the hero bound him, and bore him on his shoulders to Mycenæ. Eurystheus came out to look at him; but he was so terrified at the sight, that he jumped into a large brazen vessel to hide himself.

4.—THE STAG OF MOUNT MÆNALUS.

Mount Mænalus in Arcadia has been much celebrated by the poets as being the frequent resort of Apollo and Pan. The former sometimes withdrew to this mountain to sing the metamorphosis of his beloved Daphne; and its echoes were often awakened by the seven-piped flute of the latter.

This mountain was once frequented by a very

extraordinary stag, which had hoofs of brass, and antlers of gold, and its course was so fleet, that neither dog nor man had ever been able to overtake it. Hercules had orders to bring it to Mycenæ alive or dead. He accordingly pursued it; but from respect for the goddess Diana, to whom the mountain was consecrated, he durst not draw his bow, or seek to wound it with his arrows. After a long course (some authors say that Hercules pursued it a whole year), in which the hero became so weary that he was on the point of abandoning the chase, the animal took to the water, and attempted to pass the river Ladon by swimming, an attempt which proved fatal to his liberty; for Hercules, who was an excellent swimmer, now caught him with ease, and bore him in triumph to his cousin.

5.—THE STYMPHALIDES.

The neighbourhood of the lake Stymphalus, in Arcadia, was much infested by certain voracious birds, which in their form resembled storks or cranes, but their pinions, beaks and talons were of iron. These animals fed upon human flesh, and were called Stymphalides. Like the porcupine, they darted their quills against those who

dared to attack them; and such was their strength, that they had even foiled the assaults of the god Mars.

Hercules had received from Minerva a sort of cymbal, an instrument which by its agreeable sound attracted the Stymphalides, and drew them out of the woods in which they were wont to conceal themselves. By this means they became an easy prey, for it gave Hercules an opportunity of using his arrows, and he speedily killed them all.

6.—THE AUGEAN STABLES.

Augias, king of Elis, had three thousand oxen, with a proportionable number of horses, goats, sheep, &c. The stables in which these immense herds were kept had not been cleaned for thirty years, and the work was now considered as an undertaking that must baffle all human force, especially as the smell was become so pestiferous, as to endanger the life of any hardy wight that should attempt it. The task was imposed upon Hercules; and Augias, to encourage the hero in the enterprise, promised to give him the tenth part of all his herds as a reward for his toil.

Hercules, instead of going to labour amongst the filth as was expected, performed the work in

a more effectual and speedy way, by turning the course of a river into the stables. Some say it was the river Alpheus, and others assert that it was the Peneus. By the rapidity of the stream the stables were cleansed, and the air of the surrounding country purified and restored to its wonted salubrity. Augias refused the promised reward, on the pretext that the work had been done by art and ingenuity, rather than by force or labour. The young prince Phyleus remonstrated with his father, and supported the pretensions of Hercules, who finding the monarch inflexible drove him from his throne, but afterwards pardoned and restored him at the instance of his son.

It has since been customary to apply the name of *an Augean labour* to any very difficult and apparently impracticable enterprise.

7.—THE CRETAN BULL.

Minos, king of Crete, having neglected to sacrifice to Neptune a beautiful white bull which he had promised, the god, to punish him for this breach of his word, sent one of prodigious size and fierceness to devastate his territories. This bull, like those of Æetes, king of Colchis, is represented

as breathing flames of fire from his mouth and nostrils.

Hercules was commanded to transport this animal alive to Elis. This he also effected, and being mounted on the extraordinary horse Arion, which had been presented to him by his friend Copreus, he arrived triumphantly on the banks of the Alpheus, leading the tremendous bull, which had obtained the appellation of the bull of Pasiphae, queen of Crete. After this achievement Hercules made a present of Arion to Adrastus, king of Argos, who, by means of this extraordinary horse, (of which see an account in the "Sequel") won the prize at the Nemæan games.

8.—THE MARES OF DIOMEDES.

Hercules was next commanded to obtain the mares of Diomedes, king of Thrace, the ferocious son of Cyrene. These animals, like the bull mentioned in the preceding labour, was also represented as breathing forth flames of fire. Diomedes caused them to be fed with human flesh, and devoted to their nourishment all strangers who fell into his hands. Hercules vanquished this cruel tyrant, and gave him to be devoured by his own favourite mares.

These horrible animals, having been presented to Eurystheus, were afterwards consigned by Hercules to the care of Abderus (a youth who occasionally served him in quality of armour-bearer), while he himself went against the inhabitants of Bistonia, who had prepared to make war against him on account of the death of their king Diomedes. Hercules returning successfully from this attack, had the misfortune to find that the young Abderus had been devoured by the mares. He immediately killed these monsters with his club, and built a city, to which, in memory of his favourite, he gave the name of Abderus.

9.—GIRDLE OF HIPPOLYTE.

Eurystheus having heard that Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, wore the most beautiful girdle in the world, commanded Hercules to get possession of this splendid ornament, and to bring it to him uninjured. The indefatigable hero, who found it impossible to procure this object of his cousin's cupidity without going to war, attacked the Amazons, and after a fierce combat, succeeded in making the queen Hippolyte his prisoner. He gave his beautiful captive in marriage to his friend Theseus, and her girdle was carried in triumph to

Eurystheus. Hippolyte is by many authors called Antiope.

10.—GERYON, A GIANT WITH THREE HEADS.

This labour is detailed in a preceding tale.

11.—CERBERUS DRAGGED OUT OF HELL.

Of this achievement see an account in vol. ii. p. 68.

12.—APPLES FROM THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES.

In certain grounds called the gardens of the Hesperides, grew a tree which bore apples of gold, and which had sprung up from a sprig or small branch that Juno had presented to one of the daughters of Atlas, on the occasion of her marriage. The tree was guarded by an enormous dragon, which had a hundred heads. With such a terrible guard it could not be approached but at the risk of life itself.

Eurystheus commanded Hercules to bring him the fruit of this tree. This was the last command

he had a right to give; the last act of authority he was permitted to exercise over his heroic cousin. Animated with hope and joy, the hero prepared to obey, but was quite ignorant of the course he ought to take. After some time he determined to apply to the nymphs of the Eridan for information respecting the geographical situation of these gardens. The nymphs sent him to Nereus, and Nereus directed him to Prometheus, from whom he received instructions that were of great use to him in this expedition.

Hesiod represents these gardens as lying beyond the utmost limits of the northern sea, and Mount Atlas as situated far to the north of the Caucasus. The mountain that we now call Atlas is in Africa; and most writers mention the gardens of the Hesperides as being situated in Mauritania. Wherever they might be, it seems that Hercules found them, killed the dragon, possessed himself of the splendid apples which were the objects of his mission, and bore them in safety to Eurystheus.

Some authors say that Hercules addressed himself to Atlas (grandfather of the nymphs called the Hesperides), on whom Jupiter had imposed the task of bearing the heavens; and that

this gigantic prince having transferred his burden to Hercules till his return, went himself to procure the apples.

Some have supposed that it was sheep, and not apples, that Hercules went in quest of; because, as they inform us, the same word in the original Greek signifies both a sheep and an apple.

Thus ended the exploits known by the appellation of the twelve labours of Hercules. The analogy of these adventures, with the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac, may be seen in the " Sequel" to this work, by two comparative tables, selected from the writings of a modern author celebrated for his great learning and profound investigation.

Observations.—Among the fine pieces of sculpture in the museum of the Capitol is an infant Hercules in touchstone; it rests on a base of white marble, the basso-relievo ornaments of which exhibit the birth, education, and apotheosis of Jupiter.

In one of the apartments belonging to the Medici Gallery at Florence is a very valuable antique sculpture, representing the strangling of the serpents. This was a favourite subject of the

late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one in which he particularly excelled. His infant figures were always admirable.

In an apartment of the same gallery, distinguished by the name of the *Scuola Toscana,* is a painting by Antonio Pollajolo, representing Hercules killing the hydra of Lerna; and another by Lorenzo Sciorini, in which Hercules is killing the dragon of the Hesperides, while the nymphs are amusing themselves.

On the folding-doors of the celebrated temple of Hercules at Gades (now Cadiz), in Spain, was a splendid representation of Hercules killing the Nemæan lion by tearing his jaws asunder. A similar representation, in basso-relievo, appears on an antique altar in the Capitoline Museum.

In the Villa Albani is a fine statue of Hercules, who has just killed the Stymphalides.

In the Vatican Museum are many admirable groups, representing different labours of Hercules. A sarcophagus in the Florentine Gallery exhibits a fine specimen of this subject in basso-relievo. There is another, on a superb vase of marble, in the Villa Albani near Rome; and one on an antique altar in the museum of the Capitol.

Of the simple statues of Hercules, that of the Palazzo Farnese is the most celebrated. He is

resting, after the last of his twelve labours, leans on his club, and holds in one hand the apples brought from the gardens of the Hesperides. On the base of the statue is the name of the sculptor *Glycon.*

In the Capitol is a colossal statue of this hero, in bronze, gilded. It was found in the fifteenth century, behind a place called *Bocca della Verita,* in the ruins of the Temple of Truth.

In the Florentine Gallery is a painting of the choice of Hercules, by Rubens.

Having mentioned the "Choice of Hercules," it may not be irrelevant to the subject to observe, that there were several temples in Rome consecrated to Virtue, considered as a personification; these had in each a statue of the goddess. The resemblance of some of these are still to be seen on the medals of different emperors. Sometimes she is figured as an Amazon, and sometimes she wears a coat of mail, or a short tunic, with her legs bare like the Roman soldiers. She has a firm, masculine air, and is commonly armed with a sword or lance. Her dress indicates her readiness for action, and her look expresses a firmness not to be conquered by difficulties or dangers.

Vice, though never an object of worship, has been personified in various ways, all more or less

disgusting. One of the most extraordinary pieces of sculpture now existing in the world is an exhibition of Vice caught in a net, on a funeral monument in the San Severo chapel at Naples. "The carving of the net," says Sir J. E. Smith, "is really astonishing, great part of the figure having been finished through it: the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue." In the same chapel are two other exquisitely beautiful statues, which appear to be covered with thin veils, and which, with the statue of Vice before mentioned, excite the admiration and astonishment of all travellers.

Notes.—1 *Zodiac.* Diaconus, the scholiast of Hesiod, expressly asserts, that the Zodiac which marks the sun's annual course is the true career of Hercules in his twelve labours; and his marriage with Hebé, the goddess of youth, is symbolical of the sun, or rather the year acquiring a new youth or spring after each revolution.

2 *Tenth month.* In representing the strangling of the serpents, artists should be careful to give their infant hero the appearance of a child of ten months' old; for if Hercules be indeed a symbolical representation of the sun, it is only (according to the observation of Monsieur Dupuis) in the tenth month of his

career that any astronomical analogy with this feat can be discovered.

3 *Xenophon*. The works of this elegant Athenian writer have been deservedly praised. His "Choice of Hercules" (of which see an English translation in the "Tatler," or in Enfield's "Speaker") is considered as one of the finest lessons of antiquity. Cicero observes, that virtue is a love of action in the service of all who are within the sphere of our kindness, and that there can be no virtue without choice. Hence, then, a virtuous course of life must be the result of serious and deliberate reflection on the nature of our duties, and invincible courage and vigilance in the practice of them. The same elegant writer considers virtue and fortitude as the same thing. Instances of this synonymy are not unfrequent in the New Testament. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, chap. ii. v. 7, calls virtue, or a course of duty, "*a patient continuance in well-doing*," the result of which is *glory*, *honour*, and *eternal life*.

OTHER ADVENTURES OF HERCULES.

HERCULES now experienced the comfort of being free. The time appointed for his subjection to Eurystheus was expired; but the spirit of adventure abandoned him not, and he still felt disposed to exercise his extraordinary strength in endeavouring to exterminate the enemies of mankind.

ANTÆUS.

One of the most formidable oppressors of this period was Antæus, the son of Neptune and Terra, a giant fourteen cubits high, who reigned over a great part of Libya. This unjust and cruel prince obliged all strangers, whose inclination or business led them to travel through his country, to wrestle

with him before they could obtain permission to pass on; and so many were the victims that had perished in this unequal contest, that Antæus is said to have consecrated to his father Neptune a temple built entirely with human skulls.

Hercules travelled into Libya, and was in his turn challenged to this dreadful trial of force. In the struggle he threw the giant on the ground three times; but perceiving that every time he touched the earth he acquired double strength and vigour, it struck him that he should do well to try a different mode of attack; so making a desperate effort, he seized his formidable antagonist, and raising him aloft in the air, squeezed him to death in his arms.

The foundation of Tangiers, anciently called Tingis, is attributed to Antæus. In a certain temple of this city was suspended an enormous buckler, called the shield of Antæus, and the inhabitants were accustomed to show strangers a magnificent tomb, said to cover the mortal remains of that giant. Quintus Sertorius, a Roman general, caused this tomb to be opened, and there was found in it a human skeleton of prodigious size, said to be six cubits in length.

THE PYGMIES.

Philostrates relates, that Hercules being much fatigued by his combat with Antæus, laid himself down to sleep in the sand, when he was soon surrounded by a host of pygmies, a race of men that were not above three inches high, who, when their corn was ripe for the harvest, went to hew it down with hatchets or axes, as men of an ordinary size do trees. These diminutive beings were accustomed to have, once in every year, a bloody battle with certain large birds called cranes, who, finding that men in miniature were very delicate eating, came regularly to pay their annual visit of extermination. These pygmies shot their arrows with great fury at the sleeping man-mountain. Hercules awoke, and being much pleased at their appearance, and pleased at their courage, wrapped up a whole battalion of them in the skin of the Nemæan lion, and carried them to his cousin Eurystheus.

BUSIRIS.

Busiris, king of Egypt, was a wicked and cruel prince, who made a point of sacrificing to Jupiter all strangers that came into his country. Hercules, passing through Egypt, was seized and

condemned to be the victim of this barbarous custom. The hero suffered himself to be bound, and led to the altar, when suddenly bursting his bonds, he slew him with all his family.

It was the custom in Egypt to offer annually a man with red hair in sacrifice to Osiris, who had been killed by Typhon. As the Egyptians had all black hair, the lot of course fell upon some unfortunate stranger; and this relation of the cruelty of Busiris is supposed to be an exaggerated account of this terrible sacrifice.

CACUS,

The horrible son of Vulcan and Medusa, was a formidable robber, who had his dwelling in a cave near the banks of the Tiber. He is represented as a giant that breathed forth flames of fire from his mouth.

As Hercules passed through Italy, conducting the cattle he had taken from the vanquished Geryon, Cacus stole out of his cave at night, and robbed him, unperceived, of two or three bulls and several cows; dragging them backwards by their tails that the prints of their feet might not be traced.

The next morning, as Hercules was passing near the place of the robber's concealment, he discovered his loss by the lowing of the captive cows. He instantly burst their prison, the avenues to which were strewed with human bones, liberated his cattle, and slew the giant. Some authors say that he killed him with his club, and others assert that he strangled him as he had done Antæus. Cacus is described by Virgil; and the following is an Italian translation of his description:

> "Un mostro orrendo
> Mezzo fera, e mezz' uomo, e d' uman sangue
> Avido si, che 'l suol n' avea mai sempre
> Tepido; ne grommavan le pareti
> Ne pendevano i teschi intorno affissi
> Di pallor, di squallor luridi e marci.
> Vulcano era suo padre, e de' suoi fochi
> Per la bocca spirando atri vapori
> Gia d' un colosso, d' una torre in guisa."

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

Hercules having penetrated as far as Gades (now Cadiz), is said to have formed a communication between the Mediterranean sea and the Atlantic ocean, by tearing asunder an immensely high mountain; one part of which, anciently called Mount Calpe (now Gibraltar), is in Europe; and

the other, formerly Mount Abyla (now Ceuta), is in Africa. These rocks obtained the name of the Pillars of Hercules. As the setting sun, seen from their summits, seems to sink into the ocean, they were supposed to mark the boundaries of the habitable world.

The early inhabitants of Cadiz, who were a colony from Phœnicia, raised a magnificent temple in honour of Hercules; it was situated near the city, and contained two superb columns of gold and bronze, on which the praises of Hercules were engraven in Phœnician characters, and the history of his twelve labours exhibited in a variety of hieroglyphic figures. These pillars were objects of extraordinary respect and veneration; they were said to check the violence of the winds and the inundations of the ocean. The temple was surrounded by a venerable wood, and was supposed to stand upon the confines of the world.

We are told that Theron, king of Spain, came with a numerous army to pillage this sacred edifice, which contained treasures of costly ornaments and offerings; but the troops, on entering the wood, were seized with a panic terror, and fled back to their ships with the utmost precipitation. Scarcely were they all embarked when a high wind arose, and drove them off to sea.

ALCESTE.

Admetus, a king of Thessalia, with whom Apollo during the time of his banishment from Olympus had resided in quality of overseer or guardian of his cattle, became enamoured of Alceste, one of the daughters of Pelias, king of Iolchos, who had declared that he would give her in marriage to him only who should come to demand her in a car drawn by a lion and a wild boar. Admetus, in this affair, applied for aid and direction to Apollo; who having received many proofs of kindness from him while he was an inmate of his family, was become the tutelar divinity of his house, and had on many occasions showed himself disposed to assist and console him. By the aid of this celestial protector Admetus tamed a lion and a boar, and having yoked them to his car, demanded and obtained the princess in marriage. Alceste, who tenderly loved her father, took part with her sisters in the tragical preparation for his being restored to youth by the incantations of Medea; a preparation which put an end to his existence.—See vol. ii. p. 53.

Acasto, the son of Pelias, being furious at the murder of his father, determined to take vengeance

on his sisters; and in order to obtain Alceste, he attacked Admetus, and made him his prisoner, but set him at liberty when Alceste gave herself voluntarily into his hands in order to redeem her husband.

Hercules happening at this time to be passing through the country with the mares of Diomedes, was hospitably received by Admetus, who appeared to be in an agony of affliction. Hercules inquired the cause, and was informed that Alceste was on the point of being sacrificed to the manes of her father. The hero instantly attacked Acasto, delivered the princess from his power, and restored her to her husband. Admetus being afterwards seized with a mortal disease, Apollo offered to deliver him from the power of the Parcæ, on condition that some human being could be found that would voluntarily become a sacrifice in his stead. This generous self-devoted victim was found in the person of his wife. Admetus was so dreadfully afflicted at the loss of his dear Alceste, that Proserpine, moved to compassion at his sufferings, felt inclined to let her be restored to him; but this inclination was opposed by Pluto. Hercules soon settled this difference; for he descended into the infernal regions, and taking away Alceste by force, conveyed her in safety to her husband.

PROMETHEUS.

When Hercules went to consult the wretched Prometheus about the situation of the gardens of the Hesperides, he was so shocked at the sufferings of this miserable victim to the wrath of Jupiter, that he shot the vulture, and ultimately obtained permission from the sovereign of the gods to loose him from the rock to which he was chained. This permission was granted only on the express condition that Prometheus, during the remainder of his life, should wear on one of his fingers a ring set with a small piece or fragment of the Caucasus. Jupiter contrived this prevaricating method of keeping his word, as he had positively declared that Prometheus should never be separated or disengaged from that mountain.

PIRITHOUS AND THESEUS.

Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ, being jealous of the fame of Theseus, king of Athens, went to attack him with a powerful army. Theseus met the attack at the head of his troops; but no sooner did the two monarchs behold each other than

their mutual animosity subsided. They made peace; and their friendship afterwards became proverbial. Pirithous had lost Hippodamia, the celebration of whose nuptials with him is related in vol. iii. p. 3., and Theseus had survived his wife Phædra; so that both these monarchs being in a state of widowhood, they agreed to assist each other in procuring whatever lady either of the two might choose for his future wife. They first seized upon Helen, the beautiful daughter of Jupiter and Leda, and carried her away by force from the temple where she was engaged in her devotions. For this princess they drew lots, and she fell to the lot of Theseus; who, as his lovely captive was only nine years of age, determined to consign her to the care of his mother Æthra till she should be grown up. But Helen was released by her brothers Castor and Pollux. After this Pirithous desired to marry Proserpine, the wife of Pluto. The two friends accordingly pursued their way to her sombre dwelling, with a view to entice or steal her. But for these troublers of his domestic quiet the king of Erebus proved more than a match. They had thrown themselves into his power, and he retained them as captives, and punished them as delinquents; causing Pirithous to be fastened to the wheel of his father Ixion;

and rendering Theseus unable to disengage himself from the rock on which he had sat down. Fortunately for these culprits, Hercules came into the infernal regions in quest of the dog Cerberus, when seeing the wretched situation of these interesting accomplices (for persons who unite in doing a bad action cannot be called friends), he interested himself in their behalf and obtained their pardon; but the release of Theseus was attended with much pain; for the delinquent was so fixed to the stone on which he was sitting, that on rising he left behind him the skin of the part that had come in contact with this powerfully attractive seat; a punishment which he well deserved.

OMPHALE.

The fame of Hercules having reached the ears of Omphale, widow of Tmolus, the deceased king of Lydia, she earnestly desired to obtain a sight of this mighty hero; and a circumstance soon occurred that was favourable to her wish; for after Hercules had slain Eurytus, king of Œchalia, for his flagrant breach of promise respecting his daughter Iole, he fell sick; and having consulted an oracle on the means of cure, he was informed that

he could not recover from his malady till he should be sold as a slave. Mercury undertook to sell him, and he was purchased by the queen of Lydia. Hercules and Omphale became mutually enamoured of each other; and so entirely was the mind of this extraordinary slave engrossed by the charms of his royal mistress, that in her company he forgot the respect due to himself. He was a hero no longer. He learned to use the distaff, and passed his hours in spinning by the side of the queen; who, on her part, being proud of her conquest, pleased herself by engaging him to give the most ridiculous proofs of the ascendancy she possessed over his mind. Sometimes she required him to change garments with her; and while the beautiful Omphale, wearing the skin of the Nemæan lion on her shoulders, leaned gracefully on the massy club, Hercules, in a female attire of gold and purple, sat spinning or embroidering with threads of worsted; the queen, from time to time, chastising him for his awkwardness, by hitting him on the shoulders with her sandal.

Hercules, like Apollo, frequently bore the name of Musagetes, which signified chief of the muses; and, like Apollo, he too had his lyre. His festivals at Rome were celebrated at the summer solstice together with those of the muses. It is

related of him that he disputed the sacred tripod with the god of Delphi; and near the famous temple of that city were two statues representing Hercules and Apollo with the tripod between them, each appearing tenacious of what he seemed to consider as his right.

We have here given a few only of the numerous traits that might be selected from the story of Hercules. It appears that he had a multitude of antagonists, many mistresses, and several successive wives, with sons and daughters innumerable. The last of his wives was the tender Dejanira; who, unhappily and unwittingly, gave him the poisoned tunic that caused his agonies and death on Mount Œta, as related in the fable, vol. ii. p. 156.

Though the Greeks have represented Hercules as a hero whose admission among the gods was a recompense for the benefits he had conferred upon mankind, the Phœnicians seem to have considered him as a divinity of the highest order; and such he appears to have been deemed at Rome, where his altar was emphatically styled *the grand altar*; and during the ceremony of offering sacrifice thereon, it was held unlawful to pronounce the name of any other divinity. The Orientals, however, had a tradition that, like Osiris, he had been killed by Typhon, the principle of darkness or

evil; and his restoration to life is attributed to different causes: some say it was by having a quail applied to his nose. The tomb of Hercules was visited by travellers, and was an object of religious veneration in the city of Tyre, as was that of Osiris at Abydos, and that of Jupiter-Zeus on Mount Ida ' in the island of Crete.

Observations.—In an apartment of the Medici Gallery at Florence is a painting by Antonio Pollajolo, representing Hercules killing Anteus, by squeezing him to death in his arms. There is also a colossal group in marble, exhibiting the same subject; and another little group, in which Minerva appears looking on while Hercules and Anteus are engaged in this mortal combat. At the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio, the old Medici Palace, is a colossal group of the victory of Hercules over Cacus.

In the Palazzo Sampieri at Bologna are three ceilings painted in fresco by the three Caracci, one of which represents the story of Cacus.

The basso-relievo ornaments of a curious antique altar in the Florentine Gallery exhibit the voluntary sacrifice of Alceste for the cure of her husband Admetus, and her being brought back from the infernal regions by Hercules. Alceste

is covered with a veil, which she presses against her eyes, as if fatigued and dazzled by the sudden light of day, which she seems scarcely able to support. The sculptor of this curious piece is said to be Cleomenes; to whom the world is indebted for the incomparable Venus di Medici.

One of the fine fresco paintings in the Palazzo Farnese at Rome exhibits Hercules dressed in a female garb, and playing on a cymbal, with a spindle at his side: near him sits the beautiful Omphale, negligently covered with the lion's skin, and resting on his club. In the same palace is a painting that represents him killing the vulture of Prometheus.

In the Capitoline Museum is a statue of Hercules in a female dress.

Hercules, degraded by his amours, is frequently typified by Cupid's stealing his club; and the hero is sometimes represented as inebriated with wine. The most elegant and most remarkable representation of him in this humiliating situation is on the curious gold cup which was dug up at Rennes in 1772, and is now to be seen in the cabinet of antiquities in Paris.

Note.—1 *Ida.* Our young readers will doubtless

have noticed that there were two mountains which bore this name; one in Phrygia, celebrated for the rape of Ganymedes, and for the decision of Paris respecting the apple of discord, and the other in the island of Crete, famous for being the birthplace of Jupiter, and for having his tomb near its top.

VENUS URANIA AND ADONIS.

In the tale or fable of Grecian mythology, vol. ii. p. 233, is an account of the loves of Venus and Adonis, and the story of the death of the latter, who was killed by a wild boar.

Festivals of peculiar solemnity were instituted in commemoration of the death and restoration of this tree-born favourite of Venus; but the worship of these divinities, and the mysteries celebrated in their honour, properly belonged to Syria and Phœnicia, from whence they were introduced into Greece and Sicily. Here it may be well to remark, that besides the marine Venus, or the wife of Vulcan, the poets acknowledged a more ancient divinity, called the celestial goddess, or the Venus Urania, who was said to be the daughter of Uranus and the Light; and also another, named Venus Astarte, the daughter of Uranus and Ghe, or

Terra. These were the goddesses particularly revered in the East. Hercules, Astarte, and Adonis were divinities adored above all others in Phœnicia. Astarte is said to have rendered sacred the city of Tyre, by depositing therein a star that had fallen from heaven; and this consecration is supposed to have given rise to an annual ceremony performed on Mount Libanus in honour of Venus, where she was represented as a star or lambent flame of fire that seemed to rise out of the summit of the mountain, and after appearing a little while in the air, fell into the river Thammuz or Tammuz, Phœnician names of Adonis. Cicero, enumerating several Venuses, says that the fourth was adored in Syria and at Tyre, under the name of Astarte, who became the spouse of Adonis; and Sanchoniathon, an ancient author, who wrote a treatise on the Phœnician theology, speaks also of the celebrated Astarte united to the god of time, and says she became the Venus of the Greeks; that she was queen of Phœnicia; and that she wore, as a symbol of royalty, the head of a bull. This we may recollect was also the symbol worn by Isis (doubtless the same goddess worshipped under a different name). This historian adds, that in her wanderings through the universe, Astarte found a star, which she after-

wards consecrated in her holy island of Tyre. Many learned men are of opinion that the story of Adonis, like that of Osiris, Bacchus, and many others, is a solar legend. We will here briefly recapitulate his adventures.

The mother of Adonis was a myrrh-tree, a tree particularly consecrated to the sun. The nymphs of the country received him from this parent-tree, and like Bacchus he was nourished by them in the caverns of Arabia. When Adonis was grown up, he went to the court of Byblos: Venus was the sovereign of that country; she became greatly enamoured of this beautiful youth, and so entirely was her mind engrossed by her love for him, that she forgot all the delights of Paphos, Amathontis, and Cytherea. She followed her young lover when he went to hunt upon Mount Libanus: she knew no pleasure but in his company. Mars becoming jealous of the preference given to Adonis, sent a furious wild boar to attack him. The terrible animal tore one of his thighs with his murderous tusks. The vital stream flowed from the wound like a torrent. Adonis died! Anemonies sprang up in the spot that had been drenched with his blood. He descended into the infernal regions, and became an object of tender affection to Proserpine, queen of those sombre realms. Venus

prayed Jupiter to restore her lover. Proserpine opposed her prayer. The sovereign of the gods commanded Calliope to decide this affair. The muse proposed that Adonis should stay six months alternately with each of the disputants. The proposal was approved and confirmed. Adonis having accordingly passed half a year with Proserpine, the Seasons and the Hours conducted him to Venus.

Macrobius, a Latin writer, explains this story by observing that Venus was the tutelar goddess of the northern or superior hemisphere, and Proserpine the tutelar goddess of the southern or inferior hemisphere; that Adonis represented the sun, which descends into the southern hemisphere at the autumnal equinox; and that the famous beast which caused his death is the winter sign which rises with Scorpio (the scorpion), and is known by divers names; as, the dog of Typhon, the celestial bear, the boar of Erymanthus, the murderer of Adonis.

"The anniversary of his death," says Dr. Langhorne, "was celebrated throughout the whole pagan world. Aristophanes in his comedy of Peace, reckons the feasts of Adonis[1] among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed them with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. They were cele-

brated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian the Apostate made his entry into Antioch, in the year 364, the inhabitants were celebrating the death of Adonis."

Some authors confine the appellation of Astarte to the beautiful planet known by the name of Venus, which had worshippers in Egypt, Arabia, and other countries of the East. Others assign the name of Astarte, the queen of heaven, to the moon,[2] the Ashtoreth of holy writ, and the tutelar divinity of the city of Sidon.[3] These give to the mistress or wife of Adonis the name of Venus Urania. Thus Monsieur de Ramsay styles her, in his work entitled *Les Voyages de Cyrus*, where Amenophis is represented as explaining these ceremonies of Phœnician worship to the young prince of Persia. Of this communication the following is an English translation:

"The next day Cyrus accompanied the king of Tyre some furlongs from his capital, to assist at the annual rites instituted in commemoration of the death of Adonis. Between Heliopolis and Byblos there was a stately temple consecrated to Venus. On one side of the portal was placed a statue of the goddess in an attitude of mourning. Her head leaned on her left hand. Grief appeared in her countenance, and tears seemed to

flow from her eyes, which were turned towards a statue of her lover that was placed on the other side. A stream of blood seemed to flow from his heart, and to dye of a red colour the waters of the river Thammuz, or Adonis, which rolled impetuously towards the sea. The friezes and the architraves were adorned with sculptures in basso-relievo, representing the story of the unfaithfulness of the goddess and the effects of the constancy of Adonis.

"The temple was built of fine Parian marble: its immense vaulted roof represented the firmament. In the middle of it appeared the chariot of the sun, encircled by the planets; and at a greater distance the empyrean spangled with stars. Upon the altar stood a statue of the goddess, holding in one hand the globe of the world, and on her wonderful girdle were described the twelve signs of the zodiac. The artist had animated the marble in such a manner that the statue expressed three different passions, according to the different points of view from which it was beheld. At a distance it was a noble and majestic beauty, that seemed to invite with a soft smile, accompanied with a tender and modest look. Upon a nearer view, her face, which was turned towards the east, proclaimed the peaceful joy of a soul that saw the

beauty of truth. When viewed from the other side, she seemed to turn away her eyes, as despising those who durst approach her with impure thoughts. In the sculpture over the altar Love, under the form of Adonis, seemed to descend from heaven. His countenance was expressive of candour, innocence, and simplicity. The virtues walked before him; the muses followed him; the graces were at his side: he held in his hand a lighted torch, to show that he enlightens while he inflames.

"When Cyrus entered the temple, he observed the people in mourning habits thronging into and around a cavern, in which the image of a young man was lying on a bed formed of lettuces, flowers and aromatic herbs. Nine days were spent in lamentations, prayers and fastings, after which the public sorrow was changed into a burst of gladness. Songs of joy succeeded, and the whole assembly joined in this sacred hymn: 'Adonis is restored to life! Urania weeps no more! Adonis is ascended to heaven! He will appear again on earth to banish from it crime and misery for ever!'

"Cyrus was struck with this solemnity. He knew nothing of Venus and Adonis but by the mythology of the Greeks, and he desired Amenophis to explain to him the true meaning of these

Phrygian ceremonies. This wise Egyptian, willing to grant his request, sat down with the young prince over against the gate of the temple, in a place whence they could see the statues of the god and goddess, and the sculptures that represented their adventures, and thus he began:

"'It is not long since the Greeks were utter strangers to letters, the muses, and the sciences. Their understanding is still young; they have no true knowledge of antiquity; they have disfigured all the mysteries of the ancient religion by their absurd fictions and gross images. To us, the combats of Mithras, the murder of Osiris, the death of Adonis, the banishment of Apollo, and the labours of Hercules, present the same truths; but different nations have exhibited them under different similitudes. The Tyrian annals are as follow:

"'Before the formation of the elements, the heavens, and the earth, an eternal silence reigned through all the ethereal regions, and the music of the spheres had not yet begun. The great god Belus dwelt in inaccessible light with the goddess Urania, who sprang from his head, and with the god Adonis, whom he had engendered like unto himself. Belus being charmed with the beauty of his son, desired that there might be several

miniatures and living images of him. Adonis, animated by the power of Belus, moulded some rays of light, and made suns, and stars, and numberless worlds invisible to us; but there were no inhabitants for them. Adonis looked wistfully upon his mother; and on a sudden he saw a flower of uncommon beauty springing out of the vast abyss. He breathed on this flower: it swelled, expanded, and became a young goddess, whom he named after his mother, Urania. Transported with love and pleasure, Adonis would have presented her to his father; but she was not yet able to endure the splendour of his divine presence, or to breathe the pure air of the empyrean.

" 'Adonis placed the young goddess in a star, in the centre of the universe, from whence she could see the course of all the heavenly bodies, and hear the divine music of the spheres, which now sounded to the praise of Belus. He then said to her— 'Beautiful Urania! I love you, and design you for a more transcendant glory than that which you enjoy at present. I intend to make you my spouse, and to bless you with a happy race that shall people the heavens, and to conduct you at last with all your children into the sublime place above the stars where my father dwells. The only condition I require of you is, that you never wish to know more than what suits your present

state. Such is my will; and such the immutable decree of Belus.'

" 'Urania thought herself very happy to enjoy her felicity on such easy terms. She loved Adonis more than all the glory he promised her. He smiled on her, and she became the mother of all divinities, without ceasing to be the immortal virgin. She quickly peopled the stars with gods and goddesses, who were obedient to the will of Adonis, loving each other as the children of the same father, and aspiring by their virtues to become worthy of seeing the god Belus.

" 'For a long time Urania continued faithful: she followed Adonis every where. He led her through the immensity of space, to show her the numberless worlds which he had there produced. He often spoke to her of the superior regions, and of the pleasure she would one day feel in knowing him of whom all nature is but a faint image. These discourses at length kindled in Urania's mind a fatal curiosity. She began to be weary of her happiness, and had no longer any relish for the pleasures she enjoyed. Adonis now perceived the first motions of her unfaithfulness. She grew pensive, melancholy, distrustful, and at length broke out into these bitter complaints: 'Adonis! cruel Adonis! why did you give me the idea of a happiness, the consideration of which makes me

now miserable? You promised to carry me to the empyrean, and to show me your father. You ought to have concealed this design from me, or to have accomplished it sooner.' 'Imprudent Urania!' replied Adonis, 'you are not going to ruin yourself in spite of all my counsels! You are not yet capable of beholding the god Belus, or of supporting the splendour of his glory.'

" 'A vain curiosity, and an excessive desire of knowledge, now overcame the goddess. She was no longer sensible of the kindness and love of Adonis. She treated him with indifference, and at last forced him to leave her. The gods are delicate in love, and cannot suffer a divided heart. As soon as he was gone she renewed her complaints and reflections. She began to doubt, and by that doubting she became darkened; and being thus unable to bear the pure air of the ethereal regions, she was thrown down into the sphere of the sun, and drew after her the inhabitants of seven other stars. These luminous bodies lost their own light and became planets, which rolled or circled about the sun to receive his influence. The gods who inhabited them became demi-gods, and Urania was compelled to live in the moon. She now enjoyed only a borrowed light. She was clothed with an aerial and transparent body, which the Greeks

call the subtile vehicle of the soul. She no longer breathed that pure air which had formed her life and nourishment. She lived upon ambrosia and nectar with the demi-gods she had drawn after her in her fall. Adonis, ever faithful and ever loving, descended into the sun, in order to be near his beloved Urania. He took the name of Apollo, and tried new means to make her sensible of his love. Sometimes she was softened, yielded to the sun's attractions, and brought her silver car near his rays; then on a sudden she changed her sentiments, and wandered from him. She became inconstant and fantastical; she put on new forms, according as she retired from her lover, or approached nearer to him. She at length gave a loose to her ambition, and induced the inhabitants of the planets to adore her under the name of Astarte, the queen of heaven.

" 'By the laws of immutable Fâte, it was now necessary that the goddess should undergo a new metamorphosis, as a punishment for her new crime; so she fell from the moon to the earth, and took the name of Venus. The inhabitants of the planets did not all follow her example. She seduced but a small number of them, and these demi-gods became men; but men of the golden age. They were not guilty of gross crimes: they still preserved some marks of their original nature.

The goddess by changing her element, changed her food; instead of ambrosia, she fed only upon fruits; instead of drinking nectar, she quenched her thirst in limpid streams and clear fountains. She had not as yet lost either her transparency or her agility; she could mount into the air when she pleased, but she could not rise into the superior regions. Adonis leaving the sun, now took the form of a young man, and came to dwell near Venus upon earth. At first she did not discover who he was; but she thought his company very agreeable, and fell in love with him. When at length she discovered it was Adonis himself, she was afraid, and fled from him. He pursued and called her; but she would not listen, nor be persuaded to return. She gave a loose to all her foolish desires; her pride settled into profane love; she departed from virtue; and Adonis was compelled once more to leave her to herself.

" 'The inhabitants of the stars, seeing these repeated instances of Urania's ingratitude, were shaken in their obedience. 'Vice,' said they, 'cannot be very disagreeable to Belus, since he does not punish it. It is true that Urania is not what she was; but she is still a goddess, and still happy. Provided we enjoy pleasure, it is no matter upon what terms we obtain it.' Independence

and liberty heighten the relish of the most vulgar enjoyments. A universal revolt was now about to take place among the inhabitants of all the planets.

"'Belus now said to Adonis, 'I repent of having drawn the imprudent Urania from her original flower. The universal harmony is disturbed by her ingratitude and obstinacy. I cannot vindicate the honour of my laws, but by annihilating the unfaithful goddess and all her disobedient children.' These terrible words rent the vault of heaven, and frightened the kingdom of Chaos and eternal night. Adonis threw himself at his father's feet, exclaiming, 'Oh my father, take not vengeance on my Urania! I love her with all her faults! Her children are yours, since they are mine. Punish them, but do not entirely destroy them. Curse their habitation; blast its beauties; expose the guilty race to sickness and death; but oh! let your punishments be remedies.' He spoke, and suddenly the pillars of the earth were shaken. The poles of the heavens changed their situation: the sun grew pale, and retired to a greater distance. The moon and the planets altered their motions. Thunder, winds, fire and rain mingled, and confounded the elements. The flowers faded; the trees withered; the earth

refused her usual bounty; and sadness and barrenness reigned around.

" 'Venus, struck with terror, fell into a long swoon, and when she recovered, she saw nothing around her but a frightful desert upon the banks of the river Thammuz. Her misfortunes, however, did not change her heart. She sought to compensate her real miseries by creating to herself imaginary pleasures. She caused temples to be every where erected to her honour. She invented impure sacrifices and a profane worship. Her altars were stained with the blood of harmless animals. Instead of eating herbs and fruits, she fed upon the flesh of the victims. She sought for all sorts of meats to excite and satisfy her sensuality. Her blood grew thick, and no longer circled in her veins with its usual freedom and amenity. The subtile vehicle of the soul became enveloped in a terrestrial and gross body. Venus could no longer fly into the air: she lost her lightness and transparency, and became mortal. Her children underwent the same change, and she saw them daily expiring before her eyes, the victims of intemperance. Some of them hoping to elude the decrees of Destiny, heaped mountains upon mountains, and endeavoured to scale the heavens; but being struck down by thunderbolts, they dug themselves an abyss in the bowels of Chaos, where

Pluto their chief had his empire; and Venus was there adored under the name of Proserpine.

" 'The goddess now became frantic; she ran about the mountains and valleys, lamenting for her children and worshippers, and blaspheming against Belus. Adonis hearing her, left the celestial regions and came down upon earth. Venus perceived him at a distance, and would have thrown herself into the water to hide herself from his presence; but he stopped her, and sat down by her. She held down her head with shame and confusion, and was afraid to look upon him. Finding at last that he made her no reproach, she raised her eyes from the ground, and fixing them on her lover, observed him pale, meagre, and disfigured, and without any remains of his former beauty; besides which, he was covered with wounds and bruises. After a long silence he said to her, 'Ah, Venus! inconstant Venus! you bewail your own miseries, but you are insensible to mine. To what a condition have you reduced me! Judge of the greatness of your guilt by my sufferings. The god Belus would have destroyed you and your children; but I came down from heaven to repair the mischiefs caused by your offences, and to make war with the monsters that your crimes have engendered. I have killed the huge serpent Python; the Nemæan lion; the hydra of Lerna, which sprang from your head when you

became false; the centaurs, that destroyed men; the cyclops, that forged the thunderbolts; the wild boar of Erymanthus, which wounded me with his murderous tusks; the Stymphalides, that spoiled the fruits of the earth; and the dragon which had seized the garden of the Hesperides. I have driven them all down into hell, and am going to pursue them thither that I may complete my conquests.' Adonis having said this, fell into a mortal agony; a stream of blood gushed from his heart, and dyed the waters of the river Thammuz. All the children of Venus assembled round him. He opened his eyes from time to time, and repeated these words: 'Judge of the greatness of your guilt by my sufferings.' He continued thus for many hours, and at last expired through excess of pain. His spirit descended into the infernal regions to deliver Theseus and Pirithous, with all the other heroes vanquished by Pluto, and the manes that suffered in those gloomy habitations.

"'Venus lamented and bewailed her lover. During nine days and nine nights she continued disconsolate near the dead body, and could not tear herself away. Being at length exhausted with grief and fasting, she fell into a profound sleep; nor did she awake till her ears were struck by the sound of heavenly voices. She looked up, and beheld Adonis in the air, surrounded by the heroes

and the shades which he had released from their darksome abode. He had resumed his first form and his pristine beauty. He darted upon her a heavenly ray, to restore her strength and calm her spirits; and then said to her, 'My dear Urania, in all your wanderings I have followed you: I descended into the moon, upon earth, and even into the regions of Pluto, to deliver you and your disloyal children. I have suffered more than you can imagine; but I do not repent of my sufferings, since you are again sensible of my love. I leave you; but my wisdom shall never forsake you if you continue faithful to me. Farewell, dear Urania! you will see me no more till you resemble me in beauty. The gods are enamoured with such only as resemble them. You will suffer a thousand miseries before this metamorphosis takes place; nor can you re-ascend to heaven but by the way in which you fell from it. You must be stripped of your terrestrial body, and you will then rise to the regions of the moon; there you will lose your aerial body; and your pure spirit, disengaged from all that can impede its progress, will fly away to the stars, where you will resume your former beauty; but even this you will lose before you are transformed into my likeness. When you shall have undergone these three changes, and expiated your guilt by the purifying pains of each

new transformation; and practised upon the earth, in the moon, and in the stars, all the human, heroic, and divine virtues, you shall ascend with me into the sublime place above the heavens, where you shall see my father Belus, and the goddess my mother, with Virtue, Truth, and Justice, not as they are here below, but as they exist in my father. Fear nothing; invoke my aid; and I will not leave you entirely, but send you help and support. Those of your children who shall imitate your example shall ascend with you to the fields of Hecate: the others shall descend into the gloomy regions of Pluto, there to be punished for their crimes. I have chained up the fierce Cerberus: henceforward he shall only be the instrument of my justice. I have established judges in hell, who will inflict punishment only to exterminate vice: so that even your rebellious children, when they shall have been plunged nine times into the waves of the burning Acheron, the chilling Styx, the black Cocytus, and the foaming Phlegethon, shall be purified and permitted to drink of the waters of Lethe, that shall cause them to forget all their past miseries and crimes. When the period shall arrive, in which there shall be no mortal or immortal that is not prepared to behold my father, I will return to banish evil out of the universe,

and to establish harmony through all the immensity of space. In the mean time, dear Urania, assemble those of your children who are willing to follow you. Institute festivals in my honour; and let them be annually celebrated with pomp, to perpetuate the memory of your unfaithfulness and my love.'

"Here Amenophis ceased; and Cyrus expressing his thanks for the information he had received, returned with him to Tyre."—*Voyages de Cyrus.*

Observations.—In the Palazzo Borghese is a painting by Scarsellino, which exhibits Venus weeping for the loss of Adonis.

Notes.—1 *Adonis.* In the Phœnician language he was called Thammuz, or Tammuz; and is by this last name mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, which furnish us with many awful accounts of the departure of the Israelites from the worship of the living and true God; their conduct in this respect exhibiting an emblematical and sad picture of our own inconstancy and forgetfulness of that all-perfect Being, whose claim to our love, gratitude and obedience we acknowledge with our lips, even while in the pursuit of the fleeting pleasures of this life we are virtually stifling the conviction in our hearts.

Many of the idolatrous practices of the house of Judah are enumerated in the account of one of the visions of the prophet Ezekiel: among them the commemoration of the death of Tammuz, or Adonis, is thus mentioned:

He said also unto me, Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations that they do.

Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house, which was toward the north, and behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz.

Then he said unto me, Hast thou seen this, O son of man? Is it a light thing to the house of Judah, that they commit the abominations which are committed here?—Ezek. viii. 13, 14. 17.

2 *Moon.* The Hebrews, addicting themselves to the idolatrous practices of the nations with whom they dwelt or sojourned, made sacrifices, offerings, and libations to the moon, calling her the "queen of heaven." (See Jerem. vii. 17, 18, and xliv. 17, to the end of the chapter.) The appearance of the new moon was also hailed by them with feastings and rejoicings. (See 1 Sam. xx. 5. 18.) In the Holy Scriptures, the moon, as an object of idolatrous worship, is called *Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, the abomination of the Zidonians.* (See 1 Kings xi. 5.) Solomon, who in early youth had been an exemplary and devout worshipper of the living and true God, was, in his more advanced age, drawn into idolatry by his wives; of whom the greater number

were foreigners, educated in the worship of strange gods. He introduced the worship of Ashtoreth among the people of Israel, and built a temple in honour of this goddess on the Mount of Olives, which, on account of this and many other idols, is called in Scripture *the mount of corruption*. (See 2 Kings xxiii. 13.) Milton calls it *the hill of scandal, the opprobrious hill, the offensive mountain.*

There stood
Her temple on the *offensive mountain*; built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul.

PARADISE LOST.

3 *Sidon.* The heretofore flourishing and commercial capital of Zidonia (or Sidonia), a district on the west of Syria. This once famous city is seated on the shore of the Mediterranean, about fifty miles from Damascus, and twenty-four from Tyre. It is now an inconsiderable town, bearing the name of Saïd.

CONCLUSION.

THE foregoing narrations, as far as they may be considered only as elegant tales or fables, or as allegorical representations of the splendid phenomena of nature, in their various and astonishing combinations, are exquisitely ingenious, and in the highest degree pleasing and amusing. They serve to elucidate a system of mythology, which the classic, that is to say the Greek and Latin, poets "adopted as a grand and beautiful machinery for the embellishment of their poems;" and the fine arts of painting and sculpture have lent their aid to embody these fictions, and to give them a "local habitation" in monuments which have long excited, and will long continue to excite, the admiration of every beholder of true taste and genuine sensibility. But when we recollect that the principal ideal agents and personages herein mentioned, though constantly represented as debased by every weakness and polluted by every vice, were really the objects of religious, or rather of superstitious worship and adoration, we are struck with confusion, wonder, and pity.

Alas! how unsatisfactory, how truly degrading to the spirit of man, must ever be any system of religious worship that originates not in the purest love, and the most awful veneration for its object: principles that induce a heartfelt wish, and a constant and sincere, though humble effort to imitate perfections, in the contemplation of which the soul is, as it were, lost in holy adoration!

When Learning and Science extended their benign and enlightening influence, and men began to exercise their reasoning faculties, they naturally became sensible of this truth; and the expanding mind soared, though with feeble wing, towards an object of religious worship suited to its vast capacities, its immortal energies, its holiest affections! The light of reason, gleaming through the long and awful vista of creation, pointed with glimmering ray to that all-perfect Being: the still small voice of conscience whispered his omnipresence; and Græcia's half-enlightened poets, in the new-born feeling of filial adoration, exultingly sang, "We are all his offspring:" Acts xvii. 28. Hence the erection of an altar bearing this remarkable inscription—*To the unknown god*, in the midst of the idolatrous city of Athens, whose inhabitants (according to the testimony of ancient writers) already, in conjunction with their neighbours the Romans, acknowledged upwards of 30,000

divinities! We are informed in the chapter before mentioned that the apostle Paul, while he sojourned in Athens, waiting the arrival of his friends and fellow-labourers, Silas and Timotheus, saw this altar; and that his spirit being moved at the sight of a people *wholly given to idolatry*, he conversed and argued with the Jews, with other devout persons, with certain philosophers of the Epicureans, the Stoics, &c. and preached unto them JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION.—Acts xvii. 18.

The book containing the doctrine preached by this holy apostle, the Gospel that has brought life and immortality to light, "the Christian revelation which was given to instruct mankind in forming right notions of the Supreme Being, of his attributes and agency, of the means of pardon, and the most acceptable mode of worship," is in our hands; and we are commanded by Him who shall hereafter "judge the world in righteousness," and call us to account for our obedience, to study its contents, as a means of acquainting ourselves with him in whom is our eternal life. *Search the Scriptures*, John v. 19.

With respect to the arts of music, poetry, painting, &c., of which frequent mention is made in the course of this work, it may not be irrelevant to observe, that each and all of these are capable of affording the most chaste and refined pleasure

to those whom nature has endowed with a taste for their real beauties, and whose situation in life may afford leisure for the cultivation of that taste without infringing on the time we are bound to consecrate to the duties of our Christian calling. In the acquisition of any of these arts, however, as in every other useful pursuit, the young student should aim at excellence, on the universally admitted principle, that "if it be worth while to do or to learn any thing, it is worth while to do or to learn it well." It has been observed of the late pious and Rev. Mr. Henry Martyn, missionary to India, a man remarkable for his diligent perseverance in the study of several Oriental languages, his indefatigable zeal in using them for the propagation of the gospel over a large portion of the habitable globe, and vigilant superintendence of the translation of the New Testament into Hindostanee, a language intelligible to sixty millions of immortal souls, that though he ever aimed at an entire abstraction from the vanities of the world, he allowed himself the full enjoyment of rational and refined gratifications. His own observations on this subject are well worth recording. "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has refined

my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful. Oh! how religion secures the heightened enjoyments of those pleasures which keep so many from God by becoming a source of pride."

Note.—These volumes, which, in the warmest feelings of maternal solicitude and affection, were compiled several years ago, for the information and amusement of the author's own daughters, and presented to them in manuscript, are now, at their request (a request originating in the desire to possess this humble production of their mother's hours of leisure in print), brought before the public. Should they, making their way "through evil report and good report," of reviewers and critics of different creeds, opinions, and tempers, ultimately find a place in the libraries of schools in general, or of establishments for female education in particular, their occasional perusal may be productive of great advantage to young readers, inasmuch as it will supply their judicious teachers with hints and matter for instructive conversation on very important and interesting subjects: such, for instance, as

The degrading effects of idolatrous worship on the human mind.

The spiritual idolatry of such as are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

The necessity of a divine revelation.

The nature and evidences of the Christian dispensa-

tion; its sanctifying influence on the temper and conduct, &c. &c.

Oral and colloquial instruction is always attended with peculiar advantage, as being particularly adapted to the understanding of the pupil; especially calculated to arrest attention, to induce inquiry, and thus to exercise the reasoning faculties of the young and unprejudiced mind. Education is an arduous task. Its impressions and influences bear the impress of eternity. May those who engage in this work of awful responsibility ever keep in view its design and end! So, with the divine blessing on their labours, shall their pupils' future walk in life be, indeed, "the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day." *They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.*—Dan. xii. 3.

In the course of man, from his birth to his grave,
  The path which we all are treading,
Is there nought in this sad career that can save
  Us from error and self-upbraiding?

O yes! There's a vision so pure, so bright,
  That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
  And the theme of that vision is—heaven.

Moore.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.